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James Lenox.

TALES,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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POPULAR TALES

AND

DRAMAS.

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THE CONTRAST.

THE CONTRAST.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT a blessing it is to be the father of such a family of children!" said farmer Frankland, as he looked round at the honest affectionate faces of his sons and daughters, who were dining with him on his birthday. "What a blessing it is to have a large family of children!"

"A blessing you may call it, if you will, neighbour," said farmer Bettesworth; "but, if I was to speak my mind, I should be apt to call it a curse.

"Why, as to that, we may both be right and both be wrong," replied Frankland; "for children are either a blessing or a curse, according as they turn out; and they turn out according as they are brought up. 'Bring up a child in the way it should go;' that has ever been my maxim: show me a better, show me a happier family than my own; and show me a happier father than myself," continued the good old man, with pleasure sparkling in his eyes. Observing, however, that his neighbour Bettesworth looked blank and sighed deeply, he checked himself, and said, in a more humble tone, "To be sure, it is not so man-

nerly for a man to be praising his own; except it just come from the heart unawares, amongst friends, who will excuse it—especially upon such a day as this. This day I am seventy years of age, and never was heartier or happier! So Fanny, love, fill neighbour Bettesworth a glass of your sister's cider. 'Tis my Patty's making, sir; and better never was drunk. Nay, nay, sit ye still, neighbour; as you happened to call in just as we were all dining, and making merry together, why, you cannot do better than to stay and make one of us, seeing that you are heartily welcome."

Mr. Bettesworth excused himself, by saying that he was in haste home.

No happy home had he, no affectionate children to welcome his return. Yet he had as numerous a family as Mr. Frankland's; three sons and two daughters: Idle Isaac, Wild Will, Bullying Bob, Saucy Sally, and Jilting Jessy. Such were the names by which they were called by all who knew them in the town of Monmouth, where they lived. Alliteration had "lent its artful aid" in giving these nicknames; but they were not misapplied.

Mr. Bettesworth was an indolent man, fond of his pipe, and fonder of building castles in the air by his fireside. Mrs. Bettesworth was a vain, foolish vixen; fond of dress, and fonder of her own will. Neither of them took the least care to breed up their children well. Whilst they were young, the mother humoured them: when they grew up, she contradicted them in every thing, and then wondered how they could be so ungrateful as not to love her.

The father was also surprised to find that his boys and girls were not as well-mannered, nor as well-tempered, nor as clever, nor as steady, nor as dutiful

and affectionate, as his neighbour Frankland's; and he said to himself, "Some folks have the luck of having good children. To be sure, some children are born better than others."

He should rather have said, "To be sure, some children are bred better than others."

Mr. Frankland's wife was a prudent, sensible woman, and had united with him in constant endeavours to educate their family. Whilst they were yet infants, prattling at their mother's knee, she taught them to love and help one another, to conquer their little froward humours, and to be obedient and tractable. This saved both them and herself a great deal of trouble afterward; and their father often said, both to the boys and girls, "You may thank your mother, and so may I, for the good tempers you have."

The girls had the misfortune to lose this excellent mother, when one was about seventeen, and the other eighteen; but she was always alive in their memory. Patty, the eldest sister, was homely in her person; but she was so neat in her dress, and she had such a cheerful agreeable temper, that people forgot she was not handsome: particularly as it was observed that she was very fond of her sister Fanny, who was remarkably pretty.

Fanny was neither prudish nor censorious; neither a romp nor a flirt: she was so unaffected and unassuming, that most of her neighbours loved her; and this is saying a great deal in favour of one who had so much the power to excite envy.

Mr. Frankland's eldest son, George, was bred to be a farmer; and he understood country business uncommonly well, for a young man of his age. He constantly *assisted his* father in the management of

the farm; and, by this means, acquired much experience with little waste of time or money. His father had always treated him so much as his friend, and had talked to him so openly of his affairs, that he ever looked upon his father's business as his own; and he had no idea of having any separate interest.

James, the second son, was bred to trade. He had been taught whatever was necessary and useful for a man in business; he had habits of punctuality, civil manners, and a thorough love of fair dealing.

Frank, the youngest son, was of a more lively disposition than his brothers; and his father used often to tell him, when he was a boy, that, if he did not take care, his hasty temper would get him into scrapes; and that the brightest parts, as they are called, will be of little use to a man, unless he has also steadiness to go through with whatever he begins. These hints, from a father whom he heartily loved, made so strong an impression upon Frank, that he took great pains to correct the natural violence of his temper, and to learn patience and industry. The three brothers were attached to one another; and their friendship was a source of improvement, as well as of pleasure.

The evening of Mr. Frankland's birthday, the whole family retired to an arbour in their garden, and began to talk over their affairs with open hearts.

"Well, Frank, my boy," said the happy father, who was the confidant of his children, "I am sure, if your heart is set upon this match with Jessy Bettesworth, I will do my best to like the girl; and her not being rich shall be no objection to me: we can make that up amongst us, some way or other. But, Frank, it is fair to tell you my opinion of the girl, plainly and fully, beforehand, as I have done. She

that has jilted others, I think, would be apt to jilt you, if she met with a better offer."

"Why, then, father, I'll not be in a hurry: I'll take time to consider, before I speak to her any more; and I thank you for being so kind, which I hope I shall not forget."

The morning after this conversation passed, Jilting Jessy, accompanied by her sister, Saucy Sally, came to pay Patty and Fanny Frankland a visit. They were full of some piece of news, which they were eager to tell.

"Well, to be sure, I dreamed I had a diamond ring put on my finger by a great lord, not a week ago," cried Jessy; "and who knows but it may come true? You have not heard the news, Fanny Frankland? Hey, Patty?"

"Not they: they never hear any news!" said Sally.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," cried Jessy. "Rich captain Bettesworth, our relation, who made the great *fortin* abroad, over seas, has just broken his neck out a-hunting; and the *fortin* all comes to us."

"We shall now see whether Mrs. Craddock shall push by me again, as she did yesterday in the street! We'll see whether I sha'n't make as good a fine lady as herself, I warrant it, that's all. It's my turn to push by folk now," said Saucy Sally.

Fanny and Patty Frankland, with sincere good-nature, congratulated their neighbours on this increase of fortune; but they did not think that pushing by Mrs. Craddock could be one of the most useful or agreeable consequences of an increase in fortune.

"Lord, Patty! how you sit moping yourself there at your *work*," continued Sally; "but some

people must work, to be sure, that can't afford to be idle. How you must envy us, Patty!"

Patty assured her she did not in the least envy those who were idle.

"Fine talking! Fine airs, truly, miss Patty! This is by way of calling me over the coals for being idle, I suppose!" said Sally; "but I've no notion of being taken to task this way. You think you've had a fine *edication*, I suppose, and so are to set a pattern for all Monmouthshire, indeed: but you'll find some people will be as much thought of now as other people; and may hold their heads as high. *Edication*'s a fine thing, no doubt; but *fortin*'s a better, as the world goes, I've a notion: so you may go moping on here as long as you please, being a good child all the days of your life!

'Come when you're call'd;
And do as you're bid;
Shut the door after you;
And you'll never be chid.'

I'm sure, I would not let my nose be kept to the grindstone, as yours is, for any one living. I've too much spirit, for my part, to be made a fool of, as some people are; and all for the sake of being called a vastly good daughter, or a vastly good sister, forsooth!"

Nothing but the absolute want of breath could have suspended the remainder of this speech; for she was so provoked, to see Patty did not envy her, that she was determined to say every thing she could invent, to try her. Patty's temper, however, was proof against the trial; and Saucy Sally, despairing of success against one sister, turned to the other.

"Miss Fanny, I presume," said she, "won't give

herself such high and mighty airs as she used to do, to one of her sweethearts, who shall be nameless."

Fanny blushed; for she knew this speech alluded to Wild Will, who was an admirer of hers, but whom she had never encouraged.

"I hope," said she, "I never gave myself airs to any body: but, if you mean to speak of your brother William, I assure you that my opinion of him will not be changed by his becoming richer: nor will my father's."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Frank, who had just heard, from one of the Bettesworths, of their good fortune. He was impatient to see how Jessy would behave in prosperity. "Now," said he to himself, "I shall judge whether my father's opinion of her or mine is right."

Jilting Jessy had certainly given Frank reason to believe she was very fond of him; but the sudden change in her fortune quite altered her views and opinions. As soon as Frank came in, she pretended to be in great haste to be gone; and, by various petty manœuvres, avoided giving him an opportunity of speaking to her; though she plainly saw he was anxious to say something to her in private. At length, when she was looking out of the window, to see whether a shower was over, he went behind her and whispered, "Why are you in such haste? Cannot you stay a few minutes with us? You were not always in such a hurry to run away!"

"Lord, nonsense! Mr. Frank. Why will you always plague me with nonsense, Mr. Frank?"

She opened the lattice window as she spoke, put out her beautiful neck as far as possible, and looked up eagerly to the clouds.

"How sweet this jasmine smells!" said Frank,

pulling a bit of it which hung over the casement. "This is the jasmine you used to like so much. See, I've nailed it up, and it's finer than ever it was. Won't you have a sprig of it?" offering to put some in her hat, as he had often done before; but she now drew back disdainfully, saying:

"Lord! Mr. Frank, it's all wet; and will spoil my new lilac ribbons. How awkward and disagreeable you are always!"

"Always! you did not always think so; at least, you did not say so."

"Well, I think so, and say so, now; and that's enough."

"And too much, if you are in earnest; but that I can hardly believe."

"That's your business, and not mine. If you don't choose to believe what I say, how can I help it? But this you'll remember, if you please, sir."

"Sir!!! Oh, Jessy! is it come to this?"

"To what, sir? For I vow and declare I don't understand you!"

"I have never understood you till now, I am afraid."

"Perhaps not: it's well we understand one another at last. Better late than never."

The scornful lady walked off to a looking-glass, to wipe away the insult which her new lilac ribbons had received from Frank's sprig of jasmine.

"One word more, and I have done," said Frank, hastily following her. "Have I done any thing to displease you? Or does this change in you proceed from the change in your fortune, Jessy?"

"I'm not obliged, sir, to account for my proceedings to any body; and don't know what right you have to question me, as if you were my lord and

judge: which you are not, nor never will be, thank God!"

Frank's passion struggled with his reason for a few instants. He stood motionless; then, in an altered voice, repeated, "thank God!" and turned from her with proud composure. From this time forward, he paid no more court to Jessy.

"Ah, father!" said he, "you knew her better than I did. I am glad I did not marry her last year, when she would have accepted of me, and when she seemed to love me. I thought you were rather hard upon her then. But you were not in love with her as I was, and now I find you were right."

"My dear Frank," said the good old man, "I hope you will not think me hard another time, when I do not think just the same as you do. I would, as I told you, have done every thing in my power to settle you well in the world, if you had married this girl. I should never have been angry with you; but I should have been bitterly grieved, if you had, for the whim of the minute, made yourself unhappy for life. And was it not best to put you upon your guard? What better use can an old man make of his experience than to give it to his children?"

Frank was touched by the kind manner in which his father spoke to him; and Fanny, who was present, immediately put a letter into her father's hand, saying, "I have just received this from Will Bettesworth: what answer do you think I had best give him?"

Now Fanny, though she did not quite approve of Wild Will's character, felt a little partiality for him, for he seemed to be of a generous temper, and his manners were engaging. She hoped his wildness was only the effect *of good spirits*, and that he would soon

settle to some business. However, she had kept these hopes and this partiality a secret from all but her father, and she had never given Will Bettesworth any encouragement. Her father had not a good opinion of this young man; and she had followed his advice, in keeping him at a distance. His letter was written in so vile a hand, that it was not easy to decipher the meaning.

"MY SWEET PRETTY FANNY,

"Notwithstanding your cruilty, I ham more in love with you than hever; and now I ham come in for a share in a great fortin; and shall ask no questions from father nor mother, if you will marry me, having no reason to love or care for either. Mother's as cross as hever, and will never, I am shure, agre to my doing any thing I like myself; which makes me more set upon having my own whay, and I ham more and more in love with you than hever, and would go through fire and water to get you.

"Your true love (in haste),

"WILL BETTESWORTH."

At first reading the letter, Fanny was pleased to find that her lover did not, like Jilting Jessy, change his mind the moment that his situation was altered: but, upon looking over it again, she could not help considering that such an undutiful son was not likely to make a very good husband; and she thought even that Wild Will seemed to be more and more in love with her than ever, from the spirit of opposition; for he had not been much attached to her, till his mother, as he said, set herself against the match. At the end of this letter were the words *turn over;* but they were so scrawled and blotted, that Fanny thought

they were only one of the strange flourishes which he usually made at the end of his name; and consequently she had never turned over, or read the postscript, when she put the epistle into her father's hands. He deciphered the flourish, and read the following addition:

"I know your feather does not like me; but never mind his not being agreuble. As shure as my name's Will, I'd carry you hoff, night or day; and Bob would fight your brothers along with me, if they said a word; for Bob loves fun. I will be at your windor this night, if you are agreuble, like a gurl of spirit."

Fanny was shocked so much that she turned quite pale, and would have sunk to the ground, if she had not been supported by her father. As soon as she recovered herself sufficiently to be able to think, she declared that all the liking she had ever felt for William Bettesworth was completely conquered; and she thanked her father for having early warned her of his character. "Ah! father," said she, "what a happiness it has been to me that you never made me afraid of you! Else, I never should have dared to tell you my mind; and in what a sad snare might I have been at this instant! If it had not been for you, I should perhaps have encouraged this man; I might not then, may be, have been able to draw back; and what would have become of me!"

It is scarcely necessary to say that Fanny wrote a decided refusal to Wild Will. All connexion between the Bettesworths and Franklands was now broken off. Will was enraged at being rejected by Fanny; and Jessy was equally incensed at finding she was no longer *admired* by Frank. They, how-

ever, affected to despise the Franklands, and to treat them as people beneath their notice. The fortune, left by captain Bettesworth to his relations, was said to be about twenty thousand pounds: with this sum they thought, to use their own expression, they were entitled to live in as great style, and cut as grand a dash, as any of the first families in Monmouthshire. For the present we shall leave them to the enjoyment of their new grandeur, and continue the humble history of farmer Frankland and his family.

By many years of persevering industry, Mr. Frankland had so improved the farm upon which he lived, that he was now affluent, for a man in his station of life. His house, garden, farm-yard, every thing about him, were so neat and comfortable, that travellers, as they passed by, never failed to ask, "Who lives there?" Travellers, however, only saw the outside; and that was not, in this instance, the best part. They would have seen happiness, if they had looked within these farm-house walls: happiness which may be enjoyed as well in the cottage as in the palace; that which arises from family union.

Mr. Frankland was now anxious to settle his sons in the world. George had business enough at home, in taking care of the farm; and James proposed to set up a haberdasher's shop in Monmouth: accordingly, the goods were ordered, and the shop was taken.

There was a part in the roof of the house which let in the wet, and James would not go into it till this was completely repaired; so his packages of goods were sent from London to his father's house, which was only a mile distant from Monmouth. His sisters unpacked them by his desire, to set shop-marks upon each article. Late at night, after all the

rest of the family were asleep, Patty was sitting up to finish setting the marks on a box full of ribbons; the only thing that remained to be done. Her candle was just burnt out; and, as she was going for another, she went by a passage window that faced the farm-yard, and suddenly saw a great light without. She looked out, and beheld the large hay-rick all in flames. She ran immediately to awaken her brothers and her father. They used every possible exertion to extinguish the fire, and to prevent it from communicating to the dwelling-house; but the wind was high; it blew directly towards the house. George poured buckets of water over the thatch, to prevent its catching fire; but all was in vain: thick flakes of fire fell upon it faster than they could be extinguished, and in an hour's time the dwelling-house was in a blaze.

The first care of the sons had been to get their father and sisters out of danger; then, with great presence of mind, they collected every thing that was most valuable and portable, and laboured hard to save poor James's stock of haberdashery. They were all night hard at work: towards three o'clock the fire was got under, and darkness and silence succeeded. There was one roof of the house saved, under which the whole family rested for a few hours, till the return of daylight renewed the melancholy spectacle of their ruin. Hay, oats, straw, corn-ricks, barn, every thing that the farm-yard contained, was utterly consumed: the walls and some half-burnt beams remained of the dwelling-house, but it was no longer habitable. It was calculated that six hundred pounds would not repair the loss occasioned by this unfortunate accident. How the hay-rick had caught fire nobody knew.

George, who had made up the hay-stack, was most inclined to think that the hay had not been sufficiently dried; and that the rick had heated from this cause. He blamed himself extremely; but his father declared he had seen, felt, and smelt the hay, when the rick was making, and that it was as well saved hay as ever was brought into a farm-yard. This, in some measure, quieted poor George's conscience: and he was yet more comforted by Patty's good-nature, who showed him a bucket of ashes which had been left very near the spot where the hay-rick stood. The servant-girl, who, though careless, was honest, confessed she recollected having accidentally left this bucket in that dangerous place the preceding evening; that she was going with it across the yard to the ash-hole, but she heard her lover whistle to her from the lane, and she set down the bucket in a hurry, ran to meet him, and forgot the ashes. All she could say in her own defence was, that she did not think there was any fire in the bucket.

Her good master forgave her carelessness: he said he was sure she reproached herself enough for it, as indeed she did; and the more so when her master spoke to her so kindly; she cried as if her heart would break; and all that could be done, to comfort her, was to set her to work as hard as possible for the family.

They did not, any of them, spend their time in vain lamentations: ready money was wanting to rebuild the house and barns, and James sold to a haberdasher in Monmouth all of his stock which had been saved out of the fire, and brought the money to his father.

"Father," said he, "you gave this to me when you were able to afford it; you want it now, and I

can do very well without it. I will go and be shopman in some good shop in Monmouth; and by degrees I shall get on, and do very well in the world. It would be strange if I did not, after the education you have given me."

The father took the money from his son with tears of pleasure: "It is odd enough," said he, "that I should feel pleasure at such a time; but this is the blessing of having good children. As long as we all are ready to help one another in this manner, we can never be very miserable, happen what may. Now let us think of rebuilding our house," continued the active old man. "Frank, reach me down my hat. I've a twinge of the rheumatism in this arm: I caught a little cold the night of the fire, I believe; but stirring about will do me good, and I must not be lazy; I should be ashamed to be lazy amongst so many active young men."

The father and sons were very busy at work, when an ill-looking man rode up to them; and, after asking if their name was Frankland, put a paper into each of their hands. These papers were copies of a notice to quit their farm, before the ensuing first of September, under pain of paying double rent for the same.

"This is some mistake, sir," said old Frankland, mildly.

"No mistake, sir," replied the stranger. "You will find the notice is a good notice, and duly served. Your lease I have seen myself within these few days: it expired last May, and you have held over, contrary to law and justice, eleven months, this being April."

"My father never did any thing contrary to law

and justice in his whole life," interrupted Frank; whose eyes flashed with indignation.

"Softly, Frank," said the father, putting his hand on his son's shoulder; "softly, my dear boy: let this gentleman and I come to an understanding quietly. Here is some mistake, sir. It is very true that my lease expired last May; but I had a promise of a renewal from my good landlord."

"I don't know, sir, any thing of that," replied the stranger, as he looked over a memorandum-book. "I do not know whom you denominate your *good landlord;* that being no way of describing a man in the eye of the law: but if you refer to the original grantor, or lessor, Francis Folingsby, of Folingsby-place, Monmouthshire, esq. I am to inform you that he died at Bath the 17th instant."

"Died! My poor landlord dead! I am very sorry for it."

"And his nephew, Philip Folingsby, esq., came into possession as heir at law," continued the stranger, in an unvaried tone; "and under his orders I act, having a power of attorney for that purpose."

"But, sir, I am sure Mr. Philip Folingsby cannot know of the promise of renewal, which I had from his uncle."

"Verbal promises, you know, are nothing, sir; mere air, without witnesses: and, if gratuitous on the part of the deceased, are no ways binding, either in common law or equity, on the survivor or heir. In case the promise had been in writing, and on a proper stamp, it would have been something."

"It was not in writing, to be sure, sir," said Frankland; "but I thought my good landlord's word was as good as his bond; and I said so."

"Yes," cried Frank; "and I remember when you said so to him, I was by; and he answered, 'You shall have my promise in writing. Such things are of little use, between honest men: but who knows what may happen, and who may come after me? Every thing about business should be put into writing. I would never let a tenant of mine be at an uncertainty. You have improved your farm, and deserve to enjoy the fruits of your own industry, Mr. Frankland.' Just then, company came in, and our landlord put off writing the promise. He next day left the country in a hurry; and I am sure thought, afterwards, he had given us the promise in writing."

"Very clear evidence, no doubt, sir; but not at all to the point at present," said the stranger. "As an agent, I am to know nothing but what is my employer's intent. When we see the writing and stamp, I shall be a better judge," added he with a sneer. "In the mean time, gentlemen, I wish you a good morning: and you will please to observe that you have been duly served with notice to quit, or pay double rent."

"There can be no doubt, however," said Frank, "that Mr. Folingsby will believe you, father. He is a gentleman, I suppose, and not like this new agent, who talks like an attorney. I hate all attorneys."

"All dishonest attorneys, I suppose you mean, Frank," said the benevolent old man; who, even when his temper was most tried, never spoke, or even felt, with acrimony.

The new landlord came into the country; and, a few days after his arrival, old Frankland went to wait upon him. There was little hope of seeing young Mr. Folingsby; he was a man whose head was

at this time entirely full of gigs, and tandems, and unicorns: business was his aversion; pleasure was his business. Money he considered only as the means of pleasure; and tenants only as machines, who make money. He was neither avaricious nor cruel; but thoughtless and extravagant.

Whilst he appeared merely in the character of a young man of fashion, these faults were no offence to his equals, to whom they did no injury: but when he came into possession of a large estate, and when numbers were dependent upon him, they were severely felt by his inferiors.

Mr. Folingsby had just gathered up the reins in hand, and was seated in his unicorn, when farmer Frankland, who had been waiting some hours to see him, came to the side of the carriage. As he took off his hat, the wind blew his gray hair over his face.

"Put on your hat, pray, my good friend; and don't come near these horses, for I can't answer for them. Have you any commands with me?"

"I have been waiting some hours to speak to you, sir; but, if you are not at leisure, I will come again to-morrow morning," said old Frankland.

"Ay, do so; call to-morrow morning; for now I have not one moment to spare," said young Folingsby, as he whipped his horses, and drove off, as if the safety of the nation had depended upon twelve miles an hour.

The next day, and the next, and the next, the old tenant called upon his young landlord, but without obtaining an audience; still he was desired to call to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. He wrote several letters to him, but received no answer: at last, after giving half a guinea to his landlord's gentleman, he gained admittance. Mr. Folingsby

was drawing on his boots, and his horses were coming to the door. Frankland saw it was necessary to be concise in his story: he slightly touched on the principal circumstances, the length of time he had occupied his farm, the improvements he had made upon the land, and the misfortune which had lately befallen him. The boots were on by the time that he got to the promise of renewal, and the notice to quit.

"Promise of renewal: I know of no such thing. Notice to quit: that's my agent's business; speak to him; he'll do you justice. I really am sorry for you, Mr. Frankland; very sorry; extremely sorry. Damn the rascal who made these boots!—but you see how I'm circumstanced; haven't a moment to myself; only came to the country for a few days; set out for Ascot races to-morrow; really have not a moment to think of any thing. But speak to Mr. Deal, my agent. He'll do you justice, I'm sure. I leave all these things to him. Jack, that bay horse is coming on——"

"I have spoken to your agent, sir," said the old tenant, following his thoughtless young landlord; "but he said that verbal promises, without a witness present, were nothing but air; and I have nothing to rely on but your justice. I assure you, sir, I have not been an idle tenant: my land will show that I have not."

"Tell Mr. Deal so; make him understand it in this light. I leave every thing of this sort to Mr. Deal. I really have not time for business, but I'm sure Mr. Deal will do you justice."

This was all that could be obtained from the young landlord. His confidence in his agent's sense of justice was somewhat misplaced. Mr. Deal had received a proposal *from another* tenant for Frankland's farm;

and with this proposal a bank-note was sent, which spoke more forcibly than all that poor Frankland could urge. The agent took the farm from him; and declared he could not, in justice to his employer, do otherwise; because the new tenant had promised to build upon the land a lodge fit for any gentleman to inhabit, instead of a farm-house.

The transaction was concluded without Mr. Folingsby's knowing any thing more of the matter, except signing the leases, which he did without reading them; and receiving half a year's rent in hand, as a fine, which he did with great satisfaction. He was often distressed for ready money, though he had a large estate; and his agent well knew how to humour him in his hatred of business. No interest could have persuaded Mr. Folingsby deliberately to commit so base an action as that of cheating a deserving old tenant out of a promised renewal; but, in fact, long before the leases were sent to him, he had totally forgotten every syllable that poor Frankland had said to him on the subject.

CHAPTER II.

THE day on which they left their farm was a melancholy day to this unfortunate family. Mr. Frankland's father and grandfather had been tenants, and excellent tenants, to the Folingsby family: all of them had occupied, and not only occupied but highly improved, this farm. All the neighbours were struck with compassion, and cried shame upon Mr. Folingsby! But Mr. Folingsby was at Ascot, and did not hear them. He was on the race-ground, betting

hundreds upon a favourite horse; whilst this old man and his family were slowly passing, in their covered cart, down the lane which led from their farm; taking a last farewell of the fields they had cultivated, and the harvest they had sown, but which they were never to reap.

Hannah, the servant-girl, who had reproached herself so bitterly for leaving the bucket of ashes near the hay-rick, was extremely active in assisting her poor master. Upon this occasion she seemed to be endowed with double strength; and a degree of cleverness and presence of mind, of which she had never shown any symptoms in her former life: but gratitude awakened all her faculties.

Before she came to this family, she had lived some years with a farmer who, as she now recollected, had a small farm, with a snug cottage upon it, which was to be this very year out of lease. Without saying a word of her intentions, she got up early one morning, walked fifteen miles to her old master's, and offered to pay out of her wages, which she had laid by for six or seven years, the year's rent of this farm beforehand, if the farmer would let it to Mr. Frankland. The farmer would not take the girl's money, for he said he wanted no security from Mr. Frankland, or his son George: they bore the best of characters, he observed, and no people in Monmouthshire could understand the management of land better. He willingly agreed to let him the farm; but it contained only a few acres, and the house was so small that it could scarcely lodge above three people.

Here old Frankland and his eldest son, George, settled. James went to Monmouth, where he became shopman to Mr. Cleghorn, a haberdasher, who took him in preference to three other young men, who ap-

plied on the same day. "Shall I tell you the reason why I fixed upon you, James?" said Mr. Cleghorn. "It was not whim; I had my reasons."

"I suppose," said James, "you thought I had been honestly and well brought up; as I believe in former times, sir, you knew something of my mother."

"Yes, sir; and in former times I knew something of yourself. You may forget, but I do not, that, when you were a child, not more than nine years old*, you came to this shop to pay a bill of your mother's: the bill was cast up a pound too little: you found out the mistake, and paid me the money. I dare say you are as good an accountant, and as honest a fellow, still. I have just been terribly tricked by a lad to whom I trusted foolishly; but this will not make me suspicious towards you, because I know how you have been brought up; and that is the best security a man can have."

Thus, even in childhood, the foundation of a good character may be laid; and thus children inherit the good name of their parents. A rich inheritance! of which they cannot be deprived by the utmost malice of fortune.

The good characters of Fanny and Patty Frankland were well known in the neighbourhood; and, when they could no longer afford to live at home, they found no difficulty in getting places. On the contrary, several of the best families in Monmouth were anxious to engage them. Fanny went to live with Mrs. Hungerford, a lady of an ancient family, who was proud, but not insolent, and generous, but not what is commonly called affable. She had several children, and she hired Fanny Frankland for the particular purpose of attending them.

* This circumstance is a fact.

"Pray let me see that you exactly obey my orders, young woman, with respect to my children," said Mrs. Hungerford, "and you shall have no reason to complain of the manner in which you are treated in this house. It is my wish to make every body happy in it, from the highest to the lowest. You have, I understand, received an education above your present station in life; and I hope and trust that you will deserve the high opinion I am, from that circumstance, inclined to form of you."

Fanny was rather intimidated by the haughtiness of Mrs. Hungerford's manner; yet she felt a steady though modest confidence in herself, which was not displeasing to her mistress.

About this time Patty also went into service. Her mistress was a Mrs. Crumpe, a very old rich lady, who was often sick and peevish, and who confessed that she required an uncommonly good-humoured person to wait upon her. She lived a few miles from Monmouth, where she had many relations; but, on account of her great age and infirmities, she led an extremely retired life.

Frank was now the only person in the family who was not settled in the world. He determined to apply to a Mr. Barlow, an attorney of an excellent character. He had been much pleased with the candour and generosity Frank showed in a quarrel with the Bettesworths; and he had promised to befriend him, if ever it should be in his power. It happened that, at this time, Mr. Barlow was in want of a clerk; and, as he knew Frank's abilities, and had reason to feel confidence in his integrity, he determined to employ him in his office. Frank had once a prejudice against attorneys: he thought that they could not be honest men; but he was convinced of his mistake

when he became acquainted with Mr. Barlow. This gentleman never practised any mean pettyfogging arts; on the contrary, he always dissuaded those who consulted him from commencing vexatious suits. Instead of fomenting quarrels, it was his pleasure and pride to bring about reconciliations. It was said of Mr. Barlow that he had lost more suits out of the courts, and fewer in them, than any attorney of his standing in England. His reputation was now so great that he was consulted more as a lawyer than as an attorney. With such a master, Frank had a prospect of being extremely happy; and he determined that nothing should be wanting, on his part, to ensure Mr. Barlow's esteem and regard.

James Frankland, in the mean time, went on happily with Mr. Cleghorn, the haberdasher; whose customers all agreed that his shop had never been so well attended as since this young man had been his foreman. His accounts were kept in the most exact manner; and his bills were made out with unrivalled neatness and expedition. His attendance on the shop was so constant that his master began to fear it might hurt his health; especially as he had never, till of late, been used to so confined a life.

"You should go abroad, James, these fine evenings," said Mr. Cleghorn. "Take a walk in the country now and then, in the fresh air. Don't think I want to nail you always to the counter. Come, this is as fine an evening as you can wish: take your hat, and away; I'll mind the shop myself, till you come back. He must be a hard master, indeed, that does not know when he is well served; and that never will be my case, I hope. Good servants make good masters, and good masters good servants. Not that I mean to call you, Mr. James, a servant; that was only a

slip of the tongue; and no matter for the tongue, where the heart means well, as mine does towards you."

Towards all the world Mr. Cleghorn was not disposed to be indulgent: he was not a selfish man; but he had a high idea of subordination in life. Having risen himself by slow degrees, he thought that every man in trade should have what he called "the rough as well as the smooth." He saw that his new foreman bore the rough well; and therefore he was now inclined to give him some of the smooth.

James, who was extremely fond of his brother Frank, called upon him and took him to Mrs. Hungerford's, to ask Fanny to accompany them in this walk. They had seldom seen her since they had quitted their father's house and lived in Monmouth; and they were disappointed when they were told, by Mrs. Hungerford's footman, that Fanny was not at home; she was gone out to walk with the children. The man did not know which road they went, so they had no hopes of meeting her; and they took their way through one of the shady lanes near Monmouth. It was late before they thought of returning; for, after several weeks' confinement in close houses, the fresh air, green fields, and sweet-smelling wild flowers in the hedges, were delightful novelties. "Those who see these things every day," said James, "scarcely notice them; I remember I did not when I lived at our farm. So things, as my father used to say, are made equal to people in this world. We, who are hard at work in a close room all day long, have more relish for an evening walk, a hundred to one, than those who saunter about from morning till night."

The philosophic reflections of James were interrupted by the merry voices of a troop of children,

who were getting over a stile into the lane, where he and Frank were walking. The children had huge nosegays of honeysuckles, dogroses, and bluebells in their little hands; and they gave their flowers to a young woman who attended them, begging she would hold them whilst they got over the stile. James and Frank went to offer their services to help the children; and then they saw that the young woman, who held the flowers, was their sister Fanny.

"Our own Fanny!" said Frank. "How lucky this is! It seems almost a year since I saw you. We have been all the way to Mrs. Hungerford's, to look for you; and have been forced to take half our walk without you; but the other half will make amends. I've a hundred things to say to you: which is your way home? Take the longest way, I entreat you. Here is my arm. What a delightful fine evening it is! But what's the matter?"

"It is a very fine evening," said Fanny, hesitating a little; "and I hope to-morrow will be as fine. I'll ask my mistress to let me walk out with you to-morrow; but this evening I cannot stay with you, because I have the children under my care; and I have promised her that I will never walk with any one when they are with me."

"But your own brother," said Frank, a little angry at this refusal.

"I promised I would not walk with any one; and surely you are somebody: so good night; good bye," replied Fanny, endeavouring to turn off his displeasure with a laugh.

"But what harm, I say, can I do the children, by walking with you?" cried Frank, catching hold of her gown.

"I don't know; but I know what the orders of

my mistress are; and you know, dear Frank, that whilst I live with her, I am bound to obey them."

"Oh, Frank, she must obey them," said James.

Frank loosened his hold of Fanny's gown immediately. "You are right, dear Fanny," said he, "you are right, and I was wrong: so good night; good bye. Only remember to ask leave to walk with us to-morrow evening; for I have had a letter from father and brother George, and I want to show it you. Wait five minutes, and I can read it to you now, Fanny."

Fanny, though she was anxious to hear her father's letter, would not wait, but hurried away with the children that were under her care; saying she must keep her promise to her mistress exactly. Frank followed her, and put the letter into her hands. "You are a dear good girl, and deserve all the fine things father says of you in this letter. Take it, child: your mistress does not forbid you receiving a letter from your father, I suppose. I shall wish her hanged, if she does not let you walk with us to-morrow," whispered he.

The children frequently interrupted Fanny, as she was reading her father's letter. "Pray pull that high dogrose for me, Fanny," said one. "Pray hold me up to that large honeysuckle," said another. "And do, Fanny," said the youngest boy, "let us go home by the common, that I may see the glowworms. Mamma said I might; and whilst we are looking for the glowworms, you can sit on a stone, or a bank, and read your letter in peace."

Fanny, who was always very ready to indulge the children in any thing which her mistress had not forbidden, agreed to this proposal; and when they came to the common, little Gustavus, for that was the

name of the youngest boy, found a charming seat for her; and she sat down to read her letter, whilst the children ran to hunt for glowworms.

Fanny read her father's letter over three times; and yet few people except those who have the happiness to love a father as well, and to have a father as deserving to be loved, would think it at all worth reading even once.

"MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

"It is a strange thing to me to be without you; but, with me or from me, I am sure you are doing well; and that is a great comfort; ay, the best a father can have, especially at my age. I am heartily glad to hear that my Frank has, by his own deserts, got so good a place with that excellent man, Mr. Barlow. He does not hate attorneys now, I am sure. Indeed, it is my belief, he could not hate any body for half an hour together, if he was to do his worst. Thank God, none of my children have been brought up to be revengeful or envious; and they are not fighting with one another, as I hear the poor Bettesworths now all are for the fortune. 'Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.' I need not have troubled myself to write this text to any of you; but old men will be talkative. My rheumatism, however, prevents me from being as talkative as I could wish. It has been rather severe or so, owing to the great cold I caught the day that I was obliged to wait so long at squire Folingsby's in my wet clothes. But I hope soon to be stirring again, and to be able to take share of the work about our little farm, with your dear brother George. Poor fellow! he has so much to do, and does so much, that I fear he will overwork himself.

He is at this present time out in the little field, opposite my window, digging up the docks, which are very hard to conquer; he has made a brave large heap of them, but I wish to my heart he would not toil so desperately.

"I desire, my dear James and Frank, you will not confine yourselves too much in your shop and at your desk: this is all I have to dread for either of you. Give my love and blessing to my sweet girls. If Fanny was not as prudent as she is pretty, I should be in fear for her; hearing, as I do, that Mrs. Hungerford keeps so much fine company. A waiting-maid in such a house is in a dangerous place: but my Fanny, I am sure, will ever keep in mind her mother's precepts and example. I am told that Mrs. Crumpe, Patty's mistress, is (owing, I suppose, to her great age and infirmities) difficult in her humour; but my Patty has so even and pleasant a temper that I defy any one living, that knows her, not to love her. My hand is now quite tired of writing; this being penned with my left, as my right arm is not yet free from rheumatism: I have not James with me to write. God bless and preserve you all, my dear children. With such comforts, I can have nothing to complain of in this world. This I know, I would not exchange any one of you for all my neighbour Bettesworth's fine fortune. Write soon to

"Your affectionate father,
"B. FRANKLAND."

"Look! look at the glowworms!" cried the children, gathering round Fanny, just as she had finished reading her letter. There were prodigious numbers of them on this common; and they shone

over the whole ground in clusters, or singly, like little stars.

Whilst the children were looking with admiration and delight at this spectacle, their attention was suddenly diverted from the glowworms by the sound of a French-horn. They looked round, and perceived that it came from the balcony of a house, which was but a few yards distant from the spot where they were standing.

"Oh! let us go nearer to the balcony!" said the children, "that we may hear the music better." A violin, and a clarionet, at this moment began to play.

"Oh! let us go nearer!" repeated the children, drawing Fanny with all their little force towards the balcony.

"My dears, it is growing late," said she, "and we must make haste home. There is a crowd of company, you see, at the door and at the windows of that house; and if we go near to it, some of them will certainly speak to you, and that, you know, your mamma would not like."

The children paused and looked at one another, as if inclined to submit; but, at this moment, a kettle-drum was heard, and little Gustavus, the youngest of the boys, could not resist his curiosity to hear and see more of this instrument: he broke loose from Fanny's hands, and escaped to the house, exclaiming, "I must and will hear it, and see it too!"

Fanny was obliged to pursue him into the midst of the crowd: he made his way up to a young gentleman in regimentals, who took him up in his arms, saying, "By Jove, a fine little fellow! A soldier, every inch of him! By G—, he shall see the drum, and beat it too; let us see who dares say to the contrary."

As the gallant ensign spoke, he carried Gustavus up a flight of stairs that led to the balcony. Fanny, in great anxiety, called after him to beg that he would not detain the child, who was trusted to her care: her mistress, she said, would be extremely displeased with her, if she disobeyed her orders.

She was here interrupted in her remonstrance by the shrill voice of a female, who stood on the same stair with the ensign, and whom, notwithstanding the great alteration in her dress, Fanny recognised to be Sally Bettesworth. Jilting Jessy stood beside her.

"Fanny Frankland, I protest! What a pother she keeps about nothing," cried Saucy Sally. "Know your betters, and keep your distance, young woman. Who cares whether your mistress is displeased or not! She can't turn us away, can she, pray? She can't call ensign Bloomington to account, can she, hey?"

An insolent laugh closed this speech; a laugh in which several of the crowd joined: but some gentlemen were interested by Fanny's beautiful and modest countenance, as she looked up to the balcony, and, with tears in her eyes, entreated to be heard. "Oh, for shame, Bloomington! Give her back the boy. It is not fair that she should lose her place," cried they.

Bloomington would have yielded; but Saucy Sally stood before him crying in a threatening tone, "I'll never speak to you again, I promise you, Bloomington, if you give up. A fine thing indeed for a man and a soldier to give up to a woman and a servant-girl! and an impertinent servant-girl! Who cares for her or her place either!"

"I do! I do!" exclaimed little Gustavus, springing from the ensign's arms. "I care for her! She is not an impertinent girl; and I'll give up seeing the kettledrum, and go home with her directly, with all my heart."

In vain Sally attempted to withhold him; the boy ran down the stairs to Fanny, and marched off with her in all the conscious pride of a hero, whose generosity has fairly vanquished his passions. Little Gustavus was indeed a truly generous child: the first thing he did, when he got home, was to tell his mother all that had passed this evening. Mrs. Hungerford was delighted with her son, and said to him, "I cannot, I am sure, reward you better, my dear, than by rewarding this good young woman. The fidelity with which she has fulfilled my orders, in all that regards my children, places her, in my opinion, above the rank in which she was born. Henceforward she shall hold in my house a station, to which her habits of truth, gentleness, and good sense, entitle her."

From this time forward, Fanny, by Mrs. Hungerford's desire, was always present when the children took their lessons from their several masters. Mrs. Hungerford advised her to apply herself to learn all those things which were necessary for a governess to young ladies. "When you speak, your language in general is good, and correct; and no pains shall be wanting, on my part," said this haughty but benevolent lady, "to form your manners, and to develop your talents. This I partly owe you, for your care of my children; and I am happy to reward my son, Gustavus, in a manner which I am certain will be most agreeable to him."

"And, mamma," said the little boy, "may she walk out sometimes with her brothers? for I do believe she loves them as well as I love my sisters."

Mrs. Hungerford permitted Fanny to walk out for an hour, every morning, during the time that her children were with their dancing-master; and at this hour sometimes her brother James, and sometimes her brother Frank, could be spared; and they had many pleasant walks together. What a happiness it was to them to have been thus bred up, from their earliest years, in friendship with one another! This friendship was now the sweetest pleasure of their lives.

Poor Patty! She regretted that she could not join in these pleasant meetings; but, alas! she was so useful, so agreeable, and so necessary to her infirm mistress, that she could never be spared from home. "Where's Patty? why does not Patty do this?" were Mrs. Crumpe's constant questions whenever she was absent. Patty had all the business of the house upon her hands, because nobody could do any thing so well as Patty. Mrs. Crumpe found that no one could dress her but Patty; nobody could make her bed, so that she could sleep on it, but Patty; no one could make jelly, or broth, or whey, that she could taste, but Patty; no one could roast, or boil, or bake, but Patty. Of course, all these things must be done by nobody else. The ironing of Mrs. Crumpe's caps, which had exquisitely nice plaited borders, at last fell to Patty's share; because once, when the laundry-maid was sick, she plaited one so charmingly, that her lady would never afterwards wear any but of her plaiting. Now Mrs. Crumpe changed her cap, or rather had her cap changed, three times a day; and never wore the same *cap twice*.

The labours of washing, ironing, plaiting, roasting, boiling, baking, making jelly, broth, and whey, were not sufficient: Mrs. Crumpe took it into her head that she could eat no butter but of Patty's churning. But, what was worse than all, not a night passed without Patty's being called up to see "what could be the matter with the dog that was barking, or the cat that was mewing?" And when she was just sinking to sleep again, at daybreak, her lady, in whose room she slept, would call out, "Patty! Patty! There's a dreadful noise in the chicken-yard."

"Oh, ma'am, it is only the cocks crowing."

"Well, do step out, and hinder them from crowing at this terrible rate."

"But, ma'am, I cannot hinder them indeed."

"Oh yes, you could, if you were up. Get up and whip 'em, child. Whip 'em all round, or I shall not sleep a wink more this night*."

How little poor Patty slept her lady never considered: not that she was in reality an ill-natured woman, but sickness inclined her to be peevish; and she had so long been used to be humoured and waited upon by relations and servants, who expected she would leave them rich legacies, that she considered herself as a sort of golden idol, to whom all that approached should and would bow as low as she pleased. Perceiving that almost all around her were interested, she became completely selfish. She was from morning till night, from night till morning, nay from year's end to year's end, so much in the habit of seeing others employed for her, that she absolutely considered this to be the natural and necessary course of things; and she quite forgot to think of the com-

* Taken from life.

forts, or even of the well-being, of those creatures who were "born for her use, and live but to oblige her."

From time to time she was so far wakened to feeling, by Patty's exertions and good-humour, that she would say, to quiet her own conscience, "Well! well! I'll make it all up to her in my will! I'll make it all up to her in my will!"

She took it for granted that Patty, like the rest of her dependants, was governed entirely by mercenary considerations; and she was persuaded that the hopes of this legacy would secure Patty her slave for life. In this she was mistaken.

One morning Patty came into her room with a face full of sorrow; a face so unlike her usual countenance, that even her mistress, unaccustomed as she was to attend to the feelings of others, could not help noticing the change.

"Well! What's the matter, child?" said she.

"Oh! sad news, madam!" said Patty, turning aside to hide her tears.

"But, what's the matter, child, I say? Can't you speak, whatever it is, hey? What! have you burnt my best cap in the ironing, hey? Is that it?"

"Oh! worse, worse, ma'am!"

"Worse! What can be worse?"

"My brother, ma'am, my brother George, is ill, very ill, of a fever; and they don't think he'll live! Here is my father's letter, ma'am!"

"Lord! how can I read it without spectacles? and why should I read it, when you've told me all that's in it? How the child cries!" continued Mrs. Crumpe, raising herself a little on her pillow, and looking at Patty with a sort of astonished curiosity. "Heigho! But I can't stay in bed this way till dinner-time.

Get me my cap, child, and dry your eyes; for crying won't do your brother any good."

Patty dried her eyes. "No: crying will not do him any good," said she, "but——"

"But where is my cap? I don't see it on the dressing-table."

"No, ma'am: Martha will bring it in a minute or two; she is plaiting it."

"I will not have it plaited by Martha. Go and do it yourself."

"But, ma'am," said Patty, who, to her mistress's surprise, stood still, notwithstanding she heard this order, "I hope you will be so good as to give me leave to go to my poor brother to-day. All the rest of my brothers and sisters are with him, and he wants to see me; and they have sent a horse for me."

"No matter what they have sent; you sha'n't go; I can't spare you. If you choose to serve me, serve me. If you choose to serve your brother, serve your brother, and leave me."

"Then, madam," said Patty, "I must leave you: for I cannot but choose to serve my brother at such a time as this, if I can serve him; which God grant I mayn't be too late to do!"

"What! You will leave me? Leave me contrary to my orders! Take notice, then: these doors you shall never enter again, if you leave me now," cried Mrs. Crumpe: who, by this unexpected opposition to her orders, was actually worked up to a state unlike her usual peevishness. She started up in her bed, and growing quite red in the face, cried, "Leave me now, and you leave me for ever. Remember that! Remember that!"

"Then, madam, I must leave you for ever," said

Patty, moving towards the door. "I wish you your health and happiness; and am sorry to break so short."

"The girl's an idiot!" cried Mrs. Crumpe. "After this you cannot expect that I should remember you in my will."

"No, indeed, madam; I expect no such thing," said Patty. (Her hand was on the lock of the door as she spoke.)

"Then," said Mrs. Crumpe, "perhaps you will think it worth your while to stay with me, when I tell you I have not forgot you in my will? Consider that, child, before you turn the handle of the door. Consider that; and don't disoblige me for ever."

"Oh, madam, consider my poor brother. I am sorry to disoblige you for ever; but I can consider nothing but my poor brother," said Patty. The lock of the door turned quickly in her hand.

"Why! Is your brother rich? What upon earth do you expect from this brother, that can make it worth your while to behave to me in this strange way?" said Mrs. Crumpe.

Patty was silent with astonishment for a few moments, and then answered, "I expect nothing from him, madam; he is as poor as myself; but that does not make me love him the less."

Before Mrs. Crumpe could understand this last speech, Patty had left the room. Her mistress sat up in her bed, in the same attitude, for some minutes after she was gone, looking fixedly at the place where Patty had stood: she could scarcely recover from her surprise; and a multitude of painful thoughts crowded upon her mind.

"If I was dying, and poor, who would come to me? Not a *relation* I have in the world would

come near me! Not a creature on earth loves me as this poor girl loves her brother, who is as poor as herself."

Here her reflections were interrupted by hearing the galloping of Patty's horse, as it passed by the windows. Mrs. Crumpe tried to compose herself again to sleep, but she could not; and in half an hour's time she rang her bell violently, took her purse out of her pocket, counted out twenty bright guineas, and desired that a horse should be saddled immediately, and that her steward should gallop after Patty, and offer her that *whole sum in hand*, if she would return. "Begin with one guinea, and bid on till you come up to her price," said Mrs. Crumpe. "Have her back again I will, if it was only to convince myself that she is to be had for money as well as other people."

The steward, as he counted the gold in his hand, thought it was a great sum to throw away for such a whim: he had never seen his lady take the whim of giving away ready money before, but it was in vain to remonstrate; she was peremptory, and he obeyed.

In two hours' time he returned; and Mrs. Crumpe saw her gold again with extreme astonishment. The steward said he could not prevail upon Patty even to look at the guineas. Mrs. Crumpe now flew into a violent passion, in which none of our readers will probably sympathize: we shall therefore forbear to describe it.

CHAPTER III.

When Patty came within half a mile of the cottage in which her father lived, she met Hannah, the faithful servant, who had never deserted the family in their misfortunes: she had been watching all the morning on the road, for the first sight of Patty; but, when she saw her, and came quite close up to her, she had no power to speak; and Patty was so much terrified that she could not ask her a single question. She walked her horse a slow pace, and kept silence.

"Won't you go on, ma'am?" said Hannah at last, forcing herself to speak. "Won't you go on a bit faster? He's almost wild to see you."

"He is alive then!" cried Patty. The horse was in full gallop directly, and she was soon at her father's door. James and Frank were there watching for her: they lifted her from the horse; and, feeling that she trembled so much as to be scarcely able to stand, they would have detained her a little while in the air; but she passed or rather rushed into the room where her brother lay. He took no notice of her when she came in; for he was insensible. Fanny was supporting his head: she held out her hand to Patty, who went on tiptoe to the side of the bed. "Is he asleep?" whispered she.

"Not asleep, but——He'll come to himself presently," continued Fanny, "and he will be very, very glad you are come; and so will my father."

"Where is my father?" said Patty; "I don't see him."

Fanny pointed to the furthest end of the room, where he was kneeling at his devotion. The shut-

ters being half closed, she could but just see the faint beam which shone upon his gray hairs. He rose, came to his daughter Patty with an air of resigned grief, and taking her hand between both of his, said, "My love—we must lose him—God's will be done!"

"Oh! there is hope, there is hope still!" said Patty. "See! The colour is coming back to his lips again; his eyes open! Oh! George, dear George, dear brother! It is your own sister Patty: don't you know Patty?"

"Patty!—Yes. Why does not she come to me? I would go to her if I could," said the sufferer, without knowing what he talked of. "Is not she come yet? Send another horse, Frank. Why, it is only six miles. Six miles in three hours, that is—how many miles an hour? ten miles, is it? Don't hurry her—don't tell her I'm so bad; nor my father—don't let him see me, nor James, nor Frank, nor pretty Fanny, nor any body—they are all too good to me: I only wished to see poor Patty once before I die; but don't frighten her—I shall be very well, tell her—quite well by the time she comes."

After running on in this manner for some time, his eyes closed again, and he lay in a state of stupor. He continued in this condition for some time: at last his sisters, who were watching beside the bed, heard a knocking at the door. It was Frank and James: they had gone for a clergyman, whom George, before he became delirious, had desired to see. The clergyman was come, and with him a benevolent physician, who happened to be at his house, and who insisted upon accompanying him. As soon as the physician saw the poor young man, and felt his pulse, he perceived that the ignorant apothecary,

who had been first employed, had entirely mistaken George's disease, and had treated him improperly. His disease was a putrid fever, and the apothecary had bled him repeatedly. The physician thought he could certainly have saved his life, if he had seen him two days sooner; but now it was a hopeless case. All that could be done for him he tried.

Towards evening, the disease seemed to take a favourable turn. George came to his senses, knew his father, his brothers, and Fanny, and spoke to each with his customary kindness, as they stood round his bed: he then asked whether poor Patty was come? When he saw her, he thanked her tenderly for coming to him; but could not recollect he had any thing particular to say to her.

"I only wished to see you all together, to thank you for your good-nature to me ever since I was born, and to take leave of you before I die; for I feel that I am dying. Nay, do not cry so! My father! Oh! my father is most to be pitied; but he will have James and Frank left."

Seeing his father's affliction, which the good old man struggled in vain to subdue, George broke off here: he put his hand to his head, as if fearing it was again growing confused.

"Let me see our good clergyman, now that I am well enough to see him," said he. He then took a hand of each of his brothers and sisters, joined them together, and pressed them to his lips, looking from them to his father, whose back was now turned. "You understand me," whispered George: "he can never come to want, while you are left to work and comfort him. If I should not see you again in this world, farewell! Ask my father to give me his blessing!"

"God bless you, my son! God bless you, my dear good son! God will surely bless so good a son!" said the agonized father, laying his hand upon his son's forehead, which even now was cold with the damp of death.

"What a comfort it is to have a father's blessing!" said George. "May you all have it when you are as I am now!"

"I shall be out of this world long, long before that time, I hope," said the poor old man, as he left the room. "But God's will be done! Send the clergyman to my boy!"

The clergyman remained in the room but a short time: when he returned to the family, they saw by his looks that all was over!

There was a solemn silence.

"Be comforted," said the good clergyman. "Never man left this world with a clearer conscience, or had happier hope of a life to come. Be comforted. Alas! at such a time as this you cannot be comforted by any thing that the tongue of man can say."

All the family attended the funeral. It was on a Sunday, just before morning prayers; and, as soon as George was interred, his father, brothers, and sisters, left the churchyard, to avoid being seen by the gay people who were coming to their devotion. As they went home, they passed through the field in which George used to work: there they saw his heap of docks, and his spade upright in the ground beside it, just as he had left it, the last time that he had ever worked.

The whole family stayed for a few days with their poor father. Late one evening, as they were all walking out together in the fields, a heavy dew began to fall; and James urged his father to make

haste home, lest he should catch cold, and should have another fit of the rheumatism. They were then at some distance from their cottage; and Frank, who thought he knew a short way home, took them by a new road, which unluckily led them far out of their way; it brought them unexpectedly within sight of their old farm, and of the new house which Mr. Bettesworth had built upon it.

"Oh! my dear father, I am sorry I brought you this way," cried Frank. "Let us turn back."

"No, my son, why should we turn back?" said his father, mildly; "we can pass by these fields, and this house, I hope, without coveting our neighbour's goods."

As they came near the house, he stopped at the gate to look at it. "It is a good house," said he, "but I have no need to envy any man a good house: I, that have so much better things—good children!"

Just as he uttered these words, Mr. Bettesworth's house door opened, and three or four men appeared on the stone steps, quarrelling and fighting. The loud voices of Fighting Bob and Wild Will were heard too plainly.

"We have no business here," said old Frankland, turning to his children: "let us go."

The combatants pursued each other with such furious rapidity, that they were near to the gate in a few instants.

"Lock the gate, you without there, whoever you are! Lock the gate! or I'll knock you down when I come up, whoever you are;" cried Fighting Bob, who was hindmost in the race.

Wild Will was foremost; he kicked open the gate, but his foot slipped as he was going through: his brother overtook *him*, and, seizing him by the

collar, cried "Give me back the bank-notes, you rascal! they are mine, and I'll have 'em in spite of you."

"They are mine, and I'll keep 'em in spite of you," retorted Will, who was much intoxicated.

"Oh! what a sight! brothers fighting! Oh! part them, part them! Hold! hold! for Heaven's sake!" cried old Frankland to them.

Frank and James held them asunder, though they continued to abuse one another in the grossest terms. Their father, by this time, came up: he wrung his hands, and wept bitterly.

"Oh! shame, shame to me in my old age!" cried he: "can't you two let me live the few years I have to live in peace? Ah, neighbour Frankland, you are better off! My heart will break soon! These children of mine will be the ruin and the death of me!"

At these words the sons interrupted their father with loud complaints of the manner in which he had treated them. They had quarrelled with one another, and with their father, about money. The father charged them with profligate extravagance; and they accused him of sordid avarice. Mr. Frankland, much shocked at this scene, besought them at least to return to their house, and not to expose themselves in this manner; especially now that they were in *the station of gentlemen*. Their passions were too loud and brutal to listen to this appeal to their pride: their being raised to the rank of gentlemen could not give them principles or manners; that can only be done by education. Despairing to effect any good, Mr. Frankland retired from this scene, and made the best of his way home to his peaceful cottage.

"My children," said he to his family, as they sat

down to their frugal meal, "we are poor, but we are happy in one another. Was not I right to say I need not envy neighbour Bettesworth his fine house? Whatever misfortunes befall me, I have the blessing of good children. It is a blessing I would not exchange for any this world affords. God preserve them in health!"

He sighed, and soon added, "It is a bitter thing to think of a good son, who is dead; but it is worse, perhaps, to think of a bad son, who is alive. That is a misfortune I can never know. But, my dear boys and girls," continued he, changing his tone, "this idle way of life of ours must not last for ever. You are too poor to be idle; and so much the better for you. To-morrow you must all away to your own business."

"But, father," cried they all at once, "which of us may stay with you?"

"None of you, my good children. You are all going on well in the world; and I will not take you from your good masters and mistresses."

Patty now urged that she had the strongest right to remain with her father; because Mrs. Crumpe would certainly refuse to receive her into her service again, after what had passed at their parting: but nothing could prevail upon Frankland; he positively refused to let any of his children stay with him. At last Frank cried, "How can you possibly manage this farm without help? You must let either James or me stay with you, father. Suppose you should be seized with another fit of the rheumatism."

Frankland paused for a moment, and then answered, "Poor Hannah will nurse me if I fall sick. I am able still to pay her just wages. I will not be

a burden to my children. As to this farm, I am going to give it up; for, indeed," said the old man, smiling, "I should not be well able to manage it with the rheumatism in my spade-arm. My landlord, farmer Hewit, is a good-natured friendly man; and he will give me my own time for the rent: nay, he tells me he would let me live in this cottage for nothing; but I cannot do that."

"Then what will you do, dear father?" said his sons.

"The clergyman, who was here yesterday, has made interest for a house for me which will cost me nothing, nor him neither; and I shall be very near you both, boys."

"But, father," interrupted Frank, "I know, by your way of speaking, there is something about this house which you do not like."

"That is true," said old Frankland: "but that is the fault of my pride, and of my old prejudices; which are hard to conquer, at my time of life. It is certain, I do not much like the thoughts of going into an almshouse."

"An almshouse!" cried all his children at once, in a tone of horror. "Oh! father, you must not, indeed you must not go into an almshouse!"

The pride, which renders the English yeoman averse to live upon public charity, is highly advantageous to the industry and virtue of the nation. Even where it is instilled early into families as a prejudice, it is useful, and ought to be respected.

Frankland's children, shocked at the idea of their father's going into an almshouse, eagerly offered to join together the money they had earned, and to pay the rent of the cottage in which he now lived; but

Frankland knew that, if he took this money, his children would themselves be in distress. He answered with tears in his eyes,

"My dear children, I thank you all for your goodness; but I cannot accept of your offer. Since I am no longer able to support myself, I will not, from false pride, be the ruin of my children. I will not be a burden to them; and I prefer living upon public charity to accepting of the ostentatious liberality of any one rich man. I am come to a resolution, which nothing shall induce me to break. I am determined to live in the Monmouth almshouse—nay, hear me, my children, patiently—to live in the Monmouth almshouse for one year; and during that time I will not see any of you, unless I am sick. I lay my commands upon you not to attempt to see me till this day twelvemonth. If at that time you are all together able to maintain me, without hurting yourselves, I will most willingly accept of your bounty for the rest of my days."

His children assured him they should be able to earn money sufficient to maintain him, without injury to themselves, long before the end of the year; and they besought him to permit them to do so as soon as it was in their power: but he continued firm in his resolution, and made them solemnly promise they would obey his commands, and not even attempt to see him during the ensuing year. He then took leave of them in a most affectionate manner, saying, "I know, my dearest children, I have now given you the strongest possible motive for industry and good conduct. This day twelvemonth we shall meet again; and I hope it will be as joyful a meeting as this is a sorrowful parting." His children, with some

difficulty, obtained permission to accompany him to his new abode.

The almshouses at Monmouth are far superior to common institutions of this kind; they are remarkably neat and comfortable little dwellings, and form a row of pretty cottages, behind each of which there is a garden full of gooseberries, currants, and a variety of useful vegetables. These the old men cultivate themselves. The houses are fitted up conveniently; and each individual is provided with every thing that he wants in his own habitation: so that there is no opportunity or temptation for those petty disputes about property which often occur in charitable institutions that are not prudently conducted. Poor people who have their goods in common must necessarily become quarrelsome.

"You see," said old Frankland, pointing to the shining row of pewter, on the clean shelf over the fire-place in his little kitchen; "you see I want for nothing here. I am not much to be pitied."

His children stood silent and dejected, whilst he dressed himself in the uniform belonging to the almshouse. Before they parted, they all agreed to meet, at this place, that day twelvemonth, and to bring with them the earnings of the year; they had hopes that thus, by their united efforts, a sum might be obtained sufficient to place their father once more in a state of independence. With these hopes they separated, and returned to their masters and mistresses.

CHAPTER IV.

PATTY went to Mrs. Crumpe's to get her clothes which she had left there, and to receive some months' wages, which were still due for her services. After what had passed, she had no idea that Mrs. Crumpe would wish she should stay with her; and she had heard of another place in Monmouth which she believed would suit her in every respect.

The first person she saw, when she arrived at the house of her late mistress, was Martha; who, with a hypocritical length of face, said to her, "Sad news! Sad news, Mrs. Patty! The passion my lady was thrown into, by your going away so sudden, was of terrible detriment to her. That very night she had a stroke of the palsy, and has scarce spoke since."

"Don't take it to heart, it is none of your fault: don't take it to heart, dear Patty," said Betty, the housemaid, who was fond of Patty. "What could you do but go to your brother? Here, drink this water, and don't blame yourself at all about the matter. Mistress had a stroke sixteen months ago, afore ever you came into the house; and I dare say she'd have had this last, whether you had stayed or gone."

Here they were interrupted by the violent ringing of Mrs. Crumpe's bell. They were in the room next to her; and, as she heard voices louder than usual, she was impatient to know what was going on. Patty heard Mrs. Martha answer, as she opened her lady's door, "'Tis only Patty Frankland, ma'am, who is come for her clothes and her wages."

"And she is very sorry to hear you have been so ill; very sorry," said Betty, following to the door.

"Bid her come in," said Mrs. Crumpe, in a voice more distinct than she had ever been heard to speak in since the day of her illness.

"What! are you sorry for me, child?" said Mrs. Crumpe, fixing her eyes upon Patty's. Patty made no answer; but it was plain how much she was shocked.

"Ay, I see you *are* sorry for me," said her mistress. "And so am I for you," added she, stretching out her hand and taking hold of Patty's black gown. "You shall have a finer stuff than this for mourning for me. But I know that is not what you are thinking of; and that's the reason I have more value for you than for all the rest of them put together. Stay with me, stay with me, to nurse me; you nurse me to my mind. You cannot leave me, in the way I am in now, when I ask you to stay."

Patty could not without inhumanity refuse; she stayed with Mrs. Crumpe, who grew so dotingly fond of her, that she could scarcely bear to have her a moment out of sight. She would take neither food nor medicines, but from Patty's hand; and she would not speak, except in answer to Patty's questions. The fatigue and confinement she now was forced to undergo were enough to hurt the constitution of any one who had not very strong health. Patty bore them with the greatest patience and good-humour; indeed, the consciousness that she was doing right supported her in exertions which would otherwise have been beyond her power.

She had still more difficult trials to go through: Mrs. Martha was jealous of her favour with her lady,

and often threw out hints that some people had much more luck, and more cunning too, than other people; but that some people might perhaps be disappointed at last in their ends.

Patty went on her own straight way, without minding these insinuations at first; but she was soon forced to attend to them. Mrs. Crumpe's relations received intelligence from Mrs. Martha, that her lady was growing worse and worse every hour; and that she was quite shut up under the dominion of an artful servant-girl, who had gained such power over her that there was no knowing what the consequence might be. Mrs. Crumpe's relations were much alarmed by this story: they knew she had made a will in their favour some years before this time, and they dreaded that Patty should prevail upon her to alter it, and should get possession herself of the fortune. They were particularly struck with this idea, because an instance of undue power, acquired by a favourite servant-maid over her doting mistress, happened about this period to be mentioned, in an account of a trial in the newspapers of the day. Mrs. Crumpe's nearest relations were two grand-nephews. The eldest was Mr. Josiah Crumpe, a merchant who was settled at Liverpool; the youngest was that ensign Bloomington, whom we formerly mentioned. He had been intended for a merchant, but he would never settle to business; and at last ran away from the counting-house, where he had been placed, and went into the army. He was an idle, extravagant young man: his great-aunt was by fits very angry with him, or very fond of him. Sometimes, she would supply him with money; at others, she would forbid him her presence, and declare he should never see another shilling of *hers*. *This* had been her latest deter-

mination; but ensign Bloomington thought he could easily get into favour again, and he resolved to force himself into the house. Mrs. Crumpe positively refused to see him: the day after this refusal he returned with a reinforcement, for which Patty was not in the least prepared: he was accompanied by Miss Sally Bettesworth, in a regimental riding-habit. Jessy had been the original object of this gentleman's gallantry; but she met with a new and richer lover, and of course jilted him. Sally, who was in haste to be married, took undisguised pains to fix the ensign; and she thought she was sure of him. But to proceed with our story.

Patty was told that a lady and gentleman desired to see her, in the parlour: she was scarcely in the room when Sally began, in a voice capable of intimidating the most courageous of scolds, "Fine doings! Fine doings, here! You think you have the game in your own hands, I warrant, my lady Paramount; but I'm not one to be bullied, you know of old."

"Nor am I one to be bullied, I hope," replied Patty, in a modest but firm voice. "Will you be pleased to let me know, in a quiet way, what are your commands with me, or my lady?"

"This gentleman here must see your lady, as you call her. To let you into a bit of a secret, this gentleman and I *is* soon to be one; so no wonder I stir in this affair, and I never stir for nothing; so it is as well for you to do it with fair words as foul. Without more preambling, please to show this gentleman into his aunt's room, which sure he has the best right to see of any one in this world; and if you prevent it in any species, I'll have the law of you, and I take this respectable woman," looking at Mrs.

Martha, who came in with a salver of cakes and wine, "I take this here respectable gentlewoman to be my witness, if you choose to refuse my husband (that is to be) admittance to his true and lawful nearest relation upon earth. Only say the doors are locked, and that you won't let him in; that's all we ask of you, Mrs. Patty Paramount. Only say that, afore this here witness."

"Indeed, I shall say no such thing, ma'am," replied Patty; "for it is not in the least my wish to prevent the gentleman from seeing my mistress. It was she herself who refused to let him in; and I think, if he forces himself into the room, she will be apt to be very much displeased: but I shall not hinder him, if he chooses to try. There are the stairs, and my lady's room is the first on the right hand. Only, sir, before you go up, let me caution you, lest you should startle her so as to be the death of her. The least surprise or fright might bring on another stroke in an instant."

Ensign Bloomington and Saucy Sally now looked at one another, as if at a loss how to proceed: they retired to a window to consult; and whilst they were whispering, a coach drove up to the door. It was full of Mrs. Crumpe's relations, who came post-haste from Monmouth, in consequence of the alarm given by Mrs. Martha. Mr. Josiah Crumpe was not in the coach: he had been written for, but was not yet arrived from Liverpool.

Now, it must be observed, this coachful of relations were all enemies to ensign Bloomington; and the moment they put their heads out of the carriage-window, and saw him standing in the parlour, their surprise and indignation were too great for coherent utterance. *With all the* rashness of prejudice, they

decided that he had bribed Patty to let him in and to exclude them. Possessed with this idea, they hurried out of the coach, passed by poor Patty, who was standing in the hall, and beckoned to Mrs. Martha, who showed them into the drawing-room, and remained shut up with them there for some minutes. "She is playing us false," cried Saucy Sally, rushing out of the parlour. "I told you not to depend on that Martha; nor on nobody but me: I said I'd force a way for you up to the room, and so I have; and now you have not the spirit to take your advantage. They'll get in all of them before you; and then where will you be, and what will you be?"

Mrs. Crumpe's bell rang violently, and Patty ran up stairs to her room.

"I have been ringing for you, Patty, this quarter of an hour! What is all the disturbance I hear below?"

"Your relations, ma'am, who wish to see you. I hope you won't refuse to see them, for they are very anxious."

"Very anxious to have me dead and buried. Not one of them cares a groat for me. I have made my will, tell them; and they will see that in time. I will not see one of them."

By this time, they were all at the bedchamber door, struggling which party should enter first. Saucy Sally's loud voice was heard, maintaining her right to be there, as wife elect to ensign Bloomington.

"Tell them the first who enters this room shall never see a shilling of my money," cried Mrs. Crumpe.

Patty opened the door; the disputants were instantly silent. "Be pleased, before you come in, to hearken to what my mistress says. Ma'am, will you say whatever you think proper yourself," said

Patty; "for it is too hard for me to be suspected of putting words into your mouth, and keeping your friends from the sight of you."

"The first of them, who comes into this room," cried Mrs. Crumpe, raising her feeble voice to the highest pitch she was able, "the first who enters this room shall never see a shilling of my money; and so on to the next, and the next, and the next. I'll see none of you."

No one ventured to enter. Their infinite solicitude to see how poor Mrs. Crumpe found herself to-day suddenly vanished. The two parties adjourned to the parlour and the drawing-room; and there was nothing in which they agreed, except in abusing Patty. They called for pen, ink, and paper, and each wrote what they wished to say. Their notes were carried up by Patty herself; for Mrs. Martha would not run the risk of losing her own legacy to oblige any of them, though she had been bribed by all. With much difficulty, Mrs. Crumpe was prevailed upon to look at the notes; at last, she exclaimed, "Let them all come up! all; this moment tell them, all!"

They were in the room instantly; all, except Saucy Sally: ensign Bloomington persuaded her it was for the best that she should not appear. Patty was retiring, as soon as she had shown them in; but her mistress called to her, and bade her take a key, which she held in her hand, and unlock an escritoir that was in the room. She did so.

"Give me that parcel, which is tied up with red tape, and sealed with three seals," said Mrs. Crumpe.

All eyes were immediately fixed upon it, for it was her will.

She broke the seals deliberately, untied the red

string, opened the huge sheet of parchment, and without saying one syllable tore it down the middle; then tore the pieces again, and again, till they were so small that the writing could not be read. The spectators looked upon one another in dismay.

"Ay! you may all look as you please," cried Mrs. Crumpe. "I'm alive, and in my sound senses still: my money's my own; my property's my own; I'll do what I please with it. You were all handsomely provided for in this will; but you could not wait for your legacies till I was under ground. No! you must come hovering over me, like so many ravens. It is not time yet! It is not time yet! The breath is not yet out of my body; and when it is, you shall none of you be the better for it, I promise you. My money's my own; my property's my own; I'll make a new will to-morrow. Good bye to you all. I've told you my mind."

Not the most abject humiliations, not the most artful caresses, not the most taunting reproaches, from any of the company, could extort another word from Mrs. Crumpe. Her disappointed and incensed relations were at last obliged to leave the house; though not without venting their rage upon Patty, whom they believed to be the secret cause of all that had happened. After they had left the house, she went up to a garret, where she thought no one would see her or hear her, sat down on an old bedstead, and burst into tears. She had been much shocked by the scenes that had just passed, and her heart wanted this relief.

Oh! thought she, it is plain enough that it is not riches which can make people happy. Here is this poor lady, with heaps of money and fine clothes,

without any one in this whole world to love or care for her; but all wishing her dead; worried by her own relations, and abused by them, almost in her hearing, upon her death-bed! Oh! my poor brother! How different it was with you!

Patty's reflections were here interrupted by the entrance of Martha; who came and sat down on the bedstead beside her, and with a great deal of hypocritical kindness in her manner, began to talk of what had passed; blaming Mrs. Crumpe's relations for being so hard-hearted and inconsiderate as to force business upon her when she was in such a state. "Indeed, they have no one to thank but themselves, for the new turn things have taken. I hear my mistress has torn her will to atoms, and is going to make a new one! To be sure, you, Mrs. Patty, will be handsomely provided for in this, as is, I am sure, becoming; and I hope, if you have an opportunity, as for certain you will, you won't forget to speak a good word for me!"

Patty, who was disgusted by this interested and deceitful address, answered, she had nothing to do with her mistress's will; and that her mistress was the best judge of what should be done with her own money, which she did not covet.

Mrs. Martha was not mistaken in her opinion that Patty would be handsomely remembered in this new will. Mrs. Crumpe the next morning said to Patty, as she was giving her some medicine, "It is for your interest, child, that I should get through this day, at least; for if I live a few hours longer, you will be the richest single woman in Monmouthshire. I'll show them all that my money's my own; and that I can do what I please with my own. Go yourself to Monmouth, child (as soon as you have plaited my

cap), and bring me the attorney your brother lives with, to draw my new will. Don't say one word of your errand to any of my relations, I charge you, for your own sake as well as mine. The harpies would tear you to pieces; but I'll show them I can do what I please with my own. That's the least satisfaction I can have for my money before I die. God knows, it has been plague enough to me all my life long! But now, before I die——"

"Oh! ma'am," interrupted Patty, "there is no need to talk of your dying now; for I have not heard you speak so strong, or so clear, nor seem so much yourself this long time. You may live yet, and I hope you will, to see many a good day; and to make it up, if I may be so bold to say it, with all your relations: which, I am sure, would be a great ease to your heart; and I am sure they are very sorry to have offended you."

"The girl's a fool!" cried Mrs. Crumpe. "Why, child, don't you understand me yet? I tell you, as plain as I can speak, I mean to leave the whole fortune to you. Well! what makes you look so blank?"

"Because, ma'am, indeed I have no wish to stand in any body's way; and would not for all the world do such an unjust thing as to take advantage of your being a little angry or so with your relations, to get the fortune for myself: for I can do, having done all my life, without fortune well enough; but I could not do without my own good opinion, and that of my father, and brothers, and sister; all which I should lose, if I was to be guilty of a mean thing. So, ma'am," said Patty, "I have made bold to speak the whole truth of my mind to you; and I hope you will not do me an injury, by way of doing me a favour.

I am sure I thank you with all my heart for your goodness to me."

Patty turned away, as she finished speaking; for she was greatly moved.

"You are a strange girl!" said Mrs. Crumpe. "I would not have believed this, if any one had sworn it to me. Go for the attorney, as I bid you, this minute. I will have my own way."

When Patty arrived at Mr. Barlow's, she asked immediately for her brother Frank, whom she wished to consult; but he was out, and she then desired to speak to Mr. Barlow himself. She was shown into his office, and she told him her business, without any circumlocution, with the plain language and ingenuous countenance of truth.

"Indeed, sir," said she, "I should be glad you would come directly to my mistress and speak to her yourself; for she will mind what you say, and I only hope she may do the just thing by her relations. I don't want her fortune nor any part of it, but a just recompense for my service. Knowing this, in my own heart, I forgive them for all the ill-will they bear me: it being all founded in a mistaken notion."

There was a gentleman in Mr. Barlow's office, who was sitting at a desk writing a letter, when Patty came in: she took him for one of the clerks. Whilst she was speaking, he turned about several times, and looked at her very earnestly. At last he went to a clerk, who was folding up some parchments, and asked who she was? He then sat down again to his writing, without saying a single word. This gentleman was Mr. Josiah Crumpe, the Liverpool merchant, Mrs. Crumpe's eldest nephew; who had come to Monmouth, in consequence of the account he had heard of his aunt's situation. Mr. Barlow had

lately amicably settled a suit between him and one of his relations at Monmouth; and Mr. Crumpe had just been signing the deed relative to this affair. He was struck with the disinterestedness of Patty's conduct; but he kept silence that she might not find out who he was, and that he might have full opportunity of doing her justice hereafter. He was not one of the ravens, as Mrs. Crumpe emphatically called those who were hovering over her, impatient for her death: he had, by his own skill and industry, made himself not only independent, but rich. After Patty was gone, he, with the true spirit of a British merchant, declared that he was as independent in his sentiments as in his fortune; that he would not crouch or fawn to man or woman, peer or prince, in his majesty's dominions; no, not even to his own aunt. He wished his old aunt Crumpe, he said, to live and enjoy all she had as long as she could; and, if she chose to leave it to him after her death, well and good; he should be much obliged to her: if she did not, why well and good; he should not *be obliged* to be obliged to her: and that, to his humour, would perhaps be better still.

With these sentiments Mr. Josiah Crumpe found no difficulty in refraining from going to see, or, as he called it, from paying his court to his aunt. "I have some choice West India sweetmeats here for the poor soul," said he to Mr. Barlow: "she gave me sweetmeats when I was a schoolboy; which I don't forget. I know she has a sweet tooth still in her head; for she wrote to me last year, to desire I would get her some; but I did not relish the style of her letter, and I never complied with the order; however, I was to blame: she is an infirm poor creature, and should be humoured now, let her be ever so cross. Take

her the sweetmeats; but mind, do not let her have a taste or a sight of them till she has made her will. I do not want to bribe her to leave me her money-bags; I thank my God and myself, I want them not."

Mr. Barlow immediately went to Mrs. Crumpe's. As she had land to dispose of, three witnesses were necessary to the will. Patty said she had two men-servants who could write; but to make sure of a third, Mr. Barlow desired that one of his clerks should accompany him. Frank was out; so the eldest clerk went in his stead.

This clerk's name was Mason: he was Frank's chief friend, and a young man of excellent character. He had never seen Patty till this day; but he had often heard her brother speak of her with so much affection, that he was prepossessed in her favour, even before he saw her. The manner in which she spoke on the subject of Mrs. Crumpe's fortune quite charmed him; for he was of an open and generous temper, and said to himself, "I would rather have this girl for my wife, without sixpence in the world, than any woman I ever saw in my life—if I could but afford it—and if she was but a little prettier. As it is, however, there is no danger of my falling in love with her; so I may just indulge myself in the pleasure of talking to her: beside, it is but civil to lead my horse and walk a part of the way with Frank's sister."

Accordingly, Mason set off to walk a part of the way to Mrs. Crumpe's with Patty; and they fell into conversation, in which they were both so earnestly engaged that they did not perceive how time passed. Instead, however, of part of the way, Mason walked the whole way: and he and Patty were both rather

surprised, when they found themselves within sight of Mrs. Crumpe's house.

What a fine healthy colour this walking has brought into her face, thought Mason, as he stood looking at her, whilst they were waiting for some one to open the door. Though she has not a single beautiful feature, and though nobody could call her handsome, yet there is so much good-nature in her countenance that, plain as she certainly is, her looks are more pleasing to my fancy than those of many a beauty I have heard admired.

The door was now opened; and Mr. Barlow, who had arrived some time, summoned Mason to business. They went up to Mrs. Crumpe's room to take her instructions for her new will. Patty showed them in.

"Don't go, child. I will not have you stir," said Mrs. Crumpe. "Now stand there at the foot of my bed, and, without hypocrisy, tell me truly, child, your mind. This gentleman, who understands the law, can assure you that, in spite of all the relations upon earth, I can leave my fortune to whom I please: so do not let fear of my relations prevent you from being happy."

"No, madam," interrupted Patty, "it was not fear that made me say what I did to you this morning; and it is not fear that keeps me in the same mind still. I would not do what I thought wrong myself if nobody else in the whole world was to know it. But, since you desire me to say what I really wish, I have a father, who is in great distress, and I should wish you would leave fifty pounds to him."

"With such principles and feelings," cried Mr. Barlow, "you are happier than ten thousand a year could make you!"

Mason said nothing; but his looks said a great

deal: and his master forgave him the innumerable blunders he made, in drawing Mrs. Crumpe's will. "Come, Mason, give me up the pen," whispered he, at last; "you are not your own man, I see; and I like you the better for being touched with good and generous conduct. But a truce with sentiment, now; I must be a mere man of law. Go you and take a walk, to recover your *legal* senses."

The contents of Mrs. Crumpe's new will were kept secret: Patty did not in the least know how she had disposed of her fortune; nor did Mason, for he had written only the preamble, when his master compassionately took the pen from his hand. Contrary to expectation, Mrs. Crumpe continued to linger on for some months; and, during this time, Patty attended her with the most patient care and humanity. Though long habits of selfishness had rendered this lady in general indifferent to the feelings of her servants and dependents, yet Patty was an exception: she often said to her, "Child, it goes against my conscience to keep you prisoner here the best days of your life, in a sick room: go out and take a walk with your brothers and sister, I desire, whenever they call for you."

These walks with her brothers and sister were very refreshing to Patty; especially when Mason was of the party, as he almost always contrived to be. Every day he grew more and more attached to Patty; for every day he became more and more convinced of the goodness of her disposition, and the sweetness of her temper. The affection which he saw her brothers and sister bore her spoke to his mind most strongly in her favour. They have known her from her childhood, thought he, and cannot be deceived in her

character. 'Tis a good sign that those who know her best love her most; and her loving her pretty sister, Fanny, as she does, is a proof that she is incapable of envy and jealousy.

In consequence of these reflections, Mason determined he would apply diligently to his business, that he might in due time be able to marry and support Patty. She ingenuously told him she had never seen the man she could love so well as himself; but that her first object was to earn some money, to release her father from the almshouse, where she could not bear to see him living upon charity. "When, amongst us all, we have accomplished this," said she, "it will be time enough for me to think of marrying. Duty first, and love afterwards."

Mason loved her the better, when he found her so steady in her gratitude to her father; for he was a man of sense, and knew that so good a daughter and sister would, in all probability, make a good wife.

We must now give some account of what Fanny has been doing all this time. Upon her return to Mrs. Hungerford's after the death of her brother, she was received with the greatest kindness by her mistress, and by all the children, who were really fond of her; though she had never indulged them in any thing that was contrary to their mother's wishes.

Mrs. Hungerford had not forgotten the affair of the kettle-drum. One morning she said to her little son, "Gustavus, your curiosity about the kettle-drum and the clarionet shall be satisfied: your cousin Philip will come here in a few days, and he is well acquainted with the colonel of the regiment, which is quartered in Monmouth: he shall ask the colonel to let us have the band here, some day. We may

have them at the furthest end of the garden; and you and your brothers and sisters shall dine in the arbour, with Fanny, who upon this occasion particularly deserves to have a share in your amusement."

The cousin, Philip, of whom Mrs. Hungerford spoke, was no other than Frankland's landlord, young Mr. Folingsby. Beside liking fine horses and fine curricles, this gentleman was a great admirer of fine women.

He was struck with Fanny's beauty the first day he came to Mrs. Hungerford's: every succeeding day he thought her handsomer and handsomer; and every day grew fonder and fonder of playing with his little cousins. Upon some pretence or other, he contrived to be constantly in the room with them when Fanny was there: the modest propriety of her manners, however, kept him at that distance at which it was no easy matter for a pretty girl, in her situation, to keep such a gallant gentleman. His intention, when he came to Mrs. Hungerford's, was to stay but a week; but when that week was at an end, he determined to stay another: he found his aunt Hungerford's house uncommonly agreeable. The moment she mentioned to him her wish of having the band of music in the garden, he was charmed with the scheme, and longed to dine out in the arbour with the children; but he dared not press this point, lest he should excite suspicion.

Amongst other company who dined this day with Mrs. Hungerford was a Mrs. Cheviott, a blind lady, who took the liberty, as she said, to bring with her a young person, who was just come to live with her as a companion. This young person was Jessy Bettesworth; or, as she is henceforward to be called, miss Jessy Bettesworth. Since her father had "come in

for captain Bettesworth's fortin," her mother had spared no pains to push Jessy forward in the world; having no doubt that "her beauty, when well dressed, would charm some great gentleman; or, may be, some great lord!" Accordingly, Jessy was dizened out in all sorts of finery: her thoughts were wholly bent on fashions and flirting; and her mother's vanity, joined to her own, nearly turned her brain.

Just as this fermentation of folly was gaining force, she happened to meet with ensign Bloomington at a ball in Monmouth: he fell, or she thought he fell, desperately in love with her; she, of course, coquetted with him: indeed, she gave him so much encouragement, that every body concluded they were to be married. She and her sister Sally were continually seen walking arm in arm with him in the streets of Monmouth; and morning, noon, and night, she wore the drop-earrings, of which he had made her a present. It chanced, however, that Jilting Jessy heard an officer, in her ensign's regiment, swear she was pretty enough to be the captain's lady instead of the ensign's; and, from that moment, she thought no more of the ensign.

He was enraged to find himself jilted thus by a country girl, and determined to have his revenge: consequently he immediately transferred all his attentions to her sister Sally; judiciously calculating that, from the envy and jealousy he had seen between the sisters, this would be the most effectual mode of mortifying his perfidious fair. Jilting Jessy said her sister was welcome to her cast-off sweethearts: and Saucy Sally replied, her sister was welcome to be her bridemaid; since, with all her beauty and all her airs, she was not likely to be a bride.

Mrs. Bettesworth had always confessed that Jessy

was her favourite: like a wise and kind mother, she took part in all these disputes; and set these amiable sisters yet more at variance, by prophesying that "her Jessy would make the grandest match."

To put her into fortune's way, Mrs. Bettesworth determined to get her into some genteel family, as companion to a lady. Mrs. Cheviott's housekeeper was nearly related to the Bettesworths, and to her Mrs. Bettesworth applied. "But I'm afraid Jessy is something too much of a flirt," said the housekeeper, "for my mistress; who is a very strict, staid lady. You know, or at least we in Monmouth know, that Jessy was greatly talked of about a young officer here in town. I used myself to see her go trailing about, with her muslin and pink, and fine coloured shoes, in the dirt."

"Oh! that's all over now," said Mrs. Bettesworth: "the man was quite beneath her notice—that's all over now: he will do well enough for Sally; but, ma'am, my daughter Jessy has quite laid herself out for goodness now, and only wants to get into some house where she may learn to be a little genteel."

The housekeeper, though she had not the highest possible opinion of the young lady, was in hopes that, since Jessy had now laid herself out for goodness, she might yet turn out well; and, considering that she was her relation, she thought it her duty to speak in favour of miss Bettesworth. In consequence of her recommendation, Mrs. Cheviott took Jessy into her family; and Jessy was particularly glad to be the companion of a blind lady.

She discovered, the first day she spent with Mrs. Cheviott, that, beside the misfortune of being blind,

she had the still greater misfortune of being inordinately fond of flattery. Jessy took advantage of this foible, and imposed so far on the understanding of her patroness, that she persuaded Mrs. Cheviott into a high opinion of her judgment and prudence.

Things were in this situation when Jessy, for the first time, accompanied the blind lady to Mrs. Hungerford's. Without having the appearance or manners of a gentlewoman, miss Jessy Bettesworth was, notwithstanding, such a pretty, showy girl that she generally contrived to attract notice. She caught Mr. Folingsby's eye at dinner, as she was playing off her best airs at the side-table; and it was with infinite satisfaction that she heard him ask one of the officers, as they were going out to walk in the garden, "Who is that girl? She has fine eyes, and a most beautiful long neck!" Upon the strength of this whisper, Jessy flattered herself she had made a conquest of Mr. Folingsby; by which idea she was so much intoxicated, that she could scarcely restrain her vanity within decent bounds.

"Lord! Fanny Frankland, is it you? Who expected to meet you sitting here?" said she, when, to her great surprise, she saw Fanny in the arbour with the children. To her yet greater surprise, she soon perceived that Mr. Folingsby's attention was entirely fixed upon Fanny; and that he became so absent he did not know he was walking upon the flower-borders.

Jessy could scarcely believe her senses when she saw that her rival, for as such she now considered her, gave her lover no encouragement. "Is it possible that the girl is such a fool as not to see that this here gentleman is in love with her? No; that is out of

the nature of things. Oh! it's all artifice; and I will find out her drift, I warrant, before long!"

Having formed this laudable resolution, she took her measures well for carrying it into effect. Mrs. Cheviott, being blind, had few amusements: she was extremely fond of music, and one of Mrs. Hungerford's daughters played remarkably well on the pianoforte. This evening, as Mrs. Cheviott was listening to the young lady's singing, Jessy exclaimed, "Oh! ma'am, how happy it would make you, to hear such singing and music every day."

"If she would come every day, when my sister is practising with the music-master, she might hear enough of it," said little Gustavus. "I'll run and desire mamma to ask her; because," added he, in a low voice, "if I was blind, may be I should like it myself."

Mrs. Hungerford, who was good-natured as well as polite, pressed Mrs. Cheviott to come, whenever it should be agreeable to her. The poor blind lady was delighted with the invitation, and went regularly every morning to Mrs. Hungerford's at the time the music-master attended. Jessy Bettesworth always accompanied her, for she could not go any where without a guide.

Jessy had now ample opportunities of gratifying her malicious curiosity; she saw, or thought she saw, that Mr. Folingsby was displeased by the reserve of Fanny's manners; and she renewed all her own coquettish efforts to engage his attention. He amused himself sometimes with her, in hopes of rousing Fanny's jealousy; but he found that this expedient, though an infallible one in ordinary cases, was here totally unavailing. His passion for Fanny was increased so much, by her unaffected modesty, and by

the daily proofs he saw of the sweetness of her disposition, that he was no longer master of himself: he plainly told her that he could not live without her.

"That's a pity, sir," said Fanny, laughing, and trying to turn off what he said, as if it were only a jest. "It is a great pity, sir, that you cannot live without me; for, you know, I cannot serve my mistress, do my duty, and live with you."

Mr. Folingsby endeavoured to convince, or rather to persuade, her that she was mistaken; and swore that nothing within the power of his fortune should be wanting to make her happy.

"Ah! sir," said she, "your fortune could not make me happy, if I were to do what I know is wrong, what would disgrace me for ever, and what would break my poor father's heart!"

"But your father shall never know any thing of the matter. I will keep your secret from the whole world: trust to my honour."

"Honour! Oh! sir, how can you talk to me of honour! Do you think I do not know what honour is, because I am poor? Or do you think I do not set any value on mine, though you do on yours? Would not you kill any man, if you could, in a duel, for doubting of your honour? And yet you expect me to love you, at the very moment you show me, most plainly, how desirous you are to rob me of mine!"

Mr. Folingsby was silent for some moments; but, when he saw that Fanny was leaving him, he hastily stopped her, and said, laughing, "You have made me a most charming speech about honour; and, what is better still, you looked most charmingly when you spoke it; but now take time to consider what I have

said to you. Let me have your answer to-morrow; and consult this book before you answer me, I conjure you."

Fanny took up the book as soon as Mr. Folingsby had left the room; and, without opening it, determined to return it immediately. She instantly wrote a letter to Mr. Folingsby, which she was just wrapping up with the book in a sheet of paper, when miss Jessy Bettesworth, the blind lady, and the music-master, came into the room. Fanny went to set a chair for the blind lady; and, whilst she was doing so, miss Jessy Bettesworth, who had observed that Fanny blushed when they came in, slily peeped into the book, which lay on the table. Between the first pages she opened there was a five-pound bank-note; she turned the leaf, and found another, and another, and another at every leaf! Of these notes she counted one-and-twenty; whilst Fanny, unsuspicious of what was doing behind her back, was looking for the children's music-books.

"Philip Folingsby! So, so! Did he give you this book, Fanny Frankland?" said Jessy, in a scornful tone: "it seems truly to be a very valuable performance; and, no doubt, he had good reasons for giving it to you."

Fanny coloured deeply at this unexpected speech; and hesitated, from the fear of betraying Mr. Folingsby. "He did not give me the book: he only lent it to me," said she, "and I am going to return it to him directly."

"Oh! no; pray lend it to me first," replied Jessy, in an ironical tone; "Mr. Folingsby, to be sure, would lend it to me as soon as to you. I'm growing as fond of reading as other folks, lately," continued she, holding the book fast.

"I dare say, Mr. Folingsby would—Mr. Folingsby would lend it to you, I suppose," said Fanny, colouring more and more deeply; "but, as it is trusted to me now, I must return it safe. Pray let me have it, Jessy."

"Oh! yes; return it, madam, safe! I make no manner of doubt you will! I make no manner of doubt you will!" replied Jessy, several times, as she shook the book; whilst the bank-notes fell from between the leaves, and were scattered upon the floor. "It is a thousand pities, Mrs. Cheviott, you can't see what a fine book we have got, full of bank-notes! But Mrs. Hungerford is not blind at any rate, it is to be hoped," continued she, turning to Mrs. Hungerford, who at this instant opened the door.

She stood in dignified amazement. Jessy had an air of malignant triumph. Fanny was covered with blushes; but she looked with all the tranquillity of innocence. The children gathered round her; and blind Mrs. Cheviott cried, "What is going on? What is going on? Will nobody tell me what is going on? Jessy! What is it you are talking about, Jessy?"

"About a very valuable book, ma'am; containing more than I can easily count, in bank-notes, ma'am, that Mr. Folingsby has lent, only lent, ma'am, she says, to miss Fanny Frankland, ma'am, who was just going to return them to him, ma'am, when I unluckily took up the book, and shook them all out upon the floor, ma'am."

"Pick them up, Gustavus, my dear," said Mrs. Hungerford, coolly. "From what I know of Fanny Frankland, I am inclined to believe that whatever she says is truth. Since she has lived with me, I have never, in the slightest instance, found her deviate

from truth; therefore I must entirely depend upon what she says."

"Oh! yes, mamma," cried the children, all together, "that I am sure you may."

"Come with me, Fanny," resumed Mrs. Hungerford; "it is not necessary that your explanation should be public, though I am persuaded it will be satisfactory."

Fanny was glad to escape from the envious eye of miss Jessy Bettesworth, and felt much gratitude to Mrs. Hungerford for this kindness and confidence; but, when she was to make her explanation, Fanny was in great confusion. She dreaded to occasion a quarrel between Mr. Folingsby and his aunt; yet she knew not how to exculpate herself, without accusing him.

"Why these blushes and tears, and why this silence, Fanny?" said Mrs. Hungerford, after she had waited some minutes, in expectation she would begin to speak. 'Are not you sure of justice from me; and of protection, both from slander and insult? I am fond of my nephew, it is true; but I think myself obliged to you, for the manner in which you have conducted yourself towards my children, since you have had them under your care. Tell me then, freely, if you have any reason to complain of young Mr. Folingsby."

"Oh! madam," said Fanny, "thank you a thousand times for your goodness to me. I do not, indeed I do not wish to complain of any body; and I would not for the world make mischief between you and your nephew. I would rather leave your family at once; and that," continued the poor girl, sobbing, "that is what I believe I had best; nay, is what I must and will do."

"No, Fanny: *do not* leave my house, without

giving me an explanation of what has passed this morning; for, if you do, your reputation is at the mercy of miss Jessy Bettesworth's malice."

"Heaven forbid!" said Fanny, with a look of real terror. "I must beg, madam, that you will have the kindness to return this book, and these bank-notes, to Mr. Folingsby; and that you will give him this letter, which I was just going to wrap up in the paper, with the book, when Jessy Bettesworth came in and found the bank-notes, which I had never seen. These can make no difference in my answer to Mr. Folingsby: therefore I shall leave my letter just as it was first written, if you please, madam."

Fanny's letter was as follows:

"SIR,

"I return the book, which you left with me, as nothing it contains can ever alter my opinion on the subject of which you spoke to me this morning. I hope you will never speak to me again, sir, in the same manner. Consider, sir, that I am a poor unprotected girl. If you go on as you have done lately, I shall be obliged to leave good Mrs. Hungerford, who is my only friend. Oh! where shall I find so good a friend? My poor old father is in the almshouse! and there he must remain till his children can earn money sufficient to support him. Do not fancy, sir, that I say this by way of begging from you; I would not, nor would he, accept of any thing that you could offer him, whilst in your present way of thinking. Pray, sir, have some compassion, and do not injure those whom you cannot serve.

"I am, sir,

"Your humble servant,

"FANNY FRANKLAND."

Mr. Folingsby was surprised and confounded, when this letter and the book, containing his bank-notes, were put into his hand by his aunt. Mrs. Hungerford told him by what means the book had been seen by miss Jessy Bettesworth, and to what imputations it must have exposed Fanny. "Fanny is afraid of making mischief between you and me," continued Mrs. Hungerford; "and I cannot prevail upon her to give me an explanation, which I am persuaded would be much to her honour."

"Then you have not seen this letter! Then she has decided without consulting you! She is a charming girl!" cried Mr. Folingsby; "and whatever you may think of me, I am bound, in justice to her, to show you what she has written: that will sufficiently explain how much I have been to blame, and how well she deserves the confidence you place in her."

As he spoke, Mr. Folingsby rang the bell, to order his horses. "I will return to town immediately," continued he; "so Fanny need not leave the house of her only friend to avoid me. As to these bank-notes, keep them, dear aunt. She says her father is in great distress. Perhaps, now that I am come 'to a right way of thinking,' she will not disdain my assistance. Give her the money when and how you think proper. I am sure I cannot make a better use of a hundred guineas; and wish I had never thought of making a worse."

Mr. Folingsby returned directly to town; and his aunt thought he had in some measure atoned for his fault by his candour and generosity.

Miss Jessy Bettesworth waited all this time, with malicious impatience, to hear the result of Fanny's explanation with Mrs. Hungerford. How painfully was she surprised and disappointed, when Mrs. Hun-

gerford returned to the company, to hear her speak in the highest terms of Fanny! "Oh, mamma," cried little Gustavus, clapping his hands, "I am glad you think her good, because we all think so; and I should be very sorry indeed if she was to go away, especially in disgrace."

"There is no danger of that, my dear," said Mrs. Hungerford. "She shall never leave my house, as long as she desires to stay in it. I do not give, or withdraw, my protection, without good reasons."

Miss Jessy Bettesworth bit her lips. Her face, which nature intended to be beautiful, became almost ugly; envy and malice distorted her features; and, when she departed with Mrs. Cheviott, her humiliated appearance was a strong contrast to the air of triumph with which she had entered.

CHAPTER V.

After Jessy and Mrs. Cheviott had left the room, one of the little girls exclaimed, "I don't like that miss Bettesworth; for she asked me whether I did not wish that Fanny was gone, because she refused to let me have a peach that was not ripe. I am sure I wish Fanny may always stay here."

There was a person in the room who seemed to join most fervently in this wish: this was Mr. Reynolds, the drawing-master. For some time his thoughts had been greatly occupied by Fanny. At first, he was struck with her beauty; but he had discovered that Mr. Folingsby was in love with her, and had

carefully attended to her conduct; resolving not to offer himself till he was sure on a point so serious. Her modesty and prudence fixed his affections; and he now became impatient to declare his passion. He was a man of excellent temper and character; and his activity and talents were such as to ensure independence to a wife and family.

Mrs. Hungerford, though a proud, was not a selfish woman: she was glad that Mr. Reynolds was desirous to obtain Fanny; though she was sorry to part with one who was so useful in her family. Fanny had now lived with her nearly two years; and she was much attached to her. A distant relation, about this time, left her five children a small legacy of ten guineas each. Gustavus, though he had some ambition to be master of a watch, was the first to propose that this legacy should be given to Fanny. His brothers and sisters applauded the idea; and Mrs. Hungerford added fifty guineas to their fifty. "I had put by this money," said she, "to purchase a looking-glass for my drawing-room; but it will be much better applied in rewarding one who has been of real service to my children."

Fanny was now mistress of two hundred guineas; a hundred given to her by Mr. Folingsby, fifty by Mrs. Hungerford, and fifty by the children. Her joy and gratitude were extreme; for with this money she knew she could relieve her father: this was the first wish of her heart; and it was a wish in which her lover so eagerly joined that she smiled on him, and said, "Now, I am sure, you really love me."

"Let us go to your father directly," said Mr. Reynolds. "Let me be present when you give him this money."

"You shall," said Fanny: "but first I must con-

sult my sister Patty and my brothers; for we must all go together; that is our agreement. The first day of next month is my father's birthday; and, on that day, we are all to meet at the almshouse. What a happy day it will be!"

But what has James been about all this time? How has he gone on with his master, Mr. Cleghorn, the haberdasher?

During the eighteen months that James had spent in Mr. Cleghorn's shop, he never gave his master the slightest reason to complain of him; on the contrary, this young man made his employer's interests his own; and, consequently, completely deserved his confidence. It was not, however, always easy to deal with Mr. Cleghorn; for he dreaded to be flattered, yet could not bear to be contradicted. James was very near losing his favour for ever, upon the following occasion.

One evening, when it was nearly dusk, and James was just shutting up shop, a strange-looking man, prodigiously corpulent, and with huge pockets to his coat, came in. He leaned his elbows on the counter, opposite to James, and stared him full in the face without speaking. James swept some loose money off the counter into the till. The stranger smiled, as if purposely to show him this did not escape his quick eye. There was in his countenance an expression of roguery and humour: the humour seemed to be affected, the roguery natural. "What are you pleased to want, sir?" said James.

"A glass of brandy, and your master."

"My master is not at home, sir; and we have no brandy. You will find brandy, I believe, at the house over the way."

"I believe I know where to find brandy a little

better than you do; and better brandy than you ever tasted, or the devil's in it," replied the stranger. "I want none of your brandy. I only asked for it to try what sort of a chap you were. So you don't know who I am?"

"No, sir; not in the least."

"No! Never heard of admiral Tipsey! Where do you come from? Never heard of admiral Tipsey! whose noble paunch is worth more than a Laplander could reckon," cried he, striking the huge rotundity he praised. "Let me into this back parlour; I'll wait there till your master comes home."

"Sir, you cannot possibly go into that parlour; there is a young lady, Mr. Cleghorn's daughter, sir, at tea in that room; she must not be disturbed," said James, holding the lock of the parlour door. He thought the stranger was either drunk or pretending to be drunk; and contended, with all his force, to prevent him from getting into the parlour.

Whilst they were struggling, Mr. Cleghorn came home. "Heyday! what's the matter? Oh! admiral, is it you?" said Mr. Cleghorn in a voice of familiarity that astonished James. "Let us by, James; you don't know the admiral."

Admiral Tipsey was a smuggler: he had the command of two or three smuggling vessels, and thereupon created himself an admiral; a dignity which few dared to dispute with him, whilst he held his oak stick in his hand. As to the name of Tipsey, no one could be so unjust as to question his claim to it; for he was never known to be perfectly sober, during a whole day, from one year's end to another. To James's great surprise, the admiral, after he had drunk one dish of tea, unbuttoned his waistcoat from top to bottom, and deliberately began to unpack his huge

false corpulence! Round him were wound innumerable pieces of lace, and fold after fold of fine cambric. When he was completely unpacked, it was difficult to believe that he was the same person, he looked so thin and shrunk.

He then called for some clean straw, and began to stuff himself out again to what he called a passable size. "Did not I tell you, young man, I carried that under my waistcoat which would make a fool stare? The lace that's on the floor, to say nothing of the cambric, is worth full twice the sum for which you shall have it, Cleghorn. Good night. I'll call again to-morrow, to settle our affairs; but don't let your young man here shut the door, as he did to-day, in the admiral's face. Here is a cravat for you, notwithstanding," continued he, turning to James, and throwing him a piece of very fine cambric. "I must list you in admiral Tipsey's service."

James followed him to the door, and returned the cambric in despite of all his entreaties that he would "wear it, or sell it, for the admiral's sake."

"So, James," said Mr. Cleghorn, when the smuggler was gone, "you do not seem to like our admiral."

"I know nothing of him, sir, except that he is a smuggler; and for that reason I do not wish to have any thing to do with him."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Cleghorn, with a mixture of shame and anger in his countenance: "my conscience is as nice as other people's; and yet I have a notion I shall have something to do with him, though he is a smuggler; and, if I am not mistaken, shall make a deal of money by him. I have not had any thing to do with smugglers yet; but I see many, in Monmouth, who are making large fortunes by their assistance. There is our neighbour, Mr. Raikes;

what a rich man he is become! And why should I, or why should you, be more scrupulous than others? Many gentlemen, ay, gentlemen, in the country are connected with them; and why should a shopkeeper be more conscientious than they? Speak; I must have your opinion."

With all the respect due to his master, James gave it as his opinion that it would be best to have nothing to do with admiral Tipsey, or with any of the smugglers. He observed that men who carried on an illicit trade, and who were in the daily habits of cheating, or of taking false oaths, could not be safe partners. Even putting morality out of the question, he remarked that the smuggling trade was a sort of gaming, by which one year a man might make a deal of money, and another might be ruined.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Cleghorn, in an ironical tone; "you talk very wisely, for so young a man! Pray, where did you learn all this wisdom?"

"From my father, sir; from whom I learned every thing that I know; every thing that is good, I mean. I had an uncle once, who was ruined by his dealings with smugglers; and who would have died in jail, if it had not been for my father. I was but a young lad at the time this happened; but I remember my father saying to me, the day my uncle was arrested, when my aunt and all the children were crying, 'Take warning by this, my dear James: you are to be in trade, some day or other, yourself: never forget that honesty is the best policy. The fair trader will always have the advantage, at the long run.'"

"Well, well; no more of this," interrupted Mr. Cleghorn. "Good night to you. You may finish the rest of your sermon against smugglers to my daughter there, whom it seems to suit better than it pleases me."

The next day, when Mr. Cleghorn went into the shop, he scarcely spoke to James, except to find fault with him. This he bore with patience; knowing that he meant well, and that his master would recover his temper in time.

"So the parcels were all sent, and the bills made out, as I desired," said Mr. Cleghorn. "You are not in the wrong there. You know what you are about, James, very well; but why should not you deal openly by me, according to your father's maxim, that 'Honesty is the best policy?' Why should not you fairly tell me what were your secret views, in the advice you gave me about admiral Tipsey and the smugglers?"

"I have no secret views, sir," said James, with a look of such sincerity that his master could not help believing him: "nor can I guess what you mean by *secret views*. If I consulted my own advantage instead of yours, I should certainly use all my influence with you in favour of this smuggler: for here is a letter, which I received from him this morning, 'hoping for my friendship,' and enclosing a ten pound note, which I returned to him."

Mr. Cleghorn was pleased by the openness and simplicity with which James told him all this; and immediately throwing aside the reserve of his manner, said, "James, I beg your pardon; I see I have misunderstood you. I am convinced you were not acting like a double dealer, in the advice you gave me last night. It was my daughter's colouring so much that led me astray. I did, to be sure, think you had an eye to her more than to me, in what you said; but if you had, I am sure you would tell me so fairly."

James was at a loss to comprehend how the advice that he gave concerning admiral Tipsey and the

smugglers could relate to miss Cleghorn, except so far as it related to her father. He waited in silence for a further explanation.

"You don't know, then," continued Mr. Cleghorn, "that admiral Tipsey, as he calls himself, is able to leave his nephew, young Raikes, more than I can leave my daughter? It is his whim to go about dressed in that strange way in which you saw him yesterday; and it is his diversion to carry on the smuggling trade, by which he has made so much; but he is in reality a rich old fellow, and has proposed that I should marry my daughter to his nephew. Now you begin to understand me, I see. The lad is a smart lad: he is to come here this evening. Don't prejudice my girl against him. Not a word more against smugglers, before her, I beg."

"You shall be obeyed, sir," said James. His voice altered, and he turned pale as he spoke; circumstances which did not escape Mr. Cleghorn's observation.

Young Raikes and his uncle, the rich smuggler, paid their visit. Miss Cleghorn expressed a decided dislike to both uncle and nephew. Her father was extremely provoked; and, in the height of his anger, declared he believed she was in love with James Frankland; that he was a treacherous rascal; and that he should leave the house within three days, if his daughter did not, before that time, consent to marry the man he had chosen for her husband. It was in vain that his daughter endeavoured to soften her father's rage, and to exculpate poor James, by protesting he had never, directly or indirectly, attempted to engage her affections; neither had he ever said one syllable that could prejudice her against the man whom her father recommended. Mr. Cleghorn's

high notions of subordination applied, on this occasion, equally to his daughter and to his foreman: he considered them both as presumptuous and ungrateful; and said to himself, as he walked up and down the room in a rage, "My foreman to preach to me indeed! I thought what he was about all the time! But it shan't do—it shan't do! My daughter shall do as I bid her, or I'll know why! Have not I been all my life making a fortune for her? and now she won't do as I bid her! She would, if this fellow was out of the house; and out he shall go, in three days, if she does not come to her senses. I was cheated by my last shopman out of my money; I won't be duped by this fellow out of my daughter. No! no! Off he shall trudge! A shopman, indeed, to think of his master's daughter without his consent! What insolence! What the times are come to! Such a thing could not have been done in my days! I never thought of my master's daughter, I'll take my oath! And then the treachery of the rascal! To carry it all on so slily! I could forgive him any thing but that: for that he shall go out of this house in three days, as sure as he and I are alive, if his young lady does not give him up before that time."

Passion so completely deafened Mr. Cleghorn that he would not listen to James; who assured him he had never, for one moment, aspired to the honour of marrying his daughter. "Can you deny that you love her? Can you deny," cried Mr. Cleghorn, "that you turned pale yesterday, when you said I should be obeyed?"

James could not deny either of these charges; but he firmly persisted in asserting that he had been guilty of no treachery; that he had never attempted

secretly to engage the young lady's affections; and that, on the contrary, he was sure she had no suspicion of his attachment. "It is easy to prove all this to me, by persuading my girl to do as I bid her. Prevail on her to marry Mr. Raikes, and all is well."

"That is out of my power, sir," replied James. "I have no right to interfere, and will not. Indeed, I am sure I should betray myself, if I were to attempt to say a word to miss Cleghorn in favour of another man; that is a task I could not undertake, even if I had the highest opinion of this Mr. Raikes; but I know nothing concerning him; and therefore should do wrong to speak in his favour, merely to please you. I am sorry, very sorry, sir, that you have not the confidence in me which I hoped I had deserved; but the time will come when you will do me justice. The sooner I leave you now, I believe, the better you will be satisfied; and far from wishing to stay three days, I do not desire to stay three minutes in your house, sir, against your will."

Mr. Cleghorn was touched by the feeling and honest pride with which James spoke.

"Do as I bid you, sir," said he; "and neither more nor less. Stay out your three days; and may be, in that time, this saucy girl may come to reason. If she does not know you love her, you are not *so much* to blame."

The three days passed away, and the morning came on which James was to leave his master. The young lady persisted in her resolution not to marry Mr. Raikes; and expressed much concern at the injustice with which James was treated, on her account. She offered to leave home, and spend some time with an aunt, who lived in the north of England. She did not deny *that James* appeared to her the most

agreeable young man she had seen; but added, she could not possibly have any thoughts of marrying him, because he had never given her the least reason to believe that he was attached to her.

Mr. Cleghorn was agitated; yet positive in his determination that James should quit the house. James went into his master's room, to take leave of him. "So then you are really going?" said Mr. Cleghorn. "You have buckled that portmanteau of yours like a blockhead; I'll do it better; stand aside. So you are positively going? Why, this is a sad thing! But then it is a thing, as your own sense and honour tell you—it is a thing——" (Mr. Cleghorn took snuff at every pause of his speech; but even this could not carry him through it; when he pronounced the words)—"It is a thing that must be done:" the tears fairly started from his eyes. "Now this is ridiculous!" resumed he. "In my days, in my younger days, I mean, a man could part with his foreman as easily as he could take off his glove. I am sure my master would as soon have thought of turning bankrupt as of shedding a tear at parting with me; and yet I was as good a foreman, in my day, as another. Not so good a one as you are, to be sure. But it is no time now to think of your goodness. Well! what do we stand here for? When a thing is to be done, the sooner it is done the better. Shake hands before you go."

Mr. Cleghorn put into James's hand a fifty pound note, and a letter of recommendation to a Liverpool merchant. James left the house without taking leave of miss Cleghorn, who did not think the worse of him for his want of gallantry. His master had taken care to recommend him to an excellent house in Liverpool, where his salary would be nearly double that which

he had hitherto received; but James was notwithstanding very sorry to leave Monmouth, where his dear brother, sister, and father lived,—to say nothing of miss Cleghorn.

Late at night, James was going to the inn at which the Liverpool stage sets up, where he was to sleep: as he passed through a street that leads down to the river Wye, he heard a great noise of men quarrelling violently. The moon shone bright, and he saw a party of men who appeared to be fighting in a boat that was just come to shore. He asked a person who came out of the public-house, and who seemed to have nothing to do with the fray, what was the matter? "Only some smugglers who are quarrelling with one another about the division of their booty," said the passenger, who walked on, eager to get out of their way. James also quickened his pace, but presently heard the cry of "Murder! murder! Help! help!" and then all was silence.

A few seconds afterwards he thought that he heard groans. He could not forbear going to the spot whence the groans proceeded, in hopes of being of some service to a fellow-creature. By the time he got thither, the groans had ceased: he looked about, but could only see the men in the boat, who were rowing fast down the river. As he stood on the shore listening, he for some minutes heard no sound but that of their oars; but afterward a man in the boat exclaimed, with a terrible oath, "There he is! There he is! All alive again! We have not done his business! D—n it, he'll do ours!" The boatmen rowed faster away, and James again heard the groans, though they were now much feebler than before. He searched, and found the wounded man; who, having been thrown overboard, had with *great difficulty* swam to shore, and

fainted with the exertion as soon as he reached the land. When he came to his senses, he begged James, for mercy's sake, to carry him into the next public-house, and to send for a surgeon to dress his wounds. The surgeon came, examined them, and declared his fears that the poor man could not live four-and-twenty hours. As soon as he was able to speak intelligibly, he said he had been drinking with a party of smugglers, who had just brought in some fresh brandy, and that they had quarrelled violently about a keg of contraband liquor: he said that he could swear to the man who gave him the mortal wound.

The smugglers were pursued immediately, and taken. When they were brought into the sick man's room, James beheld amongst them three persons whom he little expected to meet in such a situation: Idle Isaac, Wild Will, and Bullying Bob. The wounded man swore positively to their persons. Bullying Bob was the person who gave him the fatal blow; but Wild Will began the assault, and Idle Isaac shoved him overboard; they were all implicated in the guilt; and, instead of expressing any contrition for their crime, began to dispute about which was most to blame: they appealed to James; and, as he would be subpœnaed on their trial, each endeavoured to engage him in his favour. Idle Isaac took him aside, and said to him, "You have no reason to befriend my brothers. I can tell you a secret: they are the greatest enemies your family ever had. It was they who set fire to your father's hay-rick. Will was provoked by your sister Fanny's refusing him; so he determined, as he told me, to carry her off; and he meant to have done so, in the confusion that was caused by the fire; but Bob and he quarrelled the very hour that she was to have

been carried off; so that part of the scheme failed. Now I had no hand in all this, being fast asleep in my bed: so I have more claim to your good word, at any rate, than my brothers can have; and so, when we come to trial, I hope you'll speak to my character."

Wild Will next tried his eloquence. As soon as he found that his brother Isaac had betrayed the secret, he went to James, and assured him the mischief that had been done was a mere accident; that it was true he had intended, for the frolic's sake, to raise a cry of fire, in order to draw Fanny out of the house; but that he was shocked when he found how the jest ended.

As to Bullying Bob, he brazened the matter out; declaring he had been affronted by the Franklands, and that he was glad he had taken his revenge of them; that, if the thing was to be done over again, he would do it; that James might give him what character he pleased upon trial, for that a man could be hanged but once.

Such were the absurd, bravadoing speeches he made, whilst he had an alehouse audience round him, to admire his spirit; but a few hours changed his tone. He and his brothers were taken before a magistrate. Till the committal was actually made out, they had hopes of being bailed: they had despatched a messenger to admiral Tipsey, whose men they called themselves, and expected he would offer bail for them to any amount; but the bail of their friend admiral Tipsey was not deemed sufficient by the magistrate.

"In the first place, I could not bail these men; and if I could, do you think it possible," said the

magistrate, "I could take the bail of such a man as that?"

"I understood that he was worth a deal of money," whispered James.

"You are mistaken, sir," said the magistrate: "he is, what he deserves to be, a ruined man. I have good reasons for knowing this. He has a nephew, a Mr. Raikes, who is a gamester: whilst the uncle has been carrying on the smuggling trade here, at the hazard of his life, the nephew, who was bred up at Oxford to be a fine gentleman, has gamed away all the money his uncle has made, during twenty years, by his contraband traffic. At the long run, these fellows never thrive. Tipsey is not worth a groat."

James was much surprised by this information, and resolved to return immediately to Mr. Cleghorn, to tell him what he had heard, and put him on his guard.

Early in the morning he went to his house—"You look as if you were not pleased to see me again," said he to Mr. Cleghorn; "and perhaps you will impute what I am going to say to bad motives; but my regard to you, sir, determines me to acquaint you with what I have heard: you will make what use of the information you please."

James then related what had passed at the magistrate's; and when Mr. Cleghorn had heard all that he had to say, he thanked him in the strongest manner for this instance of his regard; and begged he would remain in Monmouth a few days longer.

Alarmed by the information he received from James, Mr. Cleghorn privately made inquiries concerning young Raikes and his uncle. The distress into which the young man had plunged himself by

gambling had been kept a profound secret from his relations. It was easy to deceive them as to his conduct, because his time had been spent at a distance from them: he was but just returned home, after *completing his education.*

The magistrate from whom James first heard of his extravagance happened to have a son at Oxford, who gave him this intelligence: he confirmed all he had said to Mr. Cleghorn, who trembled at the danger to which he had exposed his daughter. The match with young Raikes was immediately broken off; and all connexion with admiral Tipsey and the smugglers was for ever dissolved by Mr. Cleghorn.

His gratitude to James was expressed with all the natural warmth of his character. "Come back and live with me," said he: "you have saved me and my daughter from ruin. You shall not be my shopman any longer, you shall be my partner: and, you know, when you are my partner, there can be nothing said against your thinking of my daughter. But all in good time. I would not have seen the girl again, if she had married my shopman; but my partner will be quite another thing. You have worked your way up in the world by your own deserts, and I give you joy. I believe, now it's over, it would have gone nigh to break my heart to part with you; but you must be sensible I was right to keep up my authority in my own family. Now things are changed: I give my consent: nobody has a right to say a word. When I am pleased with my daughter's choice, that is enough. There's only one thing that goes against my pride: your father——"

"Oh! sir," interrupted James, "if you are going to say any thing disrespectful of my father, do not say it to me; I beseech you, do not; for I cannot

bear it. Indeed I cannot, and will not. He is the best of fathers!"

"I am sure he has the best of children; and a greater blessing there cannot be in this world. I was not going to say any thing disrespectful of him: I was only going to lament that he should be in an almshouse," said Mr. Cleghorn.

"He has determined to remain there," said James, "till his children have earned money enough to support him without hurting themselves. I, my brother, and both my sisters, are to meet at the almshouse on the first day of next month, which is my father's birthday; then we shall join all our earnings together, and see what can be done."

"Remember, you are my partner," said Mr. Cleghorn. "On that day you must take me along with you. My good-will is part of your earnings, and my good-will shall never be shown merely in words."

CHAPTER VI.

It is now time to give some account of the Bettesworth family. The history of their indolence, extravagance, quarrels, and ruin, shall be given as shortly as possible.

The fortune left to them by captain Bettesworth was nearly twenty thousand pounds. When they got possession of this sum, they thought it could never be spent; and each individual of the family had separate plans of extravagance, for which they required separate supplies. Old Bettesworth, in his

youth, had seen a house of squire Somebody's, which had struck his imagination, and he resolved he would build just such another. This was his favourite scheme, and he was delighted with the thoughts that it would be realized. His wife and his sons opposed the plan, merely because it was his; and consequently he became more obstinately bent upon having his own way, as he said, for once in his life. He was totally ignorant of building; and no less incapable, from his habitual indolence, of managing workmen: the house might have been finished for one thousand five hundred pounds; it cost him two thousand pounds: and when it was done, the roof let in the rain in sundry places, the new ceilings and cornices were damaged, so that repairs and a new roof, with leaden gutters, and leaden statues, cost him some additional hundreds. The furnishing of the house Mrs. Bettesworth took upon herself; and Sally *took upon herself* to find fault with every article that her mother bought. The quarrels were loud, bitter, and at last irreconcilable. There was a looking-glass, which the mother wanted to have in one room, and the daughter insisted upon putting it into another: the looking-glass was broken between them in the heat of battle. The blame was laid on Sally, who, in a rage, declared she would not and could not live in the house with her mother. Her mother was rejoiced to get rid of her, and she went to live with a lieutenant's lady in the neighbourhood, with whom she had been acquainted three weeks and two days. Half by scolding, half by cajoling her father, she prevailed upon him to give her two thousand pounds for her fortune; promising never to trouble him any more for any thing.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Bettesworth gave a

house-warming, as she called it, to all her acquaintance: a dinner, a ball, and a supper, in her new house. The house was not half dry, and all the company caught cold. Mrs. Bettesworth's cold was the most severe. It happened, at this time, to be the fashion to go almost without clothes; and as this lady was extremely vain and fond of dress, she would absolutely appear in the height of fashion. The Sunday after her ball, whilst she had still the remains of a bad cold, she positively would go to church, equipped in one petticoat, and a thin muslin gown, that she might look as young as her daughter Jessy. Every body laughed, and Jessy laughed more than any one else; but, in the end, it was no laughing matter; Mrs. Bettesworth "caught her death of cold." She was confined to her bed on Monday, and was buried the next Sunday.

Jessy, who had a great notion that she should marry a lord, if she could but once get into company with one, went to live with blind Mrs. Cheviott; where, according to her mother's instructions, "she laid herself out for goodness." She also took two thousand pounds with her, upon her promise never to trouble her father more.

Her brothers perceived how much was to be gained by tormenting a father, who gave from weakness, and not from a sense of justice, or a feeling of kindness; and they soon rendered themselves so troublesome that he was obliged to buy off their reproaches. Idle Isaac was a sportsman, and would needs have a pack of hounds: they cost him two hundred a year. Then he would have race-horses; and by them he soon lost some thousands. He was arrested for the money, and his father was forced to pay it.

Bob and Will soon afterwards began to think, "it was very hard that so much was to be done for Isaac, and nothing for them!"

Wild Will kept a mistress; and Bullying Bob was a cock-fighter: their demands for money were frequent and unconscionable; and their continual plea was, "Why Isaac lost thousands by his race-horses; and why should not we have our share?"

The mistress and the cockpit had their share; and the poor old father, at last, had only one thousand left. He told his sons this, with tears in his eyes: "I shall die in a jail, after all!" said he. They listened not to what he said; for they were intent upon the bank-notes of this last thousand, which were spread upon the table before him. Will, half in jest, half in earnest, snatched up a parcel of the notes; and Bob insisted on dividing the treasure. Will fled out of the house; Bob pursued him, and they fought at the end of their own avenue.

This was on the day that Frankland and his family were returning from poor George's funeral, and saw the battle betwixt the brothers. They were shamed into a temporary reconciliation, and soon afterwards united against their father, whom they represented to all the neighbours as the most cruel and the most avaricious of men, because he would not part with the very means of subsistence to supply their profligacy.

Whilst their minds were in this state, Will happened to become acquainted with a set of smugglers, whose disorderly life struck his fancy. He persuaded his brothers to leave home with him, and to list in the service of admiral Tipsey. Their manners then became more brutal; and they thought, felt, and lived like men of desperate fortunes. The conse-

quence we have seen. In a quarrel about a keg of brandy, at an alehouse, their passions got the better of them, and, on entering their boat, they committed the offence for which they were now imprisoned.

Mr. Barlow was the attorney to whom they applied, and they endeavoured to engage him to manage their cause on their trial, but he absolutely refused. From the moment he heard from James that Will and Bob Bettesworth were the persons who set fire to Frankland's hay-stack, he urged Frank to prosecute them for this crime. "When you only suspected them, my dear Frank, I strongly dissuaded you from going to law; but now you cannot fail to succeed, and you will recover ample damages."

"That is impossible, my dear sir," replied Frank; "for the Bettesworths, I understand, are ruined."

"I am sorry for that, on your account; but I still think you ought to carry on this prosecution, for the sake of public justice. Such pests of society should not go unpunished."

"They will probably be punished sufficiently for this unfortunate assault; for which they are now to stand their trial. I cannot, in their distress, revenge either my own or my father's wrongs. I am sure he would be sorry if I did; for I have often and often heard him say, 'Never trample upon the fallen.'"

"You are a good, generous young man," cried Mr. Barlow; "and no wonder you love the father who inspired you with such sentiments, and taught you such principles. But what a shame it is that such a father should be in an almshouse! You say he will not consent to be dependent upon any one; and that he will not accept of relief from any but his own children. This is pride; but it is an honourable species of pride; fit for an English yeoman. I cannot

blame it. But, my dear Frank, tell your father he must accept of your friend's credit, as well as of yours. Your credit with me is such that you may draw upon me for five hundred pounds, whenever you please. No thanks, my boy: half the money I owe you for your services as my clerk; and the other half is well secured to me, by the certainty of your future diligence and success in business. You will be able to pay me in a year or two; so I put you under no obligation, remember. I will take your bond for half the money, if that will satisfy you and your proud father."

The manner in which this favour was conferred touched Frank to the heart. He had a heart which could be strongly moved by kindness. He was beginning to express his gratitude, when Mr. Barlow interrupted him with, "Come, come! Why do we waste our time here, talking sentiment, when we ought to be writing law? Here is work to be done, which requires some expedition: a marriage settlement to be drawn. Guess for whom."

Frank guessed all the probable matches amongst his Monmouth acquaintance; but he was rather surprised when told that the bridegroom was to be young Mr. Folingsby; as it was scarcely two months since this gentleman was in love with Fanny Frankland. Frank proceeded to draw the settlement.

Whilst he and Mr. Barlow were writing, they were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Josiah Crumpe. He came to announce Mrs. Crumpe's death, and to request Mr. Barlow's attendance at the opening of her will. This poor lady had lingered out many months longer than it was thought she could possibly live; and, during all her sufferings, Patty, with *indefatigable* goodness and temper, bore

with the caprice and peevishness of disease. Those who thought she acted merely from interested motives expected to find she had used her power over her mistress's mind entirely for her own advantage: they were certain a great part of the fortune would be left to her. Mrs. Crumpe's relations were so persuaded of this, that, when they were assembled to hear her will read by Mr. Barlow, they began to say to one another in whispers, "We'll set the will aside: we'll bring her into the courts: Mrs. Crumpe was not in her right senses when she made this will: she had received two paralytic strokes: we can prove that: we can set aside the will."

Mr. Josiah Crumpe was not one of these whisperers; he sat apart from them, leaning on his oaken stick in silence.

Mr. Barlow broke the seals of the will, opened it, and read it to the eager company. They were much astonished when they found that the whole fortune was left to Mr. Josiah Crumpe. The reason for this bequest was given in these words:

"Mr. Josiah Crumpe, being the only one of my relations who did not torment me for my money, even upon my death-bed, I trust that he will provide suitably for that excellent girl, Patty Frankland. On this head he knows my wishes. By her own desire, I have not myself left her any thing; I have only bequeathed fifty pounds for the use of her father."

Mr. Josiah Crumpe was the only person who heard unmoved the bequest that was made to him: the rest of the relations were clamorous in their reproaches, or hypocritical in their congratulations. All thoughts of setting aside the will were, however, abandoned; every legal form had been observed, and

with a technical nicety that precluded all hopes of successful litigation.

Mr. Crumpe arose, as soon as the tumult of disappointment had somewhat subsided, and counted with his oaken stick the numbers that were present. "Here are ten of you, I think. Well! you every soul of you hate me; but that is nothing to the purpose. I shall keep up to the notion I have of the character of a true British merchant, for my own sake—not for yours. I don't want this woman's money; I have enough of my own, and of my own honest making, without legacy hunting. Why did you torment the dying woman? You would have been better off, if you had behaved better; but that's over now. A thousand pounds a-piece you shall have from me, deducting fifty pounds, which you must each of you give to that excellent girl, Patty Frankland. I am sure you must be all sensible of your injustice to her."

Fully aware that it was their interest to oblige Mr. Crumpe, they now vied with each other in doing justice to Patty. Some even declared they had never had any suspicions of her; and others laid the blame on the false representations and information, which they said they had received from the mischief-making Mrs. Martha. They very willingly accepted of a thousand pounds a-piece; and the fifty pound deduction was paid as a tax by each to Patty's merit.

Mistress now of five hundred pounds, she exclaimed, "Oh! my dear father! You shall no longer live in an almshouse! To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life! I don't know how to thank you as I ought, sir," continued she, turning to her benefactor.

"You *have thanked* me as you ought, and as I

like best," said this plain-spoken merchant, "and now let us say no more about it."

In obedience to Mr. Crumpe's commands, Patty said no more to him; but she was impatient to tell her brother, Frank, and her lover, Mr. Mason, of her good fortune: she therefore returned to Monmouth with Mr. Barlow, in hopes of seeing them immediately.

"You will find your brother," said Mr. Barlow, "very busy looking over parchments, in order to draw a marriage settlement. You must keep your good news till he has done his business, or he will make as many blunders as your friend Mason once made, in the preamble of Mrs. Crumpe's will. I believe I must forbid you, Patty Frankland," continued Mr. Barlow, smiling, "to come near my clerks, for I find they always make mistakes, when you are within twenty yards of them."

Frank was not at work at the marriage settlements. Soon after Mr. Barlow left him, he was summoned to attend the trial of the Bettesworths.

These unfortunate young men, depending on Frank's good-nature, well knowing he had refused to prosecute them for setting fire to his father's hay-rick, thought they might venture to call upon him to give them a good character. "Consider, dear Frank," said Will Bettesworth, "a good word from one of your character might do a great deal for us. You were so many years our neighbour. If you would only just say that we were never counted wild, idle, quarrelsome fellows, to your knowledge. Will you?"

"How can I do that?" said Frank: "or how could I be believed, if I did, when it is so well known *in the country*—forgive me; at such a time as this I

cannot mean to taunt you: but it is well known in the country that you were called Wild Will, Bullying Bob, and Idle Isaac."

"There's the rub!" said the attorney, who was employed for the Bettesworths. "This will come out in open court; and the judge and jury will think a great deal of it."

"Oh! Mr. Frank, Mr. Frank," cried old Bettesworth, "have pity upon us! Speak in favour of these boys of mine! Think what a disgrace it is to me, in my old age, to have my sons brought this way to a public trial! And if they should be transported! Oh! Frank, say what you can for them! You were always a good young man, and a good-natured young man."

Frank was moved by the entreaties and tears of this unhappy father; but his good-nature could not make him consent to say what he knew to be false. "Do not call me to speak to their characters upon this trial," said he. "I cannot say any thing that would serve them: I shall do them more harm than good."

Still they had hopes his good-nature would, at the last moment, prevail over his sense of justice, and they summoned him.

"Well, sir," said Bettesworths' counsel: "you appear in favour of the prisoners. You have known them, I understand, from their childhood; and your own character is such that whatever you say, in their favour, will doubtless make a weighty impression upon the jury."

The court was silent, in expectation of what Frank should say. He was so much embarrassed betwixt his wish to serve his old neighbours and playfellows, and his dread of saying what he knew to be false,

that he could not utter a syllable. He burst into tears*.

"This evidence is most strongly against the prisoners," whispered a juryman to his fellows.

The verdict was brought in at last—Guilty!—Sentence—transportation.

As the judge was pronouncing this sentence, old Bettesworth was carried out of the court: he had dropped senseless. Ill as his sons had behaved to him, he could not sustain the sight of their utter disgrace and ruin.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself sitting on the stone bench before the court-house, supported by Frank. Many of the town's-people had gathered round; but, regardless of every thing but his own feelings, the wretched father exclaimed, in a voice of despair, "I have no children left me in my old age! My sons are gone! And where are my daughters? At such a time as this, why are not they near their poor old father? Have they no touch of natural affection in them? No! they have none. And why should they have any for me? I took no care of them when they were young: no wonder they take none of me now I am old. Ay! Neighbour Frankland was right: he brought up his children 'in the way they should go.' Now he has the credit and the comfort of them; and see what mine are come to! They bring their father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

The old man wept bitterly: then looking round him, he again asked for his daughters. "Surely they are in the town, and it cannot be much trouble to them to come to me! Even these strangers, who

* This is drawn from real life.

have never seen me before, pity me. But *my own* have no feeling; no, not for one another! Do these girls know the sentence that has been passed upon their brothers? Where are they? Where are they? Jessy, at least, might be near me at such a time as this! I was always an indulgent father to Jessy."

There were people present who knew what was become of Jessy; but they would not tell the news to her father at this terrible moment. Two of Mrs. Cheviott's servants were in the crowd; and one of them whispered to Frank, "You had best, sir, prevail on this poor old man to go to his home, and not to ask for his daughter: he will hear the bad news soon enough."

Frank persuaded the father to go home to his lodgings, and did every thing in his power to comfort him. But, alas! the old man said, too truly, "There is no happiness left for me in this world! What a curse it is to have bad children! My children have broken my heart! And it is all my own fault: I took no care of them when they were young; and they take no care of me now I am old. But, tell me, have you found out what is become of my daughter?"

Frank evaded the question, and begged the old man to rest in peace this night. He seemed quite exhausted by grief, and at last sunk into a sort of stupefaction: it could hardly be called sleep. Frank was obliged to return home, to proceed with his business for Mr. Barlow; and he was glad to escape from the sight of misery, which, however he might pity it, he could not relieve.

It was happy indeed for Frank that he had taken his father's advice, and had early broken off all connexion with Jilting Jessy. After duping others, she

at length had become a greater dupe. She had this morning gone off with a common serjeant, with whom she had fallen suddenly and desperately in love. He cared for nothing but her two thousand pounds; and, to complete her misfortune, was a man of bad character, whose extravagance and profligacy had reduced him to the sad alternative of either marrying for money, or going to jail.

As for Sally, she was at this instant far from all thoughts either of her father or her brothers; she was in the heat of a scolding match, which terminated rather unfortunately for her matrimonial schemes. Ensign Bloomington had reproached her with having forced him into his aunt's room, when she had absolutely refused to see him, and thus being the cause that he had lost a handsome legacy. Irritated by this charge, the lady replied in no very gentle terms. Words ran high; and so high at last that the gentleman finished by swearing he would sooner marry the devil than such a vixen!

The match was thus broken off, to the great amusement of all Saucy Sally's acquaintance. Her ill-humour had made her hated by all the neighbours; so that her disappointment, at the loss of the ensign, was embittered by their malicious raillery, and by the prophecy which she heard more than whispered from all sides, that she would never have another admirer either for "love or money."

Ensign Bloomington was deaf to all overtures of peace: he was rejoiced to escape from this virago; and, as we presume that none of our readers are much interested in her fate, we shall leave her to wear the willow, without following her history further.

Let us return to Mr. Barlow, whom we left looking

over Mr. Folingsby's marriage settlements. When he had seen that they were rightly drawn, he sent Frank with them to Folingsby-hall.

Mr. Folingsby was alone when Frank arrived. "Sit down if you please, sir," said he. "Though I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before, your name is well known to me. You are a brother of Fanny Frankland's. She is a charming and excellent young woman! You have reason to be proud of your sister, and I have reason to be obliged to her."

He then adverted to what had formerly passed between them, at Mrs. Hungerford's; and concluded by saying it would give him real satisfaction to do any service to him or his family. "Speak, and tell me what I can do for you."

Frank looked down, and was silent: for he thought Mr. Folingsby must recollect the injustice that he, or his agent, had shown in turning old Frankland out of his farm. He was too proud to ask favours, where he felt he had a claim to justice.

In fact, Mr. Folingsby had, as he said, "left every thing to his agent;" and so little did he know either of the affairs of his tenants, their persons, or even their names, that he had not at this moment the slightest idea that Frank was the son to one of the oldest and the best of them. He did not know that old Frankland had been reduced to take refuge in an almshouse, in consequence of his agent's injustice. Surprised by Frank's cold silence, he questioned him more closely, and it was with astonishment and shame that he heard the truth.

"Good heavens!" cried he, "has my negligence been the cause of all this misery to your father? to the father of Fanny Frankland! I remember, now

that you recall it to my mind, something of an old man, with fine gray hair, coming to speak to me about some business, just as I was setting off for Ascot races. Was that your father? I recollect I told him I was in a great hurry; and that Mr. Deal, my agent, would certainly do him justice. In this I was grossly mistaken; and I have suffered severely for the confidence I had in that fellow. Thank God, I shall now have my affairs in my own hands. I am determined to look into them immediately. My head is no longer full of horses, and gigs, and curricles. There is a time for every thing: my giddy days are over. I only wish that my thoughtlessness had never hurt any one but myself.

"All I can now do," continued Mr. Folingsby, "is to make amends, as fast as possible, for the past. To begin with your father: most fortunately I have the means in my power. His farm is come back into my hands; and it shall, to-morrow, be restored to him. Old Bettesworth was with me, scarcely an hour ago, to surrender the farm, on which there is a prodigious arrear of rent; but I understand that he has built a good house on the farm; and I am extremely glad of it, for your father's sake. Tell him it shall be his. Tell him I am ready, I am eager, to put him in possession of it; and to repair the injustice I have done, or which, at least, I have permitted to be done in my name."

Frank was so overjoyed that he could scarcely utter one word of thanks. In his way home, he called at Mrs. Hungerford's, to tell the good news to his sister Fanny. This was the eve of their father's birthday; and they agreed to meet at the almshouse in the morning.

The happy morning came. Old Frankland was

busy in his little garden, when he heard the voices of his children, who were coming towards him. "Fanny! Patty! James! Frank! Welcome, my children! Welcome! I knew you would be so kind as to come to see your old father on this day; so I was picking some of my currants for you, to make you as welcome as I can. But I wonder you are not ashamed to come to see me in an almshouse. Such gay lads and lasses! I well know I have reason to be proud of you all. Why, I think, I never saw you, one and all, look so well in my whole life!"

"Perhaps, father," said Frank, "because you never saw us, one and all, so happy! Will you sit down, dear father, here in your arbour; and we will all sit upon the grass, at your feet, and each tell you stories, and all the good news."

"My children," said he, "do what you will with me! It makes my old heart swim with joy to see you all again around me looking so happy."

The father sat down in his arbour, and his children placed themselves at his feet. First his daughter Patty spoke; and then Fanny; then James; and at last Frank. When they had all told their little histories, they offered to their father in one purse their common riches: the rewards of their own good conduct.

"My beloved children!" said Frankland, overpowered with his tears, "this is too much joy for me! this is the happiest moment of my life! None, but the father of such children, can know what I feel! Your success in the world delights me ten times the more, because I know it is all owing to yourselves."

"Oh! no, my dear father!" cried they with one

accord; no, dear, dear father, our success is all owing to you! Every thing we have is owing to you; to the care you took of us, from our infancy upward. If you had not watched for our welfare, and taught us so well, we should not now all be so happy!—Poor Bettesworth!"

Here they were interrupted by Hannah, the faithful maid-servant, who had always lived with old Frankland. She came running down the garden so fast that, when she reached the arbour, she was so much out of breath she could not speak. "Dear heart! God bless you all!" cried she, as soon as she recovered breath. "But it is no time to be sitting here. Come in, sir, for mercy's sake," said she, addressing herself to her old master. "Come in to be ready; come in all of you to be ready!"

"Ready! Ready for what?"

"Oh! ready for fine things! Fine doings! Only come in, and I'll tell you as we go along. How I have torn all my hand with this gooseberry-bush! But no matter for that. So then you have not heard a word of what is going on? No, how could you? And you did not miss me, when you first came into the house?"

"Forgive us for that, good Hannah: we were in such a hurry to see my father, we thought of nothing and nobody else."

"Very natural. Well, miss Fanny, I've been up at the great house, with your lady, Mrs. Hungerford. A better lady cannot be! Do you know, she sent for me, on purpose to speak to me; and I know things that you are not to know yet. But this much I may tell you, there's a carriage coming here, to carry my master away to his new house; and there's horses, and side-saddles beside, for you, and you, and

you, and I. And Mrs. Hungerford is coming in her own coach; and young Mr. Folingsby is coming in his carriage; and Mr. Barlow in Mr. Jos. Crumpe's carriage; and Mr. Cleghorn, and his pretty daughter, in the gig; and—and—and heaps of carriages besides! friends of Mrs. Hungerford's: and there's such crowds gathering in the streets; and I'm going on to get breakfast."

"Oh! my dear father," cried Frank, "make haste, and take off this badge-coat before they come! We have brought proper clothes for you."

Frank pulled off the badge-coat, as he called it, and flung it from him, saying, "My father shall never wear you more."

Fanny had just tied on her father's clean neck-cloth, and Patty had smoothed his reverend gray locks, when the sound of the carriages was heard. All that Hannah had told them was true. Mrs. Hungerford had engaged all her friends, and all who were acquainted with the good conduct of the Franklands, to attend her on this joyful occasion.

"Triumphal cavalcades and processions," said she, "are in general foolish things—mere gratifications of vanity; but this is not in honour of vanity, but in honour of virtue. We shall do good in the country, by showing that we respect and admire it, in whatever station it is to be found. Here is a whole family, who have conducted themselves uncommonly well; who have exerted themselves to relieve their aged father from a situation to which he was reduced without any fault, or imprudence, of his own. Their exertions have succeeded. Let us give them, what they will value more than money, SYMPATHY."

Convinced or persuaded by what Mrs. Hungerford said, all her *friends and* acquaintance attended her

this morning to the almshouse. Crowds of people followed; and old Frankland was carried in triumph by his children to his new habitation.

The happy father lived many years to enjoy the increasing prosperity of his family*.

May every good father have as grateful children.

* It may be necessary to inform some readers that Patty and Fanny were soon united to their lovers; that James, with Mr. Cleghorn's consent, married miss Cleghorn; and that Frank did not become an old bachelor: he married an amiable girl, who was ten times prettier than Jilting Jessy, and of whom he was twenty times as fond. Those who wish to know the history of all the wedding-clothes of the parties may have their curiosity gratified by directing a line of inquiry, post-paid, to the editor hereof.

May, 1801.

THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

In the island of Jamaica there lived two planters, whose methods of managing their slaves were as different as possible. Mr. Jefferies considered the negroes as an inferior species, incapable of gratitude, disposed to treachery, and to be roused from their natural indolence only by force; he treated his slaves, or rather suffered his overseer to treat them, with the greatest severity.

Jefferies was not a man of a cruel, but of a thoughtless and extravagant temper. He was of such a sanguine disposition, that he always calculated upon having a fine season, and fine crops on his plantation; and never had the prudence to make allowance for unfortunate accidents: he required, as he said, from his overseer, produce and not excuses.

Durant, the overseer, did not scruple to use the most * cruel and barbarous methods of forcing the slaves to exertions beyond their strength. Complaints of his brutality, from time to time, reached his

* The Negro Slaves—A fine drama, by Kotzebue. It is to be hoped that such horrible instances of cruelty are not now to be found in nature. Bryan Edwards, in his History of Jamaica, says that most of the planters are humane; but he allows that some facts can be cited in contradiction of this assertion.

master's ears; but though Mr. Jefferies was moved to momentary compassion, he shut his heart against conviction: he hurried away to the jovial banquet, and drowned all painful reflections in wine.

He was this year much in debt; and, therefore, being more than usually anxious about his crop, he pressed his overseer to exert himself to the utmost.

The wretched slaves upon his plantation thought themselves still more unfortunate when they compared their condition with that of the negroes on the estate of Mr. Edwards. This gentleman treated his slaves with all possible humanity and kindness. He wished that there was no such thing as slavery in the world; but he was convinced, by the arguments of those who have the best means of obtaining information, that the sudden emancipation of the negroes would rather increase than diminish their miseries. His benevolence therefore confined itself within the bounds of reason. He adopted those plans for the amelioration of the state of the slaves which appeared to him the most likely to succeed without producing any violent agitation or revolution *. For instance, his negroes had reasonable and fixed daily tasks; and when these were finished, they were permitted to employ their time for their own advantage or amusement. If they chose to employ themselves longer for their master, they were paid regular wages for their extra work. This reward, for as such it was considered, operated most powerfully upon the slaves. Those who are animated by hope can perform what would seem impossibilities to those who are under the depressing

* History of the West Indies, from which these ideas are adopted—not stolen.

influence of fear. The wages which Mr. Edwards promised, he took care to see punctually paid.

He had an excellent overseer, of the name of Abraham Bayley; a man of a mild but steady temper, who was attached not only to his master's interests but to his virtues; and who therefore was more intent upon seconding his humane views than upon squeezing from the labour of the negroes the utmost produce. Each negro had, near his cottage, a portion of land, called his provision-ground; and one day in the week was allowed for its cultivation.

It is common in Jamaica for the slaves to have provision-grounds, which they cultivate for their own advantage; but it too often happens that, when a good negro has successfully improved his little spot of land, when he has built himself a house, and begins to enjoy the fruits of his industry, his acquired property is seized upon by the sheriff's officer for the payment of his master's debts *: he is forcibly separated from his wife and children, dragged to public auction, purchased by a stranger, and perhaps sent to terminate his miserable existence in the mines of Mexico; excluded for ever from the light of heaven; and all this without any crime or imprudence on his part, real or pretended. He is punished because his master is unfortunate!

To this barbarous injustice the negroes on Mr. Edwards's plantation were never exposed. He never exceeded his income; he engaged in no wild speculations; he contracted no debts; and his slaves, therefore, were in no danger of being seized by a sheriff's

* See an eloquent and pathetic passage on this subject in the History of the West Indies, vol. ii. p. 153, second edition.

officer: their property was secured to them by the prudence as well as by the generosity of their master.

One morning, as Mr. Edwards was walking in that part of his plantation which joined to Mr. Jefferies' estate, he thought he heard the voice of distress at some distance. The lamentations grew louder and louder as he approached a cottage, which stood upon the borders of Jefferies' plantation.

This cottage belonged to a slave of the name of Cæsar, the best negro in Mr. Jefferies' possession. Such had been his industry and exertion that, notwithstanding the severe tasks imposed by Durant, the overseer, Cæsar found means to cultivate his provision-ground to a degree of perfection nowhere else to be seen on this estate. Mr. Edwards had often admired this poor fellow's industry; and now hastened to inquire what misfortune had befallen him.

When he came to the cottage, he found Cæsar standing with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. A young and beautiful female negro was weeping bitterly, as she knelt at the feet of Durant, the overseer, who, regarding her with a sullen aspect, repeated, "He must go. I tell you, woman, he must go. What signifies all this nonsense?"

At the sight of Mr. Edwards, the overseer's countenance suddenly changed, and assumed an air of obsequious civility. The poor woman retired to the further corner of the cottage, and continued to weep. Cæsar never moved. "Nothing is the matter, sir," said Durant, "but that Cæsar is going to be sold. That is what the woman is crying for. They were to be married; but we'll find Clara another husband, I tell her; and she'll get the better of her grief, you know, sir, as I tell her, in time."

"*Never*! never!" said Clara.

"To whom is Cæsar going to be sold; and for what sum?"

"For what can be got for him," replied Durant, laughing; "and to whoever will buy him. The sheriff's officer is here, who has seized him for debt, and must make the most of him at market."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Edwards; "and must he leave this cottage which he has built, and these bananas which he has planted?"

Cæsar now for the first time looked up, and fixing his eyes upon Mr. Edwards for a moment, advanced with an intrepid rather than an imploring countenance, and said, "Will you be my master? Will you be her master? Buy both of us. You shall not repent of it. Cæsar will serve you faithfully."

On hearing these words, Clara sprang forward; and clasping her hands together, repeated, "Cæsar will serve you faithfully."

Mr. Edwards was moved by their entreaties, but he left them without declaring his intentions. He went immediately to Mr. Jefferies, whom he found stretched on a sofa, drinking coffee. As soon as Mr. Edwards mentioned the occasion of his visit, and expressed his sorrow for Cæsar, Jefferies exclaimed, "Yes, poor devil! I pity him from the bottom of my soul. But what can I do? I leave all those things to Durant. He says the sheriff's officer has seized him; and there's an end of the matter. You know, money must be had. Besides, Cæsar is not worse off than any other slave sold for debt. What signifies talking about the matter, as if it were something that never happened before! Is not it a case that occurs every day in Jamaica?"

"So much the worse," replied Mr. Edwards.

"The *worse for* them, to be sure," said Jefferies.

"But, after all, they are slaves, and used to be treated as such; and they tell me the negroes are a thousand times happier here, with us, than they ever were in their own country."

"Did the negroes tell you so themselves?"

"No; but people better informed than negroes have told me so; and, after all, slaves there must be; for indigo, and rum, and sugar, we must have."

"Granting it to be physically impossible that the world should exist without rum, sugar, and indigo, why could they not be produced by freemen as well as by slaves? If we hired negroes for labourers, instead of purchasing them for slaves, do you think they would not work as well as they do now? Does any negro, under the fear of the overseer, work harder than a Birmingham journeyman, or a Newcastle collier, who toil for themselves and their families?"

"Of that I don't pretend to judge. All I know is that the West India planters would be ruined if they had no slaves, and I am a West India planter."

"So am I: yet I do not think they are the only people whose interest ought to be considered in this business."

"Their interests, luckily, are protected by the laws of the land; and though they are rich men, and white men, and freemen, they have as good a claim to their rights as the poorest black slave on any of our plantations."

"The law, in our case, seems to make the right; and the very reverse ought to be done—the right should make the law."

"Fortunately for us planters, we need not enter into such nice distinctions. You could not, if you would, abolish the trade. Slaves would be smuggled *into the islands.*"

"What, if nobody would buy them! You know that you cannot smuggle slaves into England. The instant a slave touches English ground he becomes free. Glorious privilege! Why should it not be extended to all her dominions? If the future importation of slaves into these islands were forbidden by law, the trade must cease. No man can either sell or possess slaves without its being known: they cannot be smuggled like lace or brandy."

"Well, well!" retorted Jefferies, a little impatiently, "as yet the law is on our side. I can do nothing in this business, nor you neither."

"Yes, we can do something; we can endeavour to make our negroes as happy as possible."

"I leave the management of these people to Durant."

"That is the very thing of which they complain; forgive me for speaking to you with the frankness of an old acquaintance."

"Oh! you can't oblige me more: I love frankness of all things! To tell you the truth, I have heard complaints of Durant's severity; but I make it a principle to turn a deaf ear to them, for I know nothing can be done with these fellows without it. You are partial to negroes; but even you must allow they are a race of beings naturally inferior to us. You may in vain think of managing a black as you would a white. Do what you please for a negro, he will cheat you the first opportunity he finds. You know what their maxim is: 'God gives black men what white men forget.'"

To these common-place desultory observations Mr. Edwards made no reply; but recurred to poor Cæsar, and offered to purchase both him and Clara, at the highest price the sheriff's officer could obtain for

them at market. Mr. Jefferies, with the utmost politeness to his neighbour, but with the most perfect indifference to the happiness of those whom he considered of a different species from himself, acceded to this proposal. Nothing could be more reasonable, he said; and he was happy to have it in his power to oblige a gentleman, for whom he had such a high esteem.

The bargain was quickly concluded with the sheriff's officer; for Mr. Edwards willingly paid several dollars more than the market price for the two slaves. When Cæsar and Clara heard that they were not to be separated, their joy and gratitude were expressed with all the ardour and tenderness peculiar to their different characters. Clara was an Eboe, Cæsar a Koromantyn negro: the Eboes are soft, languishing, and timid; the Koromantyns are frank, fearless, martial, and heroic.

Mr. Edwards carried his new slaves home with him, desired Bayley, his overseer, to mark out a provision-ground for Cæsar, and to give him a cottage, which happened at this time to be vacant.

"Now, my good friend," said he to Cæsar, "you may work for yourself, without fear that what you earn may be taken from you; or that you should ever be sold, to pay your master's debts. If he does not understand what I am saying," continued Mr. Edwards, turning to his overseer, "you will explain it to him."

Cæsar perfectly understood all that Mr. Edwards said; but his feelings were at this instant so strong that he could not find expression for his gratitude: he stood like one stupified! Kindness was new to him; it overpowered his manly heart; and, at hearing the words "my good friend," the tears gushed

from his eyes: tears which no torture could have extorted! Gratitude swelled in his bosom; and he longed to be alone, that he might freely yield to his emotions.

He was glad when the conch-shell sounded to call the negroes to their daily labour, that he might relieve the sensations of his soul by bodily exertion. He performed his task in silence; and an inattentive observer might have thought him sullen.

In fact, he was impatient for the day to be over, that he might get rid of a heavy load which weighed upon his mind.

The cruelties practised by Durant, the overseer of Jefferies' plantation, had exasperated the slaves under his dominion.

They were all leagued together in a conspiracy, which was kept profoundly secret. Their object was to extirpate every white man, woman, and child, in the island. Their plans were laid with consummate art; and the negroes were urged to execute them by all the courage of despair.

The confederacy extended to all the negroes in the island of Jamaica, excepting those on the plantation of Mr. Edwards. To them no hint of the dreadful secret had yet been given; their countrymen, knowing the attachment they felt to their master, dared not trust them with these projects of vengeance. Hector, the negro who was at the head of the conspirators, was the particular friend of Cæsar, and had imparted to him all his designs. These friends were bound to each other by the strongest ties. Their slavery and their sufferings began in the same hour: they were both brought from their own country in the same ship. This circumstance alone forms, amongst the the negroes, a bond of connexion not easily to be dis-

solved. But the friendship of Cæsar and Hector commenced even before they were united by the sympathy of misfortune; they were both of the same nation, both Koromantyns. In Africa they had both been accustomed to command; for they had signalized themselves by superior fortitude and courage. They respected each other for excelling in all which they had been taught to consider as virtuous; and with them revenge was a virtue!

Revenge was the ruling passion of Hector: in Cæsar's mind it was rather a principle instilled by education. The one considered it as a duty, the other felt it as a pleasure. Hector's sense of injury was acute in the extreme; he knew not how to forgive. Cæsar's sensibility was yet more alive to kindness than to insult. Hector would sacrifice his life to extirpate an enemy. Cæsar would devote himself for the defence of a friend; and Cæsar now considered a white man as his friend.

He was now placed in a painful situation. All his former friendships, all the solemn promises by which he was bound to his companions in misfortune, forbade him to indulge that delightful feeling of gratitude and affection, which, for the first time, he experienced for one of that race of beings whom he had hitherto considered as detestable tyrants—objects of implacable and just revenge!

Cæsar was most impatient to have an interview with Hector, that he might communicate his new sentiments, and dissuade him from those schemes of destruction which he meditated. At midnight, when all the slaves except himself were asleep, he left his cottage, and went to Jefferies' plantation, to the hut in which Hector slept. Even in his dreams Hector *breathed vengeance.* "Spare none! Sons of Africa,

spare none!" were the words he uttered in his sleep, as Cæsar approached the mat on which he lay. The moon shone full upon him. Cæsar contemplated the countenance of his friend, fierce even in sleep. "Spare none! Oh, yes! There is one that must be spared. There is one for whose sake all must be spared!"

He wakened Hector by this exclamation. "Of what were you dreaming?" said Cæsar.

"Of that which, sleeping or waking, fills my soul —revenge! Why did you waken me from my dream? It was delightful. The whites were weltering in their blood! But, silence! we may be overheard."

"No; every one sleeps but ourselves," replied Cæsar. "I could not sleep, without speaking to you on—a subject that weighs upon my mind. You have seen Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes. He that is now your master."

"He that is now my benefactor—my friend!"

"Friend! Can you call a white man friend?" cried Hector, starting up with a look of astonishment and indignation.

"Yes," replied Cæsar, with firmness. "And you would speak, ay, and would feel, as I do, Hector, if you knew this white man. Oh, how unlike he is to all of his race, that we have ever seen! Do not turn from me with so much disdain. Hear me with patience, my friend."

"I cannot," replied Hector, "listen with patience to one who between the rising and the setting sun can forget all his resolutions, all his promises; who by a few soft words can be so wrought upon as to forget all the insults, all the injuries he has received from this accursed race; and can even call a white man friend!"

Cæsar, unmoved by Hector's anger, continued to speak of Mr. Edwards with the warmest expressions of gratitude; and finished by declaring he would sooner forfeit his life than rebel against such a master. He conjured Hector to desist from executing his designs; but all was in vain. Hector sat with his elbows fixed upon his knees, leaning his head upon his hands, in gloomy silence.

Cæsar's mind was divided between love for his friend and gratitude to his master: the conflict was violent and painful. Gratitude at last prevailed: he repeated his declaration, that he would rather die than continue in a conspiracy against his benefactor!

Hector refused to except him from the general doom. "Betray us if you will!" cried he. "Betray our secrets to him whom you call your benefactor: to him whom a few hours have made your friend! To him sacrifice the friend of your youth, the companion of your better days, of your better self! Yes, Cæsar, deliver me over to the tormentors: I can endure more than they can inflict. I shall expire without a sigh, without a groan. Why do you linger here, Cæsar? Why do you hesitate? Hasten this moment to your master; claim your reward for delivering into his power hundreds of your countrymen! Why do you hesitate? Away! The coward's friendship can be of use to none. Who can value his gratitude? Who can fear his revenge?"

Hector raised his voice so high, as he pronounced these words, that he wakened Durant, the overseer, who slept in the next house. They heard him call out suddenly, to inquire who was there; and Cæsar had but just time to make his escape, before Durant appeared. He searched Hector's cottage; but, finding no one, again retired to rest. This man's tyranny made *him constantly* suspicious: he dreaded that the slaves

should combine against him; and he endeavoured to prevent them by every threat and every stratagem he could devise, from conversing with each other.

They had, however, taken their measures, hitherto, so secretly, that he had not the slightest idea of the conspiracy which was forming in the island. Their schemes were not yet ripe for execution; but the appointed time approached. Hector, when he coolly reflected on what had passed between him and Cæsar, could not help admiring the frankness and courage with which he had avowed his change of sentiments. By this avowal, Cæsar had in fact exposed his own life to the most imminent danger, from the vengeance of the conspirators; who might be tempted to assassinate him who had their lives in his power. Notwithstanding the contempt with which, in the first moment of passion, he had treated his friend, he was extremely anxious that he should not break off all connexion with the conspirators. He knew that Cæsar possessed both intrepidity and eloquence; and that his opposition to their schemes would perhaps entirely frustrate their whole design. He therefore determined to use every possible means to bend him to their purposes.

He resolved to have recourse to one of those persons * who, amongst the negroes, are considered as

* The enlightened inhabitants of Europe may, perhaps, smile at the superstitious credulity of the negroes, who regard those ignorant beings called *Obeah* people with the most profound respect and dread; who believe that they hold in their hands the power of good and evil fortune, of health and sickness, of life and death. The instances which are related of their power over the minds of their countrymen are so wonderful that none but the most unquestionable authority could make us think them credible. The

sorceresses. Esther, an old Koromantyn negress, had obtained by her skill in poisonous herbs, and her

following passage, from Edwards's History of the West Indies, is inserted, to give an idea of this strange infatuation.

"In the year 1760, when a very formidable insurrection of the Koromantyn or Gold Coast negroes broke out, in the parish of St. Mary, and spread through almost every other district of the island, an old Koromantyn negro, the chief instigator and oracle of the insurgents in that parish, who had administered the fetish, or solemn oath, to the conspirators, and furnished them with a magical preparation, which was to render them invulnerable, was fortunately apprehended, convicted, and hung up, with all his feathers and trumperies about him; and his execution struck the insurgents with a general panic, from which they never afterwards recovered. The examinations, which were taken at that period, first opened the eyes of the public to the very dangerous tendency of the *Obeah* practices; and gave birth to the law, which was then enacted, for their suppression and punishment; but neither the terror of this law, the strict investigation which has since been made after the professors of *Obi*, nor the many examples of those, who from time to time have been hanged or transported, have hitherto produced the desired effect. A gentleman, on his returning to Jamaica, in the year 1775, found that a great many of his negroes had died during his absence; and that, of such as remained alive, at least one half were debilitated, bloated, and in a very deplorable condition. The mortality continued after his arrival; and two or three were frequently buried in one day; others were taken ill, and began to decline under the same symptoms. Every means were tried, by medicine and the most careful nursing, to preserve the lives of the feeblest; but, in spite of all his endeavours, this depopulation went on for a twelvemonth longer, with more or less intermission, and without his being able to ascertain the real cause; though the *Obeah* practice was strongly suspected, as well by himself as by the doctor, and other white persons upon the plantation; as it was known to have been very common in that part of the island, and particularly among the negroes of the *Popaw* or *Popo* country. Still he was unable to verify his suspicions; because the patients constantly denied their having any thing to do with persons of that order, or any knowledge of them. At length,

knowledge of venomous reptiles, a high reputation amongst her countrymen. She soon taught them to believe her to be possessed of supernatural powers; and she then worked their imagination to what pitch and purpose she pleased.

She was the chief instigator of this intended rebellion. It was she who had stimulated the revengeful temper of Hector almost to phrensy. She now promised him that her arts should be exerted over his friend; and it was not long before he felt their influence. Cæsar soon perceived an extraordinary change in the countenance and manner of his beloved

a negress, who had been ill for some time, came and informed him that, feeling it was impossible for her to live much longer, she thought herself bound in duty, before she died, to impart a very great secret, and acquaint him with the true cause of her disorder; in hopes that the disclosure might prove the means of stopping that mischief, which had already swept away such a number of her fellow-slaves. She proceeded to say that her step-mother, a woman of the *Popo* country, above eighty years old, but still hale and active, had *put Obi upon her;* as she had upon those who had lately died; and that the old woman had practised *Obi* for as many years past as she could remember. The other negroes of the plantation no sooner heard of this impeachment than they ran in a body to their master, and confirmed the truth of it ****. Upon this he repaired directly, with six white servants, to the old woman's house; and, forcing open the door, observed the whole inside of the roof, which was of thatch, and every crevice of the wall, stuck with the implements of her trade, consisting of rags, feathers, bones of cats, and a thousand other articles *****. The house was instantly pulled down; and, with the whole of its contents, committed to the flames, amidst the general acclamations of all his other negroes ******. From the moment of her departure, his negroes seemed all to be animated with new spirits; and the malady spread no further among them. The total of his losses, in the course of about fifteen years preceding the discovery, and imputable solely to the *Obeah practice*, he estimates, at least, at one hundred negroes."

Clara. A melancholy hung over her, and she refused to impart to him the cause of her dejection. Cæsar was indefatigable in his exertions to cultivate and embellish the ground near his cottage, in hopes of making it an agreeable habitation for her; but she seemed to take no interest in any thing. She would stand beside him immoveable, in a deep reverie; and when he inquired whether she was ill, she would answer no, and endeavour to assume an air of gaiety: but this cheerfulness was transient; she soon relapsed into despondency. At length, she endeavoured to avoid her lover, as if she feared his further inquiries.

Unable to endure this state of suspense, he one evening resolved to bring her to an explanation. "Clara," said he, "you once loved me: I have done nothing, have I, to forfeit your confidence?"

"I once loved you!" said she, raising her languid eyes, and looking at him with reproachful tenderness; "and can you doubt my constancy? Oh, Cæsar, you little know what is passing in my heart! You are the cause of my melancholy!"

She paused, and hesitated, as if afraid that she had said too much: but Cæsar urged her with so much vehemence, and so much tenderness, to open to him her whole soul, that, at last, she could not resist his eloquence. She reluctantly revealed to him that secret of which she could not think without horror. She informed him that, unless he complied with what was required of him by the sorceress Esther, he was devoted to die. What it was that Esther required of him, Clara knew not: she knew nothing of the conspiracy. The timidity of her character was ill-suited to such a project; and every thing relating to it had been concealed from her with the utmost care.

When she explained to Cæsar the cause of her dejection, his natural courage resisted these superstitious fears; and he endeavoured to raise Clara's spirits. He endeavoured in vain: she fell at his feet, and with tears, and the most tender supplications, conjured him to avert the wrath of the sorceress by obeying her commands whatever they might be!

"Clara," replied he, "you know not what you ask!"

"I ask you to save your life!" said she. "I ask you, for my sake, to save your life, while yet it is in your power!"

"But would you, to save my life, Clara, make me the worst of criminals? Would you make me the murderer of my benefactor?"

Clara started with horror!

"Do you recollect the day, the moment, when we were on the point of being separated for ever, Clara? Do you remember the white man's coming to my cottage? Do you remember his look of benevolence—his voice of compassion? Do you remember his generosity? Oh! Clara, would you make me the murderer of this man?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Clara. "This cannot be the will of the sorceress!"

"It is," said Cæsar. "But she shall not succeed, even though she speaks with the voice of Clara. Urge me no further; my resolution is fixed. I should be unworthy of your love if I were capable of treachery and ingratitude."

"But, is there no means of averting the wrath of Esther?" said Clara. "Your life——"

"Think, first, of my honour," interrupted Cæsar. "Your fears deprive you of reason. Return to this sorceress, and tell her that I dread not her wrath.

My hands shall never be imbrued in the blood of my benefactor. Clara! can you forget his look, when he told us that we should never more be separated?"

"It went to my heart," said Clara, bursting into tears. "Cruel, cruel Esther! Why do you command us to destroy such a generous master?"

The conch sounded to summon the negroes to their morning's work. It happened this day, that Mr. Edwards, who was continually intent upon increasing the comforts and happiness of his slaves, sent his carpenter, while Cæsar was absent, to fit up the inside of his cottage; and when Cæsar returned from work, he found his master pruning the branches of a tamarind tree, that overhung the thatch. "How comes it, Cæsar," said he, "that you have not pruned these branches?"

Cæsar had no knife. "Here is mine for you," said Mr. Edwards. "It is very sharp," added he, smiling; "but I am not one of those masters who are afraid to trust their negroes with sharp knives."

These words were spoken with perfect simplicity: Mr. Edwards had no suspicion, at this time, of what was passing in the negro's mind. Cæsar received the knife without uttering a syllable; but no sooner was Mr. Edwards out of sight than he knelt down, and, in a transport of gratitude, swore that, with this knife, he would stab himself to the heart sooner than betray his master!

The principle of gratitude conquered every other sensation. The mind of Cæsar was not insensible to the charms of freedom: he knew the negro conspirators had so taken their measures, that there was the greatest probability of their success. His heart beat high at the idea of recovering his liberty: but he *was not to* be seduced from his duty, not even by

this delightful hope; nor was he to be intimidated by the dreadful certainty that his former friends and countrymen, considering him as a deserter from their cause, would become his bitterest enemies. The loss of Hector's esteem and affection was deeply felt by Cæsar. Since the night that the decisive conversation relative to Mr. Edwards passed, Hector and he had never exchanged a syllable.

This visit proved the cause of much suffering to Hector, and to several of the slaves on Jefferies' plantation. We mentioned that Durant had been awakened by the raised voice of Hector. Though he could not find any one in the cottage, yet his suspicions were not dissipated; and an accident nearly brought the whole conspiracy to light. Durant had ordered one of the negroes to watch a boiler of sugar: the slave was overcome by the heat, and fainted. He had scarcely recovered his senses when the overseer came up, and found that the sugar had fermented, by having remained a few minutes too long in the boiler. He flew into a violent passion, and ordered that the negro should receive fifty lashes. His victim bore them without uttering a groan; but, when his punishment was over, and when he thought the overseer was gone, he exclaimed, "It will soon be our turn!"

Durant was not out of hearing. He turned suddenly, and observed that the negro looked at Hector when he pronounced these words, and this confirmed the suspicion that Hector was carrying on some conspiracy. He immediately had recourse to that brutality which he considered as the only means of governing black men: Hector and three other negroes were lashed unmercifully; but no confessions could be extorted.

Mr. Jefferies might perhaps have forbidden such violence to be used, if he had not been at the time carousing with a party of jovial West Indians, who thought of nothing but indulging their appetites in all the luxuries that art and nature could supply. The sufferings which had been endured by many of the wretched negroes to furnish out this magnificent entertainment were never once thought of by these selfish epicures. Yet so false are the general estimates of character, that all these gentlemen passed for men of great feeling and generosity! The human mind, in certain situations, becomes so accustomed to ideas of tyranny and cruelty, that they no longer appear extraordinary or detestable: they rather seem part of the necessary and immutable order of things.

Mr. Jefferies was stopped, as he passed from his dining-room into his drawing-room, by a little negro child, of about five years old, who was crying bitterly. He was the son of one of the slaves who were at this moment under the torturer's hand. "Poor little devil!" said Mr. Jefferies, who was more than half intoxicated. "Take him away; and tell Durant, some of ye, to pardon his father—if he can."

The child ran, eagerly, to announce his father's pardon; but he soon returned, crying more violently than before. Durant would not hear the boy; and it was now no longer possible to appeal to Mr. Jefferies, for he was in the midst of an assembly of fair ladies; and no servant belonging to the house dared to interrupt the festivities of the evening. The three men, who were so severely flogged to extort from them confessions, were perfectly innocent: they knew nothing of the confederacy; but the rebels seized the moment when their minds were exasperated by this *cruelty and injustice*, and they easily persuaded them

to join the league. The hopes of revenging themselves upon the overseer was a motive sufficient to make them brave death in any shape.

Another incident, which happened a few days before the time destined for the revolt of the slaves, determined numbers who had been undecided. Mrs. Jefferies was a languid beauty, or rather a languid fine lady who had been a beauty, and who spent all that part of the day which was not devoted to the pleasures of the table, or in reclining on a couch, in dress. She was one day extended on a sofa, fanned by four slaves, two at her head and two at her feet, when news was brought that a large chest, directed to her, was just arrived from London.

This chest contained various articles of dress of the newest fashions. The Jamaica ladies carry their ideas of magnificence to a high pitch: they willingly give a hundred guineas for a gown, which they perhaps wear but once or twice. In the elegance and variety of her ornaments, Mrs. Jefferies was not exceeded by any lady in the island, except by one who had lately received a cargo from England. She now expected to outshine her competitor, and desired that the chest should be unpacked in her presence.

In taking out one of the gowns, it caught on a nail in the lid, and was torn. The lady, roused from her natural indolence by this disappointment to her vanity, instantly ordered that the unfortunate female slave should be severely chastised. The woman was the wife of Hector; and this fresh injury worked up his temper, naturally vindictive, to the highest point. He ardently longed for the moment when he might satiate his vengeance.

The plan the negroes had laid was to set fire to the canes, at one and the same time, on every plantation;

and when the white inhabitants of the island should run to put out the fire, the blacks were to seize this moment of confusion and consternation to fall upon them, and make a general massacre. The time when this scheme was to be carried into execution was not known to Cæsar; for the conspirators had changed their day, as soon as Hector told them that his friend was no longer one of the confederacy. They dreaded he should betray them; and it was determined that he and Clara should both be destroyed, unless they could be prevailed upon to join the conspiracy.

Hector wished to save his friend; but the desire of vengeance overcame every other feeling. He resolved, however, to make an attempt, for the last time, to change Cæsar's resolution.

For this purpose, Esther was the person he employed: she was to work upon his mind by means of Clara. On returning to her cottage one night, she found suspended from the thatch one of those strange fantastic charms with which the Indian sorceresses terrify those whom they have proscribed. Clara, unable to conquer her terror, repaired again to Esther, who received her first in mysterious silence; but, after she had implored her forgiveness for the past, and with all possible humility conjured her to grant her future protection, the sorceress deigned to speak. Her commands were that Clara should prevail upon her lover to meet her, on this awful spot, the ensuing night.

Little suspecting what was going forward on the plantation of Jefferies, Mr. Edwards that evening gave his slaves a holiday. He and his family came out at sunset, when the fresh breeze had sprung up, and seated themselves under a spreading palm-tree, *to enjoy the pleasing* spectacle of this negro festival.

His negroes were all well clad; their turbans were of the gayest colours, and their merry countenances suited the gaiety of their dress. While some were dancing, and some playing on the tambourine, others appeared amongst the distant trees, bringing baskets of avocado pears, grapes, and pine-apples, the produce of their own provision-grounds; and others were employed in spreading their clean trenchers, or the calabashes, which served for plates and dishes. The negroes continued to dance and divert themselves till late in the evening. When they separated and retired to rest, Cæsar, recollecting his promise to Clara, repaired secretly to the habitation of the sorceress. It was situated in the recess of a thick wood. When he arrived there, he found the door fastened; and he was obliged to wait some time before it was opened by Esther.

The first object he beheld was his beloved Clara, stretched on the ground, apparently a corpse! The sorceress had thrown her into a trance by a preparation of deadly nightshade. The hag burst into an infernal laugh, when she beheld the despair that was painted in Cæsar's countenance. "Wretch!" cried she, "you have defied my power: behold its victim!"

Cæsar, in a transport of rage, seized her by the throat: but his fury was soon checked.

"Destroy me," said the fiend, "and you destroy your Clara. She is not dead: but she lies in the sleep of death, into which she has been thrown by magic art, and from which no power, but mine, can restore her to the light of life. Yes! look at her, pale and motionless! Never will she rise from the earth, unless, within one hour, you obey my commands. I have administered to Hector and his companions the solemn fetish oath, at the sound of

which every negro in Africa trembles! You know my object."

"Fiend, I do!" replied Cæsar, eying her sternly; "but, while I have life, it shall never be accomplished."

"Look yonder!" cried she, pointing to the moon; "in a few minutes that moon will set: at that hour Hector and his friends will appear. They come armed—armed with weapons which I shall steep in poison for their enemies. Themselves I will render invulnerable. Look again!" continued she; "if my dim eyes mistake not, yonder they come. Rash man, you die if they cross my threshold."

"I wish for death," said Cæsar. "Clara is dead!"

"But you can restore her to life by a single word."

Cæsar, at this moment, seemed to hesitate.

"Consider! Your heroism is vain," continued Esther. "You will have the knives of fifty of the conspirators in your bosom, if you do not join them; and, after you have fallen, the death of your master is inevitable. Here is the bowl of poison, in which the negro knives are to be steeped. Your friends, your former friends, your countrymen, will be in arms in a few minutes; and they will bear down every thing before them—Victory, Wealth, Freedom, and Revenge, will be theirs."

Cæsar appeared to be more and more agitated. His eyes were fixed upon Clara. The conflict in his mind was violent; but his sense of gratitude and duty could not be shaken by hope, fear, or ambition: nor could it be vanquished by love. He determined, however, to appear to yield. As if struck with panic, at the approach of the confederate negroes, he suddenly turned to the sorceress, and said, in a tone of

feigned submission, "It is in vain to struggle with fate. Let my knife, too, be dipt in your magic poison."

The sorceress clapped her hands, with infernal joy in her countenance. She bade him instantly give her his knife, that she might plunge it to the hilt in the bowl of poison, to which she turned with savage impatience. His knife was left in his cottage; and, under pretence of going in search of it, he escaped. Esther promised to prepare Hector and all his companions to receive him with their ancient cordiality on his return. Cæsar ran with the utmost speed along a by-path out of the wood, met none of the rebels, reached his master's house, scaled the wall of his bedchamber, got in at the window, and wakened him, exclaiming, "Arm—arm yourself, my dear master! Arm all your slaves! They will fight for you, and die for you; as I will the first. The Koromantyn yell of war will be heard in Jefferies' plantation this night! Arm—arm yourself, my dear master, and let us surround the rebel leaders while it is yet time. I will lead you to the place where they are all assembled, on condition that their chief, who is my friend, shall be pardoned."

Mr. Edwards armed himself and the negroes on his plantation, as well as the whites: they were all equally attached to him. He followed Cæsar into the recesses of the wood.

They proceeded with all possible rapidity, but in perfect silence, till they reached Esther's habitation: which they surrounded completely, before they were perceived by the conspirators.

Mr. Edwards looked through a hole in the wall; and, by the blue flame of a caldron, over which the sorceress was stretching her shrivelled hands, he saw

Hector and five stout negroes standing, intent upon her incantations. These negroes held their knives in their hands, ready to dip them into the bowl of poison. It was proposed, by one of the whites, to set fire immediately to the hut; and thus to force the rebels to surrender. The advice was followed; but Mr. Edwards charged his people to spare their prisoners. The moment the rebels saw that the thatch of the hut was in flames, they set up the Koromantyn yell of war, and rushed out with frantic desperation.

"Yield! you are pardoned, Hector," cried Mr. Edwards, in a loud voice.

"You are pardoned, my friend!" repeated Cæsar.

Hector, incapable at this instant of listening to any thing but revenge, sprang forwards, and plunged his knife into the bosom of Cæsar. The faithful servant staggered back a few paces: his master caught him in his arms. "I die content," said he. "Bury me with Clara."

He swooned from loss of blood as they were carrying him home; but when his wound was examined, it was found not to be mortal. As he recovered from his swoon, he stared wildly round him, trying to recollect where he was, and what had happened. He thought that he was still in a dream, when he saw his beloved Clara standing beside him. The opiate, which the pretended sorceress had administered to her, had ceased to operate; she wakened from her trance just at the time the Koromantyn yell commenced. Cæsar's joy!—We must leave that to the imagination.

In the mean time, what became of the rebel negroes, and Mr. Edwards?

The taking the chief conspirators prisoners did not prevent the negroes upon Jefferies' plantation

from insurrection. The moment they heard the war-whoop, the signal agreed upon, they rose in a body; and, before they could be prevented, either by the whites on the estate, or by Mr. Edwards's adherents, they had set fire to the overseer's house, and to the canes. The overseer was the principal object of their vengeance—he died in tortures, inflicted by the hands of those who had suffered most by his cruelties. Mr. Edwards, however, quelled the insurgents before rebellion spread to any other estates in the island. The influence of his character, and the effect of his eloquence upon the minds of the people, were astonishing: nothing but his interference could have prevented the total destruction of Mr. Jefferies and his family, who, as it was computed, lost this night upwards of fifty thousand pounds. He was never afterward able to recover his losses, or to shake off his constant fear of a fresh insurrection among his slaves. At length, he and his lady returned to England, where they were obliged to live in obscurity and indigence. They had no consolation in their misfortunes but that of railing at the treachery of the whole race of slaves. Our readers, we hope, will think that at least one exception may be made, in favour of THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

March, 1802.

TO-MORROW.

"Oh this detestable *To-morrow!*—a thing always expected, yet never found."

JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

IT has long been my intention to write my own history, and I am determined to begin it to-day; for half the good intentions of my life have been frustrated by my unfortunate habit of putting things off till to-morrow.

When I was a young man, I used to be told that this was my only fault; I believed it, and my vanity or laziness persuaded me that this fault was but small, and that I should easily cure myself of it in time.

That time, however, has not yet arrived, and at my advanced age I must give up all thoughts of amendment, hoping, however, that sincere repentance may stand instead of reformation.

My father was an eminent London bookseller: he happened to be looking over a new biographical dictionary on the day when I was brought into the world; and at the moment when my birth was announced to him, he had his finger upon the name *Basil;* he read aloud—"*Basil,* canonized bishop of Cæsarea, a theological, controversial, and moral writer."

"My boy," continued my father, "shall be named after this great man, and I hope and believe that I shall live to see him either a celebrated theological, controversial, and moral author, or a bishop. I am not so sanguine as to expect that he should be both these good things."

I was christened Basil according to my father's wishes, and his hopes of my future celebrity and fortune were confirmed, during my childhood, by instances of wit and memory, which were not perhaps greater than what could have been found in my little contemporaries, but which appeared to the vanity of parental fondness extraordinary, if not supernatural. My father declared that it would be a sin not to give me a learned education, and he went even beyond his means to procure for me all the advantages of the best modes of instruction. I was stimulated, even when a boy, by the idea that I should become a great man, and my masters had for some time reason to be satisfied; but what they called the *quickness of my parts* continually retarded my progress. The facility with which I learned my lessons encouraged me to put off learning them till the last moment; and this habit of procrastinating, which was begun in presumption, ended in disgrace.

When I was sent to a public school, I found among my companions so many temptations to idleness, that notwithstanding the quickness of my parts, I was generally flogged twice a week. As I grew older, my reason might perhaps have taught me to correct myself, but my vanity was excited to persist in idleness by certain imprudent sayings or whisperings of my father.

When I came home from school at the holidays, and when complaints were preferred against me in

letters from my schoolmaster, my father, even while he affected to scold me for my negligence, flattered me in the most dangerous manner by adding—*aside* to some friend of the family—" My Basil is a strange fellow!—can do any thing he pleases—all his masters say so—but he is a sad idle dog—all your men of genius are so—puts off business always to the last moment—all your men of genius do so. For instance, there is ——, whose third edition of odes I have just published—what an idle dog he is! Yet who makes such a noise in the world as he does?—puts off every thing till *to-morrow*, like my Basil—but can do more at the last moment than any man in England—that is, if the fit seizes him—for he does nothing but by fits—has no application—none—says it would 'petrify him to a dunce.' I never knew a man of genius who was not an idle dog."

Not a syllable of such speeches was lost upon me: the ideas of a man of genius and of an idle dog were soon so firmly joined together in my imagination, that it was impossible to separate them, either by my own reason or by that of my preceptors. I gloried in the very habits which my tutors laboured to correct; and I never was seriously mortified by the consequences of my own folly till, at a public examination at Eton, I lost a premium by putting off till it was too late the finishing a copy of verses. The lines which I had written were said by all my young and old friends to be beautiful. The prize was gained by one Johnson, a heavy lad, of no sort of genius, but of great perseverance. His verses were finished, however, at the stated time.

" For dulness ever must be regular!"

My fragment, charming as it was, was useless,

except to hand about afterward among my friends, to prove what I might have done if I had thought it worth while.

My father was extremely vexed by my missing an opportunity of distinguishing myself at this public exhibition, especially as the king had honoured the assembly with his presence; and as those who had gained premiums were presented to his majesty, it was supposed that their being thus early *marked* as lads of talents would be highly advantageous to their advancement in life. All this my father felt, and, blaming himself for having encouraged me in *the indolence of genius*, he determined to counteract his former imprudence, and was resolved, he said, to cure me at once of my habit of procrastination. For this purpose he took down from his shelves Young's Night Thoughts; from which he remembered a line, which has become a *stock* line among writing-masters' copies:

"*Procrastination* is the thief of time."

He hunted the book for the words *Procrastination, Time, To-day,* and *To-morrow,* and made an extract of seven long pages on the dangers of delay.

"Now, my dear Basil," said he, "this is what will cure you for life, and this you must get perfectly by heart, before I give you one shilling more pocket-money."

The motive was all-powerful, and with pains, iteration, and curses, I fixed the heterogeneous quotations so well in my memory that some of them have remained there to this day. For instance—

"*Time* destroy'd
Is *suicide* where more than blood is spilt.

†

Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heav'n invites,
Hell threatens.

We push *Time* from us, and we wish him back.

Man flies from *Time*, and Time from Man too soon;
In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then where are we?

Be wise *to-day*, 'tis madness to defer, &c.
Next day the fatal precedent will plead, &c.

Lorenzo—O for *yesterdays* to come!
To-day is *yesterday* return'd; return'd,
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate,
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.

Where shall I find him? Angels! tell me where:
You know him; he is near you; point him out;
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?
Your golden wings *now* hov'ring o'er him shed
Protection: now are wav'ring in applause
To that blest son of foresight! Lord of fate!
That awful independent on *to-morrow!*
Whose *work is done;* who triumphs in the past;
Whose *yesterdays* look backward with a smile."

I spare you the rest of my task, and I earnestly hope, my dear reader, that these citations may have a better effect upon you than they had upon me. With shame I confess that even with the addition of Shakspeare's eloquent

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, &c."

which I learnt by heart gratis, not a bit the better was I for all this poetical morality. What I wanted was not conviction of my folly, but resolution to amend.

When I say that I was not a bit the better for these documents, I must not omit to observe to you that I was very near being four hundred pounds a year the better for them.

Being obliged to learn so much of Young's Night Thoughts by rote, I was rather disgusted, and my attention was roused to criticise the lines which had been forced upon my admiration. Afterward, when I went to college, I delighted to maintain, in opposition to some of my companions, who were enthusiastic admirers of Young, that he was no poet. The more I was ridiculed, the more I persisted. I talked myself into notice; I became acquainted with several of the literary men at Cambridge; I wrote in defence of my opinion, or, as some called it, my heresy. I maintained that what all the world had mistaken for sublimity was bombast; that the Night Thoughts were fuller of witty conceits than of poetical images: I drew a parallel between Young and Cowley; and I finished by pronouncing Young to be the Cowley of the eighteenth century. To do myself justice, there was much ingenuity and some truth in my essay, but it was the declamation of a partisan, who can think only on one side of a question, and who, in the heat of controversy, says more than he thinks, and more than he originally intended.

It is often the fortune of literary partisans to obtain a share of temporary celebrity far beyond their deserts, especially if they attack any writer of established reputation. The success of my essay exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I began to think that my father was right; that I was born to be a great genius, and a great man. The notice taken of me by a learned prelate, who piqued himself upon being considered as the patron of young men of

talents, confirmed me at once in my self-conceit and my hopes of preferment.

I mentioned to you that my father, in honour of my namesake Basil, bishop of Cæsarea, and to verify his own *presentiments*, had educated me for the church. My present patron, who seemed to like me the better the oftener I dined with him, gave me reason to hope that he would provide for me handsomely. I was not yet ordained, when a living of four hundred per annum fell into his gift: he held it over for some months, as it was thought, on purpose for me.

In the mean time he employed me to write a charity sermon for him, which he was to preach, as it was expected, to a crowded congregation. None but those who are themselves slaves to the habit of procrastination will believe that I could be so foolish as to put off writing this sermon till the Saturday evening before it was wanted. Some of my young companions came unexpectedly to sup with me; we sat late: in the vanity of a young author, who glories in the rapidity of composition, I said to myself that I could finish my sermon in an hour's time. But, alas! when my companions at length departed, they left me in no condition to complete a sermon. I fell fast asleep, and was wakened in the morning by the bishop's servant. The dismay I felt is indescribable; I started up—it was nine o'clock: I began to write; but my hand and my mind trembled, and my ideas were in such confusion, that I could not, great genius as I was, produce a beginning sentence in a quarter of an hour.

I kept the bishop's servant forty minutes by his watch; wrote and re-wrote two pages, and walked up and down the room; tore my two pages; and at

last, when the footman said he could wait no longer, was obliged to let him go with an awkward note, pleading sudden sickness for my apology. It was true that I was sufficiently sick at the time when I penned this note: my head ached terribly; and I kept my room, reflecting upon my own folly, the whole of the day. I foresaw the consequences; the living was given away by my patron the next morning, and all hopes of future favour were absolutely at an end.

My father overwhelmed me with reproaches; and I might perhaps have been reformed by this disappointment; but an unexpected piece of good fortune, or what I then thought good fortune, was my ruin.

Among the multitude of my college-friends was a young gentleman, whose father was just appointed to go out upon the *famous* embassy to China; he came to our shop to buy Du Halde; and, upon hearing me express an enthusiastic desire to visit China, he undertook to apply to his father to take me in the ambassador's suite. His representation of me as a young man of talents and literature, and the view of some botanical drawings, which I executed upon the spur of the occasion with tolerable neatness, procured me the favour which I so ardently desired.

My father objected to my taking this voyage. He was vexed to see me quit the profession for which I had been educated; and he could not, without a severe struggle, relinquish his hopes of seeing me a bishop. But I argued that, as I had not yet been ordained, there could be no disgrace or impropriety in my avoiding a mode of life which was not suited to my *genius*. This word genius had now, as upon all other occasions, a mighty effect upon my father; and observing this, *I declared farther*, in a high tone of voice, that from

the experience I had already had, I was perfectly certain that the drudgery of sermon-writing would *paralyse my genius;* and that, to expand and invigorate my intellectual powers, it was absolutely necessary I should, to use a great author's expression, "view in foreign countries varied modes of existence."

My father's hopes that one half of his prophecy would at least be accomplished, and that I should become a great author, revived; and he consented to my going to China, upon condition that I should promise to write a history of my voyage and journey, in two volumes octavo, or one quarto, with a folio of plates. This promise was readily made; for, in the plenitude of confidence in my own powers, octavos and quartos shrunk before me, and a folio appeared too small for the various information, and the useful reflections, which a voyage to China must supply.

Full of expectations and projects, I talked from morning till night of my journey: but, notwithstanding my father's hourly remonstrances, I deferred my preparations till the last week. Then all was hurry and confusion: tailors and sempstresses, portmanteaus and trunks, portfolios and drawing-boxes, water-colours, crayons, and note-books, wet from the stationer's, crowded my room. I had a dozen small note-books, and a huge commonplace-book, which was to be divided and kept in the manner recommended by the judicious and immortal Locke.

In the midst of the last day's bustle, I sat down at the corner of a table with compass, ruler, and red ink, to divide and rule my best of all possible commonplace-books; but the red ink was too thin, and the paper was not well sized, and it blotted continually; because I was obliged to turn over the

pages rapidly; and ink will not dry, nor blotting-paper suck it up, more quickly for *a genius* than for any other man. Besides, my attention was much distracted by the fear that the sempstress would not send home my dozen of new shirts, and that a vile *procrastinating* boot-maker would never come with my boots. Every rap at the door I started up to inquire whether *that* was the shirts, or the boots: thrice I overturned the red, and twice the black ink bottles by these starts; and the execrations which I bestowed upon those tradespeople, who will put off every thing to the last moment, were innumerable. I had orders to set off in the mail-coach for Portsmouth, to join the rest of the ambassador's suite.

The provoking watchman cried "past eleven o'clock" before I had half-finished ruling my commonplace-book; my shirts and my boots were not come: the mail-coach, as you may guess, set off without me. My poor father was in a terrible tremor, and walked from room to room, reproaching me and himself: but I persisted in repeating that lord M. would not set out the day he had intended; that nobody, since the creation of the world, ever set out upon a long journey the day he first appointed: besides, there were at least a hundred chances in my favour that his lordship would break down on his way to Portsmouth; that the wind would not be fair when he arrived there; that half the people in his suite would not be more punctual than myself, &c.

By these arguments, or by mere dint of assertion, I quieted my father's apprehensions and my own, and we agreed that, as it was now impossible to go to-day, it was best to stay till to-morrow.

Upon my arrival at Portsmouth, the first thing I heard was that the Lion and Hindostan had sailed,

some hours before, with the embassy for China. Despair deprived me of utterance. A charitable waiter at the inn, however, seeing my consternation and absolute inability to think or act for myself, ran to make farther inquiries, and brought me back the joyful tidings that the Jackal brig, which was to carry out the remainder of the ambassador's suite, was not yet under weigh; that a gentleman, who was to go in the Jackal, had dined at an hotel in the next street, and that he had gone to the water-side but ten minutes ago.

I hurried after him: the boat was gone. I paid another exorbitantly to take me and my goods to the brig, and reached the Jackal just as she was weighing anchor. Bad education for me! The moment I felt myself safe on board, having recovered breath to speak, I exclaimed, "Here am I, safe and sound! just as well as if I had been here yesterday; better indeed. Oh, after this, I shall always trust to my own good fortune! I knew I should not be too late."

When I came to reflect coolly, however, I was rather sorry that I had missed my passage in the Lion, with my friend and protector, and with most of the learned and ingenious men of the ambassador's suite, to whom I had been introduced, and who had seemed favourably disposed toward me. All the advantage I might have derived from their conversation, during this long voyage, was lost by my own negligence. The Jackal lost company of the Lion and Hindostan in the channel. As my friends afterward told me, they waited for us five days in Praya bay; but as no Jackal appeared, they sailed again without her. At length, to our great joy, we descried on the beach of Sumatra a board nailed to a

post, which our friends had set up there, with a written notice to inform us that the Lion and Hindostan had touched on this shore on such a day, and to point out to us the course that we should keep in order to join them.

At the sight of this writing my spirits revived: the wind favoured us; but, alas! in passing the Straits of Banka, we were damaged so that we were obliged to return to port to refit, and to take in fresh provision. Not a soul on board but wished it had been their fate to have had a birth in the other ships; and I more loudly than any one else expressed this wish twenty times a day. When my companions heard that I was to have sailed in the ambassador's ship, if I had been time enough at Spithead, some pitied and some rallied me: but most said I deserved to be punished for my negligence. At length we joined the Lion and Hindostan at North Island. Our friends had quite given up all hopes of ever seeing us again, and had actually bought at Batavia a French brig, to supply the place of the Jackal. To my great satisfaction, I was now received on board the Lion, and had an opportunity of conversing with the men of literature and science, from whom I had been so unluckily separated during the former part of the voyage. Their conversation soon revived and increased my regret, when they told me of all that I had missed seeing at the various places where they had touched: they talked to me with provoking fluency of the culture of manioc; of the root of cassada, of which tapioca is made; of the shrub called the cactus, on which the cochineal insect swarms and feeds; and of the ipecacuanha-plant; all which they had seen at Rio Janeiro, beside eight paintings representing the manner in which the dia-

mond and gold mines in the Brazils are worked. Indeed, upon cross-examination, I found that these pictures were miserably executed, and scarcely worth seeing.

I regretted more the fine pine-apples which my companions assured me were in such abundance that they cleaned their swords in them, as being the cheapest acid that could be there procured. But, far beyond these vulgar objects of curiosity, I regretted not having learned any thing concerning the celebrated upas-tree. I was persuaded that, if I had been at Batavia, I should have extracted some information more precise than these gentlemen obtained from the keepers of the medical garden.

I confess that my mortification at this disappointment did not arise solely from the pure love of natural history: the upas-tree would have made a conspicuous figure in my quarto volume. I consoled myself, however, by the determination to omit nothing that the vast empire of China could afford to render my work entertaining, instructive, interesting, and sublime. To a man of genius, objects and occurrences the most familiar and trivial present new aspects, or lead to important conclusions: what then may be expected from his powers, when a vast empire is presented to his view, whose inhabitants, in their modes of life, customs, laws, and morals, differ essentially from those of any other nation on the face of the globe!—What philosophical observations and rich discoveries in ethics, physics, and metaphysics—what lessons of policy and legislation may the world reasonably hope, in such circumstances, to receive from the pen of a great genius!

I delighted myself with the notion that the world should not be disappointed in their expectations: I

anticipated the pride with which I should receive the compliments of my friends and the public upon my *valuable and incomparable work;* I anticipated the pleasure with which my father would exult in the celebrity of his son, and in the accomplishment of his own prophecies; and, with these thoughts full in my mind, we landed at Mettow, in China.

I sat up late at night writing a sketch of my preface and notes for the heads of chapters. I was tired, fell into a profound sleep, dreamed I was teaching the emperor of China to pronounce chrononhotonthologos, and in the morning was wakened by the sound of the gong; the signal that the accommodation junks were ready to sail with the embassy to Pekin. I hurried on my clothes, and was in the junk before the gong had done beating. I gloried in my celerity; but before we had gone two leagues up the country, I found reason to repent of my precipitation: I wanted to note down my first impressions on entering the Chinese territories; but, alas! I felt in vain in my pocket for my pencil and note-book: I had left them both behind me on my bed. Not only one note-book, but my whole dozen; which, on leaving London, I had stuffed into a bag with my night-gown. Bag, night-gown, note-books, all were forgotten!

However trifling it may appear, this loss of the little note-books was of material consequence. To be sure it was easy to procure paper and make others; but, because it was so easy, it was delayed from hour to hour, and from day to day; and I went on writing my most important remarks on scraps of paper, which were always to be copied to-morrow into a note-book that was then to be made.

We arrived at Pekin, and were magnificently

lodged in a palace in the city of Pekin; but here we were so strictly guarded that we could not stir beyond the courts of the palace. You will say that in this confinement I had leisure sufficient to make a note-book, and to copy my notes: so I had, and it was my firm intention so to have done; but I put it off because I thought it would take up but a few hours' time, and it could be done any day. Besides, the weather was so excessively hot, that for the first week I could do nothing but unbutton my waistcoat and drink sherbet. Visits of ceremony from mandarins took up much of our time: they spoke and moved like machines; and it was with much difficulty that our interpreter made us understand the meaning of their formal sentences, which were seldom worth the trouble of deciphering. We saw them fan themselves, drink tea, eat sweetmeats and rice, and chew betel; but it was scarcely worth while to come all the way from Europe to see this, especially as any common Chinese paper or screen would give an adequate idea of these figures in their accustomed attitudes.

I spent another week in railing at these abominably stupid or unnecessarily cautious creatures of ceremony, and made memorandums for an eloquent chapter in my work.

One morning we were agreeably surprised by a visit from a mandarin of a very different description. We were astonished to hear a person in the habit of a Chinese, and bearing the title of a mandarin, address us in French: he informed us that he was originally a French jesuit, and came over to China with several missionaries from Paris; but as they were prohibited from promulgating their doctrines in this country, most of them had returned to France;

a few remained, assumed the dress and manners of the country, and had been elevated to the rank of mandarins as a reward for their learning. The conversation of our Chinese jesuit was extremely entertaining and instructive; he was delighted to hear news from Europe, and we were eager to obtain from him information respecting China. I paid particular attention to him, and I was so fortunate as to win his confidence, as far as the confidence of a jesuit can be won. He came frequently to visit me, and did me the honour to spend some hours in my apartment.

As he made it understood that these were literary visits, and as his character for propriety was well established with the government, he excited no suspicion, and we spent our time most delightfully between books and conversation. He gave me, by his anecdotes and descriptions, an insight into the characters and domestic lives of the inhabitants of Pekin, which I could not otherwise have obtained; his talent for description was admirable, and his characters were so new to me that I was in continual ecstasy. I called him the Chinese La Bruyere; and, anticipating the figure which his portraits would make in my future work, thought that I could never sufficiently applaud his eloquence. He was glad to lay aside the solemn gravity of a Chinese mandarin, and to indulge the vivacity of a Frenchman; his vanity was gratified by my praises, and he exerted himself to the utmost to enhance my opinion of his talents.

At length we had notice that it was the emperor's pleasure to receive the embassy at his imperial residence in Tartary, at Jehol; *the seat of grateful coolness, the garden of innumerable trees.* From *the very* name of this place I augured that it would

prove favourable to the inspirations of genius, and determined to date at least one of the chapters or letters of my future work from this delightful retreat, the *Sans Souci* of China. Full of this intention, I set out upon our expedition into Tartary.

My good friend, the jesuit, who had a petition to present to the emperor relative to some Chinese manuscripts, determined, to my infinite satisfaction, to accompany us to Jehol; and our conducting mandarin, Van-Tadge, arranged things so upon our journey that I enjoyed as much of my friend's conversation as possible. Never European travelling in these countries had such advantages as mine; I had a companion who was able and willing to instruct me in every minute particular of the manners, and every general principle of the government and policy, of the people. I was in no danger of falling into the ridiculous mistakes of travellers, who, having but a partial view of things and persons, argue absurdly, and grossly misrepresent, while they intend to be accurate. Many people, as my French mandarin observed, reason like Voltaire's famous traveller; who happening to have a drunken landlord and a red-haired landlady at the first inn where he stopped in Alsace, wrote down among his memorandums—"All the men of Alsace drunkards: all the women red-haired."

When we arrived at Jehol, the hurry of preparing for our presentation to the emperor, the want of a convenient writing-table, and perhaps my habit of procrastination, prevented my writing the chapter for my future work, or noting down any of the remarks which the jesuit had made upon our journey. One morning, when I collected my papers and the

scraps of memorandums with which the pockets of all my clothes were stuffed, I was quite terrified at the heap of confusion, and thrust all these materials for my quarto into a canvas bag, purposing to lay them smooth in a portfolio the next day. But the next day I could do nothing of this sort, for we had the British presents to unpack, which had arrived from Pekin; the day after was taken up with our presentation to the emperor; and the day after that I had a new scheme in my head. The emperor, with much solemnity, presented with his own hand to our ambassador a casket, which he said was the most valuable present he could make to the king of England; it contained the miniature pictures of the emperor's ancestors, with a few lines of poetry annexed to each, describing the character, and recording the principal events of each monarch's reign. It occurred to me that a set of similar portraits and poetical histories of the kings of England would be a proper and agreeable offering to the emperor of China: I consulted my friend the French mandarin, and he encouraged me by assurances that, as far as he could pretend to judge, it would be a present peculiarly suited to the emperor's taste; and that in all probability I should be distinguished by some mark of his approbation, or some munificent reward. My friend promised to have the miniatures varnished for me in the Chinese taste; and he undertook to present the work to the emperor when it should be finished. As it was supposed that the embassy would spend the whole winter in Pekin, I thought that I should have time enough to complete the whole series of British sovereigns. It was not necessary to be very scrupulous as to the resemblance of my portraits, as

the emperor of China could not easily detect any errors of this nature: fortunately, I had brought from London with me striking likenesses of all the kings of England, with the principal events of their reign, in one large sheet of paper, which belonged to a joining-map of one of my little cousins. In the confusion of my packing up, I had put it into my trunk instead of a sheet almanack, which lay on the same table. In the course of my life, many lucky accidents have happened to me, even in consequence of my own carelessness; yet that carelessness has afterward prevented my reaping any permanent advantage from my good fortune.

Upon this occasion I was, however, determined that no laziness of mine should deprive me of an opportunity of making my fortune: I set to work immediately, and astonished my friend by the facility with which I made verses. It was my custom to retire from the noisy apartments of our palace to a sort of alcove, at the end of a long gallery, in one of the outer courts, where our corps of artillery used to parade. After their parade was over, the place was perfectly quiet and solitary for the remainder of the day and night. I used to sit up late, writing; and one fine moonlight night, I went out of my alcove to walk in the gallery, while I composed some lines on our great queen Elizabeth. I could not finish the last couplet to my fancy: I sat down upon an artificial rock, which was in the middle of the court, leaned my head upon my hand, and, as I was searching for an appropriate rhyme to *glory*, fell fast asleep. A noise like that of a most violent clap of thunder awakened me; I was thrown with my face flat upon the ground.

When I recovered my senses, the court was filled with persons, some European, some Chinese, seemingly just risen from their beds, with lanterns and torches in their hands; all of them with faces of consternation, asking one another what had happened? The ground was covered with scattered fragments of wooden pillars, mats, and bamboo cane-work; I looked and saw that one end of the gallery in which I had been walking, and the alcove, were in ruins. There was a strong smell of gunpowder. I now recollected that I had borrowed a powder-horn from one of the soldiers in the morning; and that I had intended to load my pistols, but I delayed doing so. The horn, full of gunpowder, lay upon the table in the alcove all day; and the pistols, out of which I had shaken the old priming. When I went out to walk in the gallery, I left the candle burning; and I suppose a spark fell upon the loose gunpowder, set fire to that in the horn, and blew up the alcove. It was built of light wood and cane, and communicated only with a cane-work gallery; otherwise the mischief would have been more serious. As it was, the explosion had alarmed not only all the ambassador's suite, who lodged in the palace, but many of the Chinese in the neighbourhood, who could not be made to comprehend how the accident had happened.

Reproaches from all our own people were poured upon me without mercy; and, in the midst of my contrition, I had not for some time leisure to lament the loss of all my kings of England: no vestige of them remained; and all the labour that I had bestowed upon their portraits and their poetical histories was lost to the emperor of China and to myself. What

was still worse, I could not even utter a syllable of complaint, for nobody would sympathise with me, all my companions were so much provoked by my negligence, and so apprehensive of the bad consequences which might ensue from this accident. The Chinese, who had been alarmed, and who departed evidently dissatisfied, would certainly mention what had happened to the mandarins of the city; and they would report it to the emperor.

I resolved to apply for advice to my friend, the jesuit; but he increased instead of diminishing our apprehensions: he said that the affair was much talked of and misrepresented in Pekin; and that the Chinese, naturally timid, and suspicious of strangers, could not believe that no injury was intended to them, and that the explosion was accidental. A child had been wounded by the fall of some of the ruins of the alcove, which were thrown with great violence into a neighbouring house: the butt end of one of my pistols was found in the street, and had been carried to the magistrate by the enraged populace, as evidence of our evil designs. My jesuit observed to me that there was no possibility of reasoning with the prejudices of any nation; and he confessed he expected that this unlucky accident would have the most serious consequences. He had told me in confidence a circumstance that tended much to confirm this opinion: a few days before, when the emperor went to examine the British presents of artillery, and when the brass mortars were tried, though he admired the ingenuity of these instruments of destruction, yet he said that he deprecated the spirit of the people who employed them; and could not reconcile their improvements in the

arts of war with the mild precepts of the religion which they professed.

My friend, the mandarin, promised he would do all in his power to make the exact truth known to the emperor; and to prevent the evil impressions, which the prejudices of the populace, and perhaps the designing misrepresentations of the city mandarins, might tend to create. I must suppose that the good offices of my jesuit were ineffectual, and that he either received a positive order to interfere no more in our affairs, or that he was afraid of being implicated in our disgrace if he continued his intimacy with me, for this was the last visit I ever received from him.

CHAPTER II.

In a few days the embassy had orders to return to Pekin. The ambassador's palace was fitted up for his winter's residence; and, after our arrival, he was arranging his establishment, when, by a fresh mandate from the emperor, we were required to prepare with all possible expedition for our departure from the Chinese dominions. On Monday we received an order to leave Pekin the ensuing Wednesday; and all our remonstrances could procure only a delay of two days. Various causes were assigned for this peremptory order, and, among the rest, my unlucky accident was mentioned. However improbable it might seem that such a trifle could have had so great an effect, the idea was credited by many of

my companions; and I saw that I was looked upon with an evil eye.

I suffered extremely. I have often observed, that even remorse for my past negligence has tended to increase the original defect of my character. During our whole journey from Pekin to Canton, my sorrow for the late accident was an excuse to myself for neglecting to make either notes or observations. When we arrived at Canton, my time was taken up with certain commissions for my friends at home; which I had delayed to execute while at Pekin, from the idea that we should spend the whole winter there. The trunks were on board before all my commissions were ready, and I was obliged to pack up several toys and other articles in a basket. As to my papers, they still remained in the canvas bag into which I had stuffed them at Jehol: but I was certain of having leisure, during our voyage home, to arrange them, and to post my notes into Locke's commonplace-book.

At the beginning of the voyage, however, I suffered much from sea-sickness: toward the middle of the time I grew better, and indulged myself in the amusement of fishing while the weather was fine; when the weather was not inviting, in idleness. Innumerable other petty causes of delay occurred: there was so much eating and drinking, so much singing and laughing, and such frequent card-playing in the cabin, that, though I produced my canvas bag above a hundred times, I never could accomplish sorting its contents: indeed, I seldom proceeded farther than to untie the strings.

One day I had the state cabin fairly to myself, and had really begun my work, when the steward came to let me know that my Chinese basket was just

washed overboard. In this basket were all the presents and commissions which I had bought at Canton for my friends at home. I ran to the cabin window, and had the mortification to see all my beautiful scarlet calibash boxes, the fan for my cousin Lucy, and the variety of toys, which I had bought for my little cousins, all floating on the sea far out of my reach. I had been warned before that the basket would be washed overboard, and had intended to put it into a safe place; but unluckily I delayed to do so.

I was so much vexed by this accident, that I could not go on with my writing: if it had not been for this interruption, I do believe I should that day have accomplished my long postponed task. I will not, indeed I cannot, record all the minute causes which afterwards prevented my executing my intentions. The papers were still in the same disorder, stuffed into the canvas bag, when I arrived in England. I promised myself that I would sort them the very day after I got home: but visits of congratulation from my friends, upon my return, induced me to delay doing any thing for the first week. The succeeding week I had a multiplicity of engagements: all my acquaintance, curious to hear a man converse who was fresh from China, invited me to dinner and tea parties; and I could not possibly refuse these kind invitations, and shut myself up in my room, like a hackney author, to write. My father often urged me to begin my quarto; for he knew that other gentlemen, who went out with the embassy, designed to write the history of the voyage; and he, being a bookseller, and used to the ways of authors, foresaw what would happen. A fortnight after we came home, the following advertisement ap-

peared in the papers: "Now in the press, and speedily will be published, a Narrative of the British Embassy to China, containing the various Circumstances of the Embassy; with Accounts of the Customs and Manners of the Chinese; and a Description of the Country Towns, Cities, &c."

I never saw my poor father turn so pale or look so angry as when he saw this advertisement: he handed it across the breakfast-table to me.

"There, Basil," cried he, "I told you what would happen, and you would not believe me. But this is the way you have served me all your life, and this is the way you will go on to the day of your death, putting things off till to-morrow! This is the way you have lost every opportunity of distinguishing yourself; every chance, and you have had many, of advancing yourself in the world! What signifies all I have done for you, or all you can do for yourself? Your genius and education are of no manner of use! Why, there is that heavy dog, as you used to call him at Eton, Johnson: look how he is getting on in the world, by mere dint of application and sticking steadily to his profession. He will beat you at every thing, as he beat you at Eton in writing verses."

"Only in copying them, sir. My verses, every body said, were far better than his; only, unluckily, I had not mine finished and copied out in time."

"Well, sir, and that is the very thing I complain of. I suppose you will tell me that your voyage to China will be far better than this which is advertised this morning."

"To be sure it will, father; for I have had opportunities, and collected materials, which this man, whoever he is, cannot possibly have obtained. To say nothing of my own abilities, I have had such assist-

ance, such information from my friend the missionary——"

"But what signifies your missionary, your information, your abilities, and your materials?" cried my father, raising his voice: "Your book is not out, your book will never be finished: or it will be done too late, and nobody will read it; and then you may throw it into the fire. Here you have an opportunity of establishing your fame, and making yourself a great author at once; and if you throw it away, Basil, I give you fair notice, I never will pardon you."

I promised my father that I would set about my work *to-morrow;* and pacified him by repeating that this hasty publication, which had just been advertised, must be a catchpenny, and that it would serve only to stimulate instead of satisfying the public curiosity. My quarto, I said, would appear afterwards with a much better grace, and would be sought for by every person of science, taste, and literature.

Soothed by these assurances, my father recovered his good-humour, and trusted to my promise that I would commence my great work the ensuing day. I was fully in earnest. I went to my canvas bag to prepare my materials. Alas, I found them in a terrible condition! The sea-water, somehow or other, had got to them during the voyage; and many of my most precious documents were absolutely illegible. The notes, written in pencil, were almost effaced, and, when I had smoothed the crumpled scraps, I could make nothing of them. It was with the utmost difficulty I could read even those that were written in ink; they were so villanously scrawled and so terribly blotted. When I had made out the words, I was often at a loss for the sense; because I had trusted

so much to the excellence of my memory, that my notes were never either sufficiently full or accurate. Ideas which I had thought could never be effaced from my mind were now totally forgotten, and I could not comprehend my own mysterious elliptical hints and memorandums. I remember spending two hours in trying to make out what the following words could mean: *Hoy—alla—hoya;—hoya, hoya,—hoy—waudihoya.*

At last, I recollected that they were merely the sounds of the words used by the Chinese sailors, in towing the junks, and I was much provoked at having wasted my time in trying to remember what was not worth recording. Another day I was puzzled by the following memorandum: "W : C : 30. f. h.—24 b.—120 m—l—mandarin—C. tradition—2000—200 before J. C.—" which, after three quarters of an hour's study, I discovered to mean that the wall of China is 30 feet high, 24 feet broad, and 120 miles long; and that a mandarin told me, that, according to Chinese tradition, this wall had been built above 2000 years, that is, 200 before the birth of our Saviour.

On another scrap of paper, at the very bottom of the bag, I found the words, "Wheazou—Chanchin — Cuaboocow — Caungchumfoa — Callachottueng—Quanshanglin—Callachotre shansu," &c.; all which I found to be a list of towns and villages through which we had passed, or palaces that we had seen; but how to distinguish these asunder I knew not, for all recollection of them was obliterated from my mind, and no farther notes respecting them were to be found.

After many days' tiresome attempts, I was obliged to give up all hopes of deciphering the most important

of my notes, those which I had made from the information of the French missionary. Most of what I had trusted so securely to my memory was defective in some slight circumstances, which rendered the whole useless. My materials for my quarto shrunk into a very small compass. I flattered myself, however, that the elegance of my composition, and the moral and political reflections with which I intended to intersperse the work, would compensate for the paucity of facts in my narrative. That I might devote my whole attention to the business of writing, I determined to leave London, where I met with so many temptations to idleness, and set off to pay a visit to my uncle Lowe, who lived in the country, in a retired part of England. He was a farmer, a plain, sensible, affectionate man; and as he had often invited me to come and see him, I made no doubt that I should be an agreeable guest. I had intended to have written a few lines the week before I set out, to say that I was coming; but I put it off till at last I thought that it would be useless, because I should get there as soon as my letter.

I had soon reason to regret that I had been so negligent: for my appearance at my uncle's, instead of creating that general joy which I had expected, threw the whole house into confusion. It happened that there was company in the house, and all the beds were occupied: while I was taking off my boots, I had the mortification to hear my aunt Lowe say, in a voice of mingled distress and reproach, "Come! is he?—My goodness! What shall we do for a bed?—How could he think of coming without writing a line beforehand? My goodness! I wish he was a hundred miles off, I'm sure."

My uncle shook hands with me, and welcomed

me to old England again, and to his house; which, he said, should always be open to all his relations. I saw that he was not pleased; and, as he was a man who, according to the English phrase, scorned *to keep a thing long upon his mind,* he let me know, before he had finished his first glass of ale to my good health, that he was *inclinable to take it very unkind indeed* that, after all he had said about my writing a letter now and then, just to say how I did, and how I was going on, I had never put pen to paper to answer one of his letters since the day I first promised to write, which was the day I went to Eton school, till this present time of speaking. I had no good apology to make for myself, but I attempted all manner of excuses; that I had put off writing from day to day, and from year to year, till I was ashamed to write at all; that it was not from want of affection, &c.

My uncle took up his pipe and puffed away, while I spoke: and when I had said all that I could devise, I sat silent; for I saw by the looks of all present that I had not mended the matter. My aunt pursed up her mouth, and "wondered, if she must tell the plain truth, that so great a scholar as Mr. Basil could not, when it must give him so little trouble to indite a letter, write a few lines to an uncle who had begged it so often, and who had ever been a good friend."

"Say nothing of that," said my uncle:—"I scorn to have that put into account. I loved the boy, and all I could do was done of course; that's nothing to the purpose; but the longest day I have to live I'll never trouble him with begging a letter from him no more. For now I see he does not care a fig for me; and of course I do not care a fig for he. Lucy, hold

up your head, girl; and don't look as if you were going to be hanged."

My cousin Lucy was the only person present who seemed to have any compassion for me; and, as I lifted up my eyes to look at her when her father spoke, she appeared to me quite beautiful. I had always thought her a pretty girl, but she never struck me as any thing very extraordinary till this moment. I was very sorry that I had offended my uncle: I saw he was seriously displeased, and that his pride, of which he had a large portion, had conquered his affection for me.

"'Tis easier to lose a friend than gain one, young man," said he, "and take my word for it, as this world goes, 'tis a foolish thing to lose a friend for want of writing a letter or so. Here's seven years I have been begging a letter now and then, and could not get one. Never wrote a line to me before you went to China; should not have known a word about it but for my wife, who met you by mere chance in London, and gave you some little commissions for the children, which it seems you forgot till it was too late. Then, after you came back, never wrote to me."

"And even not to write a line to give one notice of his coming here to-night," added my aunt.

"Oh, as to that," replied my uncle, "he can never find our larder at a nonplus: we have no dishes for him dressed Chinese fashion; but as to roast beef of old England, which, I take it, is worth all the foreign meats, he is welcome to it, and to as much of it as he pleases. I shall always be glad to see him as an acquaintance, and so forth, as a good Christian ought, but not as the favourite he used to be—that is out of the question; for things cannot be both done and un-

done, and time that's past cannot come back again, that is clear; and cold water thrown on a warm heart puts it out; and there's an end of the matter. Lucy, bring me my nightcap."

Lucy, I think, sighed once; and I am sure I sighed above a dozen times; but my uncle put on his red nightcap, and heeded us not. I was in hopes that the next morning he would have been better disposed toward me after having slept off his anger. The moment that I appeared in the morning, the children, who had been in bed when I arrived the preceding night, crowded round me: and one cried, "Cousin Basil, have you brought me the tumbler you promised me from China?"

"Cousin Basil, where's my boat?"

"Oh, Basil, did you bring me the calibash box that you promised me?"

"And pray," cried my aunt, "did you bring my Lucy the fan that she commissioned you to get?"

"No, I'll warant," said my uncle. "He that cannot bring himself to write a letter in the course of seven years to his friends will not be apt to trouble his head about their foolish commissions, when he is in foreign parts."

Though I was abashed and vexed, I summoned sufficient courage to reply that I had not neglected to execute the commissions of any of my friends; but that, by an unlucky accident, the basket into which I had packed all their things was washed overboard.

"Hum!" said my uncle.

"And pray," said my aunt, "why were they all packed in a basket? Why were not they put into your trunks, where they might have been safe?"

I was obliged to confess that I had delayed to purchase them till after we left Pekin; and that the

trunks were put on board before they were all procured at Canton. My vile habit of procrastination! How did I suffer for it at this moment! Lucy began to make excuses for me, which made me blame myself the more: she said that, as to her fan, it would have been of little or no use to her; that she was sure she should have broken it before it had been a week in her possession; and that, therefore, she was glad that she had it not. The children were clamorous in their grief for the loss of the boat, the tumbler, and the calibash boxes; but Lucy contrived to quiet them in time, and to make my peace with all the younger part of the family. To reinstate me in my uncle's good graces was impossible; he would only repeat to her—"The young man has lost my good opinion; he will never do any good. From a child upward he has always put off doing every thing he ought to do. He will never do any good; he will never be any thing."

My aunt was not my friend, because she suspected that Lucy liked me; and she thought her daughter might do much better than marry a man who had quitted the profession to which he was bred, and was, as it seemed, little likely to settle to any other. My pretensions to genius and my literary qualifications were of no advantage to me, either with my uncle or my aunt; the one being *only* a good farmer, and the other *only* a good housewife. They contented themselves with asking me, coolly, what I had ever made by being an author? And when I was forced to answer *nothing*, they smiled upon me in scorn. My pride was roused, and I boasted that I expected to receive at least 600*l.* for my Voyage to China, which I hoped to complete in a few weeks. My aunt looked at me with astonishment; and, to prove to her that I *was not passing* the bounds of truth, I added, that one

of my travelling companions had, as I was credibly informed, received a thousand pounds for his narrative, to which mine would certainly be far superior.

"When it is done, and when you have the money in your hand to show us, I shall believe you," said my aunt; "and then, and not till then, you may begin to think of my Lucy."

"He shall never have her," said my uncle; "he will never come to good. He shall never have her."

The time which I ought to have spent in composing my quarto I now wasted in fruitless endeavours to recover the good graces of my uncle. Love, assisted as usual by the spirit of opposition, took possession of my heart; and how can a man in love write quartos? I became more indolent than ever, for I persuaded myself that no exertions could overcome my uncle's prejudice against me; and, without his approbation, I despaired of ever obtaining Lucy's hand.

During my stay at my uncle's, I received several letters from my father, inquiring how my work went on, and urging me to proceed as rapidly as possible, lest another Voyage to China, which it was reported was now composing by a gentleman of high reputation, should come out and preclude mine for ever. I cannot account for my folly: the power of habit is imperceptible to those who submit passively to its tyranny. From day to day I continued procrastinating and sighing, till at last the fatal news came that Sir George Staunton's History of the Embassy to China, in two volumes quarto, was actually published.

There was an end of all my hopes. I left my uncle's house in despair; I dreaded to see my father. He overwhelmed me with well-merited reproaches. All his expectations of my success in life were disappointed; he was now convinced that I should never

make my talents useful to myself or to my family. A settled melancholy appeared in his countenance; he soon ceased to urge me to any exertion, and I idled away my time, deploring that I could not marry my Lucy, and resolving upon a thousand schemes for advancing myself, but always delaying their execution till to-morrow.

CHAPTER III.

Two years passed away in this manner; about the end of which time my poor father died. I cannot describe the mixed sensations of grief and self-reproach which I felt at his death. I knew that I had never fulfilled his sanguine prophecies, and that disappointment had long preyed upon his spirits. This was a severe shock to me: I was roused from a state of stupefaction by the necessity of acting as my father's executor.

Among his bequests was one which touched me particularly, because I was sensible that it was made from kindness to me. "I give and bequeath the full-length picture of my son Basil, taken when a boy (a very promising boy) at Eton school, to my brother, Lowe. I should say to my sweet niece, Lucy Lowe, but am afraid of giving offence."

I sent the picture to my uncle Lowe, with a copy of the words of the will, and a letter written in the bitterness of grief. My uncle, who was of an affectionate though positive temper, returned me the *following* answer:

"DEAR NEPHEW BASIL,

"Taking it for granted you feel as much as I do, it being natural you should, and even more, I shall not refuse to let my Lucy have the picture bequeathed to me by my good brother, who could not offend me dying, never having done so living. As to you, Basil, this is no time for reproaches, which would be cruel; but, without meaning to look back to the past, I must add that I mean nothing by giving the picture to Lucy but respect for my poor brother's memory. My opinions remaining as heretofore, I think it a duty to my girl to be steady in my determination; convinced that no man (not meaning you in particular) of what I call a *putting off* temper could make her happy, she being too mild to scold and bustle, and do the man's business in a family. This is the whole of my mind without malice; for how could I, if I were malicious, which I am not, bear malice, and at such a time as this, against my own nephew? and as to anger, that is soon over with me; and though I said I never would forgive you, Basil, for not writing to me for seven years, I do now forgive you with all my heart. So let that be off your conscience. And now I hope we shall be very good friends all the rest of our lives; that is to say, putting Lucy out of the question; for, in my opinion, it is a disagreeable thing to have any bickerings between near relations. So, my dear nephew, wishing you all health and happiness, I hope you will now settle to business. My wife tells me she hears you are left in a good way by my poor brother's care and industry; and she sends her love to you, in which all the family unite; and hoping you will write from time to time, I remain,

My dear nephew, Basil,

Your affectionate uncle,

THOMAS LOWE."

My aunt Lowe added a postscript, inquiring more particularly into the state of my affairs. I answered, by return of post, that my good father had left me much richer than I either expected or deserved: his credit in the booksellers' line was extensive and well established; his shop was well furnished, and he had a considerable sum of money in bank; beside many *good* debts due from authors, to whom he had advanced cash.

My aunt Lowe was governed by her interest as decidedly as my uncle was swayed by his humour and affection; and, of course, became more favourable toward me, when she found that my fortune was better than she had expected. She wrote to exhort me to attend to my business, and to prove to my uncle that I could cure myself of my negligent habits. She promised to befriend me, and to do every thing to obtain my uncle's consent to my union with Lucy, upon condition that I would for six months steadily persevere, or, as she expressed herself, *show that I could come to good.*

The motive was powerful, sufficiently powerful to conquer the force of inveterate habit. I applied resolutely to business, and supported the credit which my father's punctuality had obtained from his customers. During the course of six entire months, I am not conscious of having neglected or delayed to do any thing of consequence that I ought to have done, except whetting my razor. My aunt Lowe faithfully kept her word with me, and took every opportunity of representing, in the most favourable manner to my uncle, the reformation that love had wrought in my character.

I went to the country, full of hope, at the end of my six probationary months. My uncle, however, with a mixture of obstinacy and good sense, replied

to my aunt in my presence: "This reformation that you talk of, wife, won't last. 'Twas begun by love, as *you* say; and will end with love, as *I* say. You and I know, my dear, love lasts little longer than the honeymoon; and Lucy is not, or ought not to be, such a simpleton as to look only to what a husband will be for one short month of his life, when she is to live with him for twenty, thirty, may be forty long years; and no help for it, let him turn out what he will. I beg your pardon, nephew Basil; but where my Lucy's happiness is at stake, I must speak my mind as a father should. My opinion, Lucy, is, that he is not a whit changed; and so I now let you understand, if you marry the man, it must be without my consent."

Lucy turned exceedingly pale, and I grew extremely angry. My uncle had, as usual, recourse to his pipe; and to all the eloquence which love and indignation could inspire, he would only answer, between the whiffs of his smoking, "If my girl marries you, nephew Basil, I say she must do so without my consent."

Lucy's affection for me struggled for some time with her sense of duty to her father; her mother supported my cause with much warmth; having once declared in my favour, she considered herself as bound to maintain her side of the question. It became a trial of power between my uncle and aunt; and their passions rose so high in the conflict, that Lucy trembled for the consequences.

One day she took an opportunity of speaking to me in private. "My dear Basil," said she, "we must part. You see that I can never be yours with my father's consent; and without it I could never be happy, even in being united to you. I will not be the cause of misery to all those whom I love best in the world. I will not set my father and mother

at variance. I cannot bear to hear the altercations, which rise higher and higher between them every day. Let us part, and all will be right again."

It was in vain that I combated her resolution: I alternately resented and deplored the weakness which induced Lucy to sacrifice her own happiness and mine to the obstinate prejudices of a father; yet I could not avoid respecting her the more for her adhering to what she believed to be her duty. The sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and filial piety, which she showed on this trying occasion, endeared her to me beyond expression.

Her father, notwithstanding his determination to be as immoveable as a rock, began to manifest symptoms of internal agitation; and one night, after breaking his pipe, and throwing down the tongs and poker twice, which Lucy twice replaced, he exclaimed, "Lucy, girl, you are a fool! and, what is worse, you are grown into a mere shadow. You are breaking my heart. Why, I know this man, this Basil, this cursed nephew of mine, will never come to good. But cannot you marry him without my consent?"

Upon this hint Lucy's scruples vanished; and, a few days afterward, we were married. Prudence, virtue, pride, love, every strong motive which can act upon the human mind, stimulated me to exert myself to prove that I was worthy of this most amiable woman. A year passed away, and my Lucy said that she had no reason to repent of her choice. She took the most affectionate pains to convince her father that she was perfectly happy, and that he had judged of me too harshly. His delight at seeing his daughter happy vanquished his reluctance to acknowledge that he had changed his opinion. I never shall forget the pleasure I felt at hearing him confess that

he had been too positive, and that his Lucy had made a good match for herself.

Alas! when I had obtained this testimony in my favour, when I had established a character for exertion and punctuality, I began to relax in my efforts to deserve it: I indulged myself in my old habits of procrastination. My customers and country correspondents began to complain that their letters were unanswered, and that their orders were neglected. Their remonstrances became more and more urgent in process of time; and nothing but actually seeing the dates of their letters could convince me that they were in the right, and that I was in the wrong. An old friend of my father's, a rich gentleman, who loved books and bought all that were worth buying, sent me, in March, an order for books to a considerable amount. In April he wrote to remind me of his first letter.

"MY DEAR SIR, April 3.

"Last month I wrote to request that you would send me the following books:—I have been much disappointed by not receiving them; and I request you will be so good as to forward them *immediately*.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

J. C."

In May he wrote to me again.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am much surprised at not having yet received the books I wrote for last March—beg to know the cause of this delay; and am,

Dear sir,

Yours, &c.

J. C."

A fortnight afterward, as I was packing up the books for this gentleman, I received the following:

"SIR,

"As it is now above a quarter of a year since I wrote to you for books, which you have not yet sent to me, I have been obliged to apply to another bookseller.

"I am much concerned at being compelled to this: I had a great regard for your father, and would not willingly break off my connexion with his son; but really you have tried my patience too far. Last year I never had from you any one new publication, until it was in the hands of all my neighbours; and I have often been under the necessity of borrowing books which I had bespoken from you months before. I hope you will take this as a warning, and that you will not use any of your other friends as you have used,

Sir,
Your humble servant,
J. C."

This reprimand had little effect upon me, because, at the time when I received it, I was intent upon an object, in comparison with which the trade of a bookseller appeared absolutely below my consideration. I was inventing a set of new taxes for the minister, for which I expected to be liberally rewarded. Like many men of genius, I was always disposed to think that my fortune was to be made by some extraordinary exertion of talent, instead of the vulgar means of daily industry. I was ever searching for some *short cut* to the temple of Fame, instead of following the beaten road.

I was much encouraged by persons intimately connected with those high in power to hope that my

new taxes would be adopted; and I spent my time in attendance upon my patrons, leaving the care of my business to my foreman; a young man whose head the whole week was intent upon riding out on Sunday. With such a master and such a foreman affairs could not go on well.

My Lucy, notwithstanding her great respect for my abilities, and her confidence in my promises, often hinted that she feared ministers might not at last make me amends for the time I devoted to my system of taxation; but I persisted. The file of unanswered letters was filled even to the top of the wire; the drawer of unsettled accounts made me sigh profoundly, whenever it was accidentally opened. I soon acquired a horror of business, and practised all the arts of apology, evasion, and invisibility, to which procrastinators must sooner or later be reduced. My conscience gradually became callous; and I could, without compunction, promise, with a face of truth, to settle an account *to-morrow*, without having the slightest hope of keeping my word.

I was a publisher as well as a bookseller, and was assailed by a tribe of rich and poor authors. The rich complained continually of delays that affected their fame; the poor of delays that concerned their interest, and sometimes their very existence. I was cursed with a compassionate as well as with a procrastinating temper; and I frequently advanced money to my poor authors, to compensate for my neglect to settle their accounts, and to free myself from the torment of their reproaches.

They soon learned to take a double advantage of my virtues and my vices. The list of my poor authors increased, for I was an encourager of genius.

trusted to my own judgment concerning every performance that was offered to me; and I was often obliged to pay for having neglected to read, or to send to press, these multifarious manuscripts. After having kept a poor devil of an author upon the tenter-hooks of expectation for an unconscionable time, I could not say to him, "Sir, I have never opened your manuscript; there it is, in that heap of rubbish: take it away, for Heaven's sake." No, hardened as I was, I never failed to make some compliment, or some retribution; and my compliments were often in the end the most expensive species of retribution.

My rich authors soon deserted me, and hurt my credit in the circles of literary fashion by their clamors. I had ample experience, yet I have never been able to decide whether I would rather meet the "desperate misery" of a famishing pamphleteer, or the exasperated vanity of a rich *amateur*. Every one of my authors seemed convinced that the fate of Europe or the salvation of the world depended upon the publication of their book on some particular day; while I all the time was equally persuaded that their works were mere trash, in comparison with my new system of taxation; consequently, I postponed their business, and pursued my favourite tax scheme.

I have the pride and pleasure to say that all my taxes were approved and adopted, and brought in an immense increase of revenue to the state; but I have the mortification to be obliged to add that I never, directly or indirectly, received the slightest pecuniary reward; and the credit of all I had proposed was snatched from me by a rogue, who had no other merit than that of being shaved sooner than I was one frosty

morning. If I had not put off whetting my razor the preceding day, this would not have happened. To such a trifling instance of my unfortunate habit of procrastination must I attribute one of the most severe disappointments of my life. A rival financier, who laid claim to the prior invention and suggestion of my principal taxes, was appointed to meet me at the house of my great man at ten o'clock in the morning. My opponent was punctual; I was half an hour too late; his claims were established; mine were rejected, because I was not present to produce my proofs. When I arrived at my patron's door, the insolent porter shut the door in my face; and so ended all hopes from my grand system of taxation.

I went home and shut myself up in my room, to give vent to my grief at leisure; but I was not permitted to indulge my sorrow long in peace. I was summoned by my foreman to come down stairs to one of my enraged authors, who positively refused to quit the shop without seeing me. Of the whole irritable race, the man who was now waiting to see me was the most violent. He was a man of some genius and learning, with great pretensions, and a vindictive spirit. He was poor, yet lived among the rich; and his arrogance could be equalled only by his susceptibility. He was known in our house by the name of *Thaumaturgos, the retailer of wonders*, because he had sent me a manuscript with this title; and once or twice a week we received a letter or message from him, to inquire when it would be published. I had unfortunately mislaid this precious manuscript. Under this circumstance, to meet the author was almost as dreadful as to stand the shot of a pistol. Down stairs I went, unprovided with any apology.

"Sir," cried my angry man, suppressing his passion, "as you do not find it worth your while to publish *Thaumaturgos,* you will be so obliging as to let me have my manuscript."

"Pardon me, my dear sir," interrupted I; "it shall certainly appear this spring."

"Spring! Zounds, sir, don't talk to me of spring. Why you told me it should be out at Christmas; you said it should be out last June; you promised to send it to press before last Easter. Is this the way I am to be treated?"

"Pardon me, my dear sir. I confess I have used you and the world very ill; but the pressure of business must plead my apology."

"Look you, Mr. Basil Lowe, I am not come here to listen to commonplace excuses. I have been ill used, and know it; and the world shall know it. I am not ignorant of the designs of my enemies; but no cabal shall succeed against me. Thaumaturgos shall not be suppressed! Thaumaturgos shall see the light! Thaumaturgos shall have justice, in spite of all the machinations of malice. Sir, I demand my manuscript."

"Sir, it shall be sent to you to-morrow."

"To-morrow, sir, will not do for me. I have heard of to-morrow from you this twelvemonth past. I will have my manuscript to-day. I do not leave this spot without Thaumaturgos."

Thus driven to extremities, I was compelled to confess that I could not immediately lay my hand upon it; but I added that the whole house should be searched for it instantly. It is impossible to describe the indignation which my author expressed. I ran away to search the house. He followed me, and *stood by while* I rummaged in drawers and boxes

full of papers, and tossed over heaps of manuscripts. No Thaumaturgos could be found. The author declared that he had no copy of the manuscript; that he had been offered 500*l.* for it by another bookseller; and that, for his own part, he would not lose it for twice that sum. Lost, however, it evidently was. He stalked out of my house, bidding me prepare to abide by the consequences. I racked my memory in vain, to discover what I had done with this bundle of wonders. I could recollect only that I carried it a week in my great coat pocket, resolving every day to lock it up; and that I went to the Mount coffee-house in this coat several times. These recollections were of little use.

A suit was instituted against me for the value of Thaumaturgos; and the damages were modestly laid by the author at eight hundred guineas. The cause was highly interesting to all the tribe of London booksellers and authors. The court was crowded at an early hour; several people of fashion, who were partisans of the plaintiff, appeared in the gallery; many more, who were his enemies, attended on purpose to hear my counsel ridicule and abuse the pompous *Thaumaturgos.* I had great hopes, myself, that we might win the day; especially as the lawyer on the opposite side was my old competitor at Eton, that Johnson, whom I had always considered as a mere laborious drudge, and a very heavy fellow. How this heavy fellow got up in the world, and how he contrived to supply, by dint of study, the want of natural talents, I cannot tell; but this I know, to my cost, that he managed his client's cause so ably, and made a speech so full of sound law and clear sense, as effectually to decide the cause against me. I was condemned to pay 500*l.* damages, and costs of suit. Five hundred

pounds lost, by delaying to lock up a bundle of papers! Every body pitied me, because the punishment seemed so disproportioned to the offence. The pity of every body, however, did not console me for the loss of my money.

CHAPTER IV.

THE trial was published in the papers: my uncle Lowe read it, and all my credit with him was lost for ever. Lucy did not utter a syllable of reproach or complaint; but she used all her gentle influence to prevail upon me to lay aside the various schemes which I had formed for making a rapid fortune, and urged me to devote my whole attention to my business.

The loss which I had sustained, though great, was not irremediable. I was moved more by my wife's kindness than I could have been by the most outrageous invective. But what is kindness, what is affection, what are the best resolutions, opposed to all-powerful habit? I put off settling my affairs till I had finished a pamphlet against government, which my friends and the critics assured me would make my fortune, by attaching to my shop all the opposition members.

My pamphlet succeeded, was highly praised, and loudly abused: answers appeared, and I was called upon to provide rejoinders. Time thus passed away, and while I was gaining fame, I every hour lost money. I was threatened with bankruptcy. I threw aside my pamphlets, and, in the utmost terror and confusion, began, too late, to look into my affairs. I now *attempted too* much: I expected to repair by bustle

the effects of procrastination. The nervous anxiety of my mind prevented me from doing any thing well; whatever I was employed about appeared to me of less consequence than a hundred other things, which ought to be done. The letter that I was writing, or the account that I was settling, was but one of a multitude; which had all equal claims to be expedited immediately. My courage failed; I abandoned my business in despair. A commission of bankruptcy was taken out against me; all my goods were seized, and I became a prisoner in the King's Bench.

My wife's relations refused to give me any assistance; but her father offered to receive her and her little boy, on condition that she would part from me, and spend the remainder of her days with them. This she positively refused; and I never shall forget the manner of her refusal. Her character rose in adversity. With the utmost feminine gentleness and delicacy, she had a degree of courage and fortitude which I have seldom seen equalled in any of my own sex. She followed me to prison, and supported my spirits by a thousand daily instances of kindness. During eighteen months that she passed with me in a prison, which we then thought must be my abode for life, she never, by word or look, reminded me that I was the cause of our misfortunes: on the contrary, she drove this idea from my thoughts with all the address of female affection. I cannot, even at this distance of time, recall these things to memory without tears.

What a woman, what a wife had I reduced to distress! I never saw her, even in the first months of our marriage, so cheerful and so tender as at this period. She seemed to have no existence but in me

and in our little boy; of whom she was dotingly fond. He was at this time just able to run about and talk; his playful caresses, his thoughtless gaiety, and at times a certain tone of compassion for *poor papa* were very touching. Alas! he little foresaw . . . .

But let me go on with my history, if I can, without anticipation.

Among my creditors was a Mr. Nun, a paper-maker, who, from his frequent dealings with me, had occasion to see something of my character and of my wife's; he admired her, and pitied me. He was in easy circumstances, and delighted in doing all the good in his power. One morning my Lucy came into my room with a face radiant with joy.

"My love," said she, "here is Mr. Nun below, waiting to see you; but he says he will not see you till I have told you the good news. He has got all our creditors to enter into a compromise, and to set you at liberty."

I was transported with joy and gratitude; our benevolent friend was waiting in a hackney-coach to carry us away from prison. When I began to thank him, he stopped me with a blunt declaration that I was not a bit obliged to him; for that, if I had been a man of straw, he would have done just the same for the sake of my wife, whom he looked upon to be one or other the best woman he had ever seen, Mrs. Nun always excepted.

He proceeded to inform me how he had settled my affairs, and how he had obtained from my creditors a small allowance for the immediate support of myself and family. He had given up the third part of a considerable sum due to himself. As my own house was shut up, he insisted upon taking us home with

him: "Mrs. Nun," he said, "had provided a good dinner; and he must not have her ducks and green peas upon the table, and no friends to eat them."

Never were ducks and green peas more acceptable; never was a dinner eaten with more appetite, or given with more good-will. I have often thought of this dinner, and compared the hospitality of this simple-hearted man with the ostentation of great folks, who give splendid entertainments to those who do not want them. In trifles and in matters of consequence this Mr. Nun was one of the most liberal and unaffectedly generous men I ever knew; but the generous actions of men in middle life are lost in obscurity. No matter. They do not act from the love of fame; they act from a better motive, and they have their reward in their own hearts.

As I was passing through Mr. Nun's warehouse, I was thinking of writing something on this subject; but whether it should be a poetic effusion, in the form of "An Ode to him who least expects it," or a prose work, under the title of "Modern Parallels," in the manner of Plutarch, I had not decided, when I was roused from my reverie by my wife, who, pointing to a large bale of paper that was directed to "Ezekiel Croft, merchant, Philadelphia," asked me if I knew that this gentleman was a very near relation of her mother? "Is he indeed?" said Mr. Nun. "Then I can assure you that you have a relation of whom you have no occasion to be ashamed: he is one of the most respectable merchants in Philadelphia."

"He was not very rich when he left this country about six years ago," said Lucy.

"He has a very good fortune now," answered Mr. Nun.

"And has he made this very good fortune in six years?" cried I. "My dear Lucy, I did not know that you had any relations in America. I have a great mind to go over there myself."

"Away from all our friends!" said Lucy.

"I shall be ashamed," replied I, "to see them after all that has happened. A bankrupt cannot have many friends. The best thing that I can possibly do is to go over to a new world, where I may establish a new character, and make a new fortune."

"But we must not forget," said Mr. Nun, "that in the new world, as in the old one, a character and a fortune must be made by much the same means. And, forgive me if I add, the same bad habits that are against a man in one country will be as much against him in another."

True, thought I, as I recollected at this instant my unfortunate voyage to China. But now that the idea of going to America had come into my mind, I saw so many chances of success in my favour, and I felt so much convinced I should not relapse into my former faults, that I could not abandon the scheme. My Lucy consented to accompany me. She spent a week in the country with her father and friends, by my particular desire; and they did all they could to prevail upon her to stay with them, promising to take the best possible care of her and her little boy during my absence; but she steadily persisted in her determination to accompany her husband. I was not too late in going on ship-board this time; and, during the whole voyage, I did not lose any of my goods; for, in the first place, I had very few goods to lose, and, in the next, my wife took the entire charge of those few.

And now behold me safely landed at Philadelphia,

with one hundred pounds in my pocket—a small sum of money; but many, from yet more trifling beginnings, had grown rich in America. My wife's relation, Mr. Croft, had not so much, as I was told, when he left England. Many passengers, who came over in the same ship with me, had not half so much. Several of them were, indeed, wretchedly poor.

Among others, there was an Irishman who was known by the name of Barny, a contraction, I believe, for Barnaby. As to his surname he could not undertake to spell it; but he assured me there was no better. This man, with many of his relatives, had come to England, according to their custom, during harvest-time, to assist in reaping, because they gain higher wages than in their own country. Barny heard that he should get still higher wages for labour in America, and accordingly he, and his two sons, lads of eighteen and twenty, took their passage for Philadelphia. A merrier mortal I never saw. We used to hear him upon deck, continually singing or whistling his Irish tunes; and I should never have guessed that this man's life had been a series of hardships and misfortunes.

When we were leaving the ship, I saw him, to my great surprise, crying bitterly; and upon inquiring what was the matter, he answered that it was not for himself, but for his sons, he was grieving, because they were to be made *redemption men;* that is, they were to be bound to work, during a certain time, for the captain, or for whomever he pleased, till the money due for their passage should be paid. Though I was somewhat surprised at any one's thinking of coming on board a vessel without having one farthing in his pocket, yet I could not forbear paying the

money for this poor fellow. He dropped down on the deck upon both his knees as suddenly as if he had been shot, and, holding up his hands to heaven, prayed, first in Irish, and then in English, with fervent fluency, that "I and mine might never want; that I might live long to reign over him; that success might attend my honour wherever I went; and that I might enjoy for evermore all sorts of blessings and crowns of glory." As I had an English prejudice in favour of silent gratitude, I was rather disgusted by all this eloquence; I turned away abruptly, and got into the boat which waited to carry me to shore.

As we rowed away I looked at my wife and child, and reproached myself with having indulged in the luxury of generosity, perhaps at their expense.

My wife's relation, Mr. Croft, received us better than she expected, and worse than I hoped. He had the face of an acute money-making man; his manners were methodical; caution was in his eye, and prudence in all his motions. In our first half hour's conversation he convinced me that he deserved the character he had obtained, of being upright and exact in all his dealings. His ideas were just and clear, but confined to the objects immediately relating to his business; as to his heart, he seemed to have no notion of general philanthropy, but to have perfectly learned by rote his duty to his neighbour. He appeared disposed to do charitable and good-natured actions from reason, and not from feeling; because they were proper, not merely because they were agreeable. I felt that I should respect, but never love him; and that he would never either love or respect me, because the virtue which he held in the highest veneration was that in which I was most deficient—punctuality.

But I will give, as nearly as I can, my first conversation with him; and from that a better idea of his character may be formed than I can afford by any description.

I presented to him Mr. Nun's letter of introduction, and mentioned that my wife had the honour of being related to him. He perused Mr. Nun's letter very slowly. I was determined not to leave him in any doubt, respecting who and what I was; and I briefly told him the particulars of my history. He listened with immoveable attention: and when I had finished, he said, "You have not yet told me what your views are in coming to America."

I replied, "that my plans were not yet fixed."

"But of course," said he, "you cannot have left home without forming some plan for the future. May I ask what line of life you mean to pursue?"

I answered, "that I was undetermined, and meant to be guided by circumstances."

"Circumstances!" said he. "May I request you to explain yourself more fully? for I do not precisely understand to what circumstances you allude."

I was provoked with the man for being so slow of apprehension; but, when driven to the necessity of explaining, I found that I did not myself understand what I meant.

I changed my ground; and, lowering my tone of confidence, said, that as I was totally ignorant of the country, I should wish to be guided by the advice of better informed persons; and that I begged leave to address myself to him, as having had the most successful experience.

After a considerable pause, he replied, it was a hazardous thing to give advice; but that, as my wife was his relation, and as he held it a duty to assist his

relations, he should not decline giving me—all the advice in his power.

I bowed, and felt chilled all over by his manner.

"And not only my advice," continued he, "but my assistance—in reason."

I said, "I was much obliged to him."

"Not in the least, young man; you are not in the least obliged to me yet, for I have done nothing for you."

This was true, and not knowing what to say, I was silent.

"And that which I may be able to do for you in future must depend as much upon yourself as upon me. In the first place, before I can give any advice, I must know what you are worth in the world?"

My worth in money, I told him, with a forced smile, was but very trifling indeed. With some hesitation, I named the sum.

"And you have a wife and child to support!" said he, shaking his head. "And your child is too young and your wife too delicate to work. They will be sad burdens upon your hands; these are not the things for America. Why did you bring them with you? But, as that is done, and cannot be mended," continued he, "we must make the best of it, and support them. You say you are ignorant of the country. I must explain to you then how money is to be made here, and by whom. The class of labourers make money readily, if they are industrious; because they have high wages and constant employment; artificers and mechanics, carpenters, shipwrights, wheelwrights, smiths, bricklayers, masons, get rich here, without difficulty, from the same causes; but all these things are out of the question for you.

You have head, not hands, I perceive. Now mere head, in the line of bookmaking or bookselling, brings in but poor profit in this country. The sale for imported books is extensive; and our printers are doing something by subscription here, in Philadelphia, and in New York, they tell me. But London is the place for a good bookseller to thrive; and you come from London, where you tell me you were a bankrupt. I would not advise you to have any thing more to do with bookselling or bookmaking. Then, as to becoming a planter: our planters, if they are skilful and laborious, thrive well; but you have not capital sufficient to clear land and build a house; or hire servants to do the work for which you are not yourself sufficiently robust. Besides, I do not imagine you know much of agricultural concerns, or country business; and even to oversee and guide others, experience is necessary. The life of a back settler I do not advise, because you and your wife are not equal to it. You are not accustomed to live in a log-house, or to feed upon racoons and squirrels: not to omit the constant dread, if not imminent danger, of being burnt in your beds, or scalped, by the Indians with whom you would be surrounded. Upon the whole, I see no line of life that promises well for you but that of a merchant; and I see no means of your getting into this line without property and without credit, except by going into some established house as a clerk. You are a good penman and ready accountant, I think you tell me; and I presume you have a sufficient knowledge of book-keeping. With sobriety, diligence, and honesty, you may do well in this way; and may look forward to being a partner, and in a lucrative situation, some years hence. This is the way I managed, and rose myself by degrees to what

you see. It is true, I was not at first encumbered with a wife and young child. In due time I married my master's daughter, which was a great furtherance to me; but then, on the other hand, your wife is my relation; and to be married to the relation of a rich merchant is next best to not being married at all, in your situation. I told you I thought it my duty to proffer assistance as well as advice: so take up your abode with me for a fortnight: in that time I shall be able to judge whether you are capable of being a clerk; and, if you and I should suit, we will talk farther. You understand that I enter into no engagement, and make no promise; but shall be glad to lodge you and your wife, and little boy, for a fortnight: and it will be your own fault, and must be your own loss, if the visit turns out waste of time—I cannot stay to talk to you any longer at present," added he, pulling out his watch, "for I have business, and business waits for no man. Go back to your inn for my relation, and her little one. We dine at two precisely."

I left Mr. Croft's house with a vague indescribable feeling of dissatisfaction and disappointment; but when I arrived at my inn, and repeated all that had passed to my wife, she seemed quite surprised and delighted by the civil and friendly manner in which this gentleman had behaved. She tried to reason the matter with me; but there is no reasoning with imagination.

The fact was, Mr. Croft had destroyed certain vague and visionary ideas, that I had indulged, of making, by some unknown means, a rapid fortune in America; and to be reduced to real life, and sink into a clerk in a merchant's counting-house, was mortification and misery. Lucy in vain dwelt upon the ad-

vantage of having found, immediately upon my arrival in Philadelphia, a certain mode of employment; and a probability of rising to be a partner in one of the first mercantile houses, if I went on steadily for a few years. I was forced to acknowledge that her relation was very good; that I was certainly very fortunate; and that I ought to think myself very much obliged to Mr. Croft. But after avowing all this, I walked up and down the room in melancholy reverie for a considerable length of time. My wife reminded me repeatedly that Mr. Croft said he dined precisely at two o'clock; that he was a very punctual man; that it was a long walk, as I had found it, from the inn to his house; that I had better dress myself for dinner; and that my clean shirt and cravat were ready for me. I still walked up and down the room in reverie till my wife was completely ready, had dressed the child, and held up my watch before my eyes to show me that it wanted but ten minutes of two. I then began to dress in the greatest hurry imaginable; and, unluckily, as I was pulling on my silk stocking, I tore a hole in the leg, or, as my wife expressed it, a stitch dropped, and I was forced to wait while she repaired the evil. Certainly this operation of *taking up a stitch*, as I am instructed to call it, is one of the slowest operations in nature; or rather, one of the most tedious and teasing manœuvres of art. Though the most willing and the most dexterous fingers that ever touched a needle were employed in my service, I thought the work would never be finished.

At last, I was *hosed* and shod, and out we set. It struck a quarter past two as we left the house; we came to Mr. Croft's in the middle of dinner. He had a large company at table; every body was dis-

turbed; my Lucy was a stranger to Mrs. Croft, and was to be introduced; and nothing could be more awkward and embarrassing than our *entrée* and introduction. There were such compliments and apologies, such changing of places, such shuffling of chairs, and running about of servants, that I thought we should never be seated.

In the midst of the bustle my little chap began to roar most horribly, and to struggle to get away from a black servant, who was helping him up on his chair. The child's terror at the sudden approach of the negro could not be conquered, nor could he by any means be quieted. Mrs. Croft, at last, ordered the negro out of the room, the roaring ceased, and nothing but the child's sobs were heard for some instants.

The guests were all silent, and had ceased eating; Mrs. Croft was vexed because *every thing was cold;* Mr. Croft looked much discomfited, and said not a syllable more than was absolutely necessary, as master of the house. I never ate, or rather I was never at, a more disagreeable dinner. I was in pain for Lucy, as well as for myself; her colour rose up to her temples. I cursed myself a hundred times for not having gone to dress in time.

At length, to my great relief, the cloth was taken away; but even when we came to the wine after dinner, the cold formality of my host continued unabated, and I began to fear that he had taken an insurmountable dislike to me, and that I should lose all the advantages of his protection and assistance: advantages which rose considerably in my estimation, when I apprehended I was upon the point of losing them.

Soon after dinner, a young gentleman, of the name of *Hudson,* joined the company; his manners and

appearance were prepossessing; he was frank and well-bred; and the effect of his politeness was soon felt, as if by magic, for every body became at their ease; his countenance was full of life and fire; and, though he said nothing that showed remarkable abilities, every thing he said pleased. As soon as he found that I was a stranger, he addressed his conversation principally to me. I recovered my spirits, exerted myself to entertain him, and succeeded. He was delighted to hear news from England, and especially from London; a city which he said he had an ardent desire to visit. When he took leave of me in the evening, he expressed very warmly the wish to cultivate my acquaintance, and I was the more flattered and obliged by this civility, because I was certain that he knew exactly my situation and circumstances, Mrs. Croft having explained them to him very fully even in my hearing.

CHAPTER V.

In the course of the ensuing week, young Mr. Hudson and I saw one another almost every day, and our mutual liking for each other's company increased. He introduced me to his father, who had been a planter; and, having made a large fortune, came to reside at Philadelphia, to enjoy himself, as he said, for the remainder of his days. He lived in what the sober Americans called a most luxurious and magnificent style. The best company in Philadelphia met at his house; and he delighted particularly in seeing those who had convivial talents,

and who would supply him with wit and gaiety, in which he was naturally rather deficient.

On my first visit, I perceived that his son had boasted of me as one of the best companions in the world; and I determined to support the character that had been given of me: I told two or three good stories, and sang two or three good songs. The company were charmed with me; old Mr. Hudson was particularly delighted; he gave me a pressing general invitation to his house, and most of the principal guests followed his example. I was not a little elated with this success. Mr. Croft was with me at this entertainment; and I own I was peculiarly gratified by feeling that I at once became conspicuous, by my talents, in a company where he was apparently of no consequence, notwithstanding all his wealth and prudence.

As we went home together, he said to me very gravely, "I would not advise you, Mr. Basil Lowe, to accept of all these invitations; nor to connect yourself intimately with young Hudson. The society at Mr. Hudson's is very well for those who have made a fortune, and want to spend it; but for those who have a fortune to make, in my opinion, it is not only useless but dangerous."

I was in no humour, at this moment, to profit by this sober advice; especially as I fancied it might be dictated, in some degree, by envy of my superior talents and accomplishments. My wife, however, supported his advice by many excellent and kind arguments. She observed that these people, who invited me to their houses as a good companion, followed merely their own pleasure, and would never be of any real advantage to me; that Mr. Croft, on the contrary, showed, from the first hour when I applied

to him, a desire to serve me; that he had pointed out the means of establishing myself; and that, in the advice he gave me, he could be actuated only by a wish to be of use to me; that it was more reasonable to suspect him of despising than of envying talents, which were not directed to the grand object of gaining money.

Good sense, from the lips of a woman whom a man loves, has a mighty effect upon his understanding, especially if he sincerely believe that the woman has no desire to rule. This was my singular case. I promised Lucy I would refuse all invitations for the ensuing fortnight, and devote myself to whatever business Mr. Croft might devise. No one could be more assiduous than I was for ten days; and I perceived that Mr. Croft, though it was not his custom to praise, was well satisfied with my diligence. Unluckily, on the eleventh day, I put off in the morning making out an invoice, which he left for me to do, and I was persuaded in the evening to go out with young Mr. Hudson. I had expressed, in conversation with him, some curiosity about the American *frog-concerts;* of which I had read, in modern books of travels, extraordinary accounts *.

* "I confess the first *frog-concert* I heard in America was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of these musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the night of the 18th of April, in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers, and I really believe not two *exactly* in the same pitch.*****

"I have been since informed by an *amateur*, who resided many years in this country, and made this species of *music* his peculiar study, that on these occasions the *treble* is performed by the tree-frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket; the next in size in our

Mr. Hudson persuaded me to accompany him to a swamp, at some miles' distance from Philadelphia, to hear one of these concerts. The performance lasted some time, and it was late before we returned to town: I went to bed tired, and waked in the morning with a cold, which I had caught by standing so long in the swamp. I lay an hour after I was called, in hopes of getting rid of my cold: when I was at last up and dressed, I recollected my invoice, and resolved to do it the first thing after breakfast; but, unluckily, I put it off till I had looked for some lines in Homer's "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." There was no Homer, as you may guess, in Mr. Croft's house, and I went to a bookseller's to borrow one: he had Pope's Iliad and Odyssey, but no Battle of the Frogs and Mice. I walked over half the town in search of it; at length I found it, and was returning in triumph, with Homer in each pocket, when at the door of Mr. Croft's house I found half a dozen porters, with heavy loads upon their backs.

"Where are you going, my good fellows?" said I.

"To the quay, sir, with the cargo for the Betsy."

"My God!" cried I, "Stop. Can't you stop a minute? I thought the Betsy was not to sail till tomorrow. Stop one minute."

"No, sir," said they, "that we can't; for the captain bade us make what haste we could to the quay to load her."

counter-tenors; they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing *tenor:* and the *under-part* is supported by the bull-frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the *bass* in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name."—*Extract of a Letter from Philadelphia;* vide Travels in the United States of America, by William Priest.—*Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard.*

I ran into the house; the captain of the Betsy was bawling in the hall, with his hat on the back of his head; Mr. Croft on the landing-place of the warehouse-stairs with open letters in his hand, and two or three of the under-clerks were running different ways with pens in their mouths.

"Mr. Basil! the invoice!" exclaimed all the clerks at once, the moment I made my appearance.

"Mr. Basil Lowe, the invoice and the copy if you please," repeated Mr. Croft. "We have sent three messengers after you. Very extraordinary to go out at this time of day, and not even to leave word where you were to be found. Here's the captain of the Betsy has been waiting this half hour for the invoice. Well, sir! Will you go for it now? And at the same time bring me the copy, to enclose in this letter to our correspondent by post."

I stood petrified. "Sir, the invoice, sir!—Good Heavens! I forgot it entirely."

"You remember it now, sir, I suppose. Keep your apologies till we have leisure. The invoices, if you please."

"The invoices! My God, sir! I beg ten thousand pardons! They are not drawn out."

"Not drawn out. Impossible!" said Mr Croft.

"Then I'm off," cried the captain, with a tremendous oath. "I can't wait another tide for any clerk breathing."

"Send back the porters, captain, if you please," said Mr. Croft, coolly. "The whole cargo must be unpacked. I took it for granted, Mr. Basil, that you had drawn the invoice, according to order, yesterday morning; and of course the goods were packed in the evening. I was certainly wrong in

taking it for granted that you would be punctual. A man of business should take nothing for granted. This is a thing that will not occur to me again as long as I live."

I poured forth expressions of contrition; but apparently unmoved by them, and without anger or impatience in his manner, he turned from me as soon as the porters came back with the goods, and ordered them all to be unpacked and replaced in the warehouse. I was truly concerned.

"I believe you spent your evening yesterday with young Mr. Hudson?" said he, returning to me.

"Yes, sir,—I am sincerely sorry——"

"Sorrow, in these cases, does no good, sir," interrupted he. "I thought I had sufficiently warned you of the danger of forming that intimacy. Midnight carousing will not do for men of business."

"Carousing, sir!" said I. "Give me leave to assure you that we were not carousing. We were only at a *frog-concert.*"

Mr. Croft, who had at least suppressed his displeasure till now, looked absolutely angry; he thought I was making a joke of him. When I convinced him that I was in earnest, he changed from anger to astonishment, with a large mixture of contempt in his nasal muscles.

"A frog-concert!" repeated he. "And is it possible that any man could neglect an invoice merely to go to hear a parcel of frogs croaking in a swamp? Sir, you will never do in a mercantile house." He walked off to the warehouse, and left me half mortified and half provoked.

From this time forward all hopes from Mr. Croft's friendship were at an end. He was coldly civil to

me during the few remaining days of the fortnight that we stayed at his house. He took the trouble, however, of looking out for a cheap and tolerably comfortable lodging for my wife and boy; the rent of which he desired to pay for his relation, he said, as long as I should remain in Philadelphia, or till I should find myself in some eligible situation. He seemed pleased with Lucy, and said she was a very properly conducted, well-disposed, prudent young woman, whom he was not ashamed to own for a cousin. He repeated, at parting, that he should be happy to afford me every assistance *in reason*, toward pursuing any feasible plan of advancing myself; but it was his decided opinion that I could never succeed in a mercantile line.

I never liked Mr. Croft; he was much too *punctual*, too much of an automaton, for me; but I should have felt more regret at leaving him, and losing his friendship, and should have expressed more gratitude for his kindness to Lucy and my boy, if my head had not at the time been full of young Hudson. He professed the warmest regard for me, congratulated me on getting free from old Croft's mercantile clutches, and assured me that such a man as I was could not fail to succeed in the world by my own talents and the assistance of friends and good connexions.

I was now almost every day at his father's house in company with numbers of rich and gay people, who were all *my friends*. I was the life of society, was invited every where, and accepted every invitation, because I could not offend Mr. Hudson's intimate acquaintance.

From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, I went on in this style. I was old Hudson's grand favourite, and every body told me he

could do any thing he pleased for me. I had formed a scheme, a bold scheme, of obtaining from government a large tract of territory in the ceded lands of Louisiana, and of collecting a subscription in Philadelphia, among *my friends*, to make a settlement there: the subscribers to be paid by instalments, so much the first year, so much the second, and so onward, till the whole should be liquidated. I was to collect hands from the next ships, which were expected to be full of emigrants from Ireland and Scotland. I had soon a long list of subscribers, who gave me their names always after dinner, or after supper. Old Hudson wrote his name at the head of the list, with an ostentatiously large sum opposite to it.

As nothing could be done till the ensuing spring, when the ships were expected, I spent my time in the same convivial manner. The spring came, but there was no answer obtained from government respecting the ceded territory; and a delay of a few months was necessary. Mr. Hudson, the father, was the person who had undertaken to apply for the grant; and he spoke always of the scheme, and of his own powers of carrying it into effect, in the most confident manner. From his conversation any body would have supposed that the mines of Peru were upon his plantation; and that in comparison with his, the influence of the president of the United States was nothing. I was a full twelvemonth before I was convinced that he was a boaster and a *fabulist;* and I was another twelvemonth before I could persuade myself that he was one of the most selfish, indolent, and obstinate of human beings. He was delighted to have me always at his table to entertain him and his guests, but he had not the *slightest* real regard for me, or care for my interests.

He would talk to me as long as I pleased of his possessions, and his improvements, and his wonderful crops; but the moment I touched upon any of my own affairs he would begin to yawn, throw himself upon a sofa, and seem going to sleep. Whenever I mentioned his subscription, he would say with a frown—"We will talk of that, Basil, *to-morrow*."

Of my whole list of subscribers not above four ever paid a shilling into my hands: their excuse always was—"When government has given an answer about the ceded territory, we will pay the subscriptions;" and the answer of government always was—"When the subscriptions are paid, we will make out a grant of the land." I was disgusted, and out of spirits; but I thought all my chance was to persevere, and to keep *my friends* in good-humour: so that I was continually under the necessity of appearing the same jovial companion, laughing, singing, and drinking, when, Heaven knows, my heart was heavy enough.

At the end of the second year of promises, delays, and disappointments, my Lucy, who had always foretold how things would turn out, urged me to withdraw myself from this idle society, to give up my scheme, and to take the management of a small plantation in conjunction with the brother of Mr. Croft. His regard for my wife, who had won much upon this family by her excellent conduct, induced him to make me this offer; but I considered so long, and hesitated so much, whether I should accept of this proposal, that the time for accepting it passed away.

I had still hopes that my friend, young Hudson, would enable me to carry my grand project into execution; he had a considerable plantation in Jamaica, left to him by his grandfather on the mother's side; he was to be of age, and to take possession of it, the

ensuing year, and he proposed to sell it, and to apply some of the purchase-money to our scheme, of the success of which he had as sanguine expectations as I had myself. He was of a most enthusiastic, generous temper. I had obtained the greatest influence over him, and I am convinced, at this time, there was nothing in the world he would not have sacrificed for my sake. All that he required from me was to be his constant companion. He was extravagantly fond of field sports; and, though a Londoner, I was a good huntsman, a good shot, and a good angler; for, during the time I was courting Lucy, I found it necessary to make myself a sportsman to win the favour of her brothers. With these accomplishments, my hold upon the esteem and affections of my friend was all-powerful. Every day in the season we went out hunting, or shooting, or fishing together: then, in the winter-time, we had various employments, I mean various excuses for idleness. Hudson was a great skaiter, and he had infinite diversion in teaching me to skait at the hazard of my skull. He was also to initiate me in the American pastime of *sleighing*, or sledging. Many a desperately cold winter's day I have submitted to be driven in his sledge, when I would much rather, I own, have been safe and snug by my own fireside, with my wife.

Poor Lucy spent her time in a disagreeable and melancholy way during these three years: for, while I was out almost every day and all day long, she was alone in her lodging for numberless hours. She never repined, but always received me with a good-humoured countenance when I came home, even after sitting up half the night to wait for my return from Hudson's suppers. It grieved me to the heart to see *her thus* seemingly deserted but I comforted myself

with the reflection that this way of life would last but for a short time; that my friend would soon be of age, and able to fulfil all his promises; and that we should then all live together in happiness. I assured Lucy that the present idle, if not dissipated, manner in which I spent my days was not agreeable to my taste; that I was often extremely melancholy, even when I was forced to appear in the highest spirits; and that I often longed to be quietly with her, when I was obliged to sacrifice my time to friendship.

It would have been impossible that she and my child could have subsisted all this time independently, but for her steadiness and exertions. She would not accept of any pecuniary assistance except from her relation, Mr. Croft, who regularly paid the rent of her lodgings. She undertook to teach some young ladies, whom Mrs. Croft introduced to her, various kinds of fine needlework, in which she excelled: and for this she was well paid. I know that she never cost me one farthing, during the three years and three months that we lived in Philadelphia. But even for this I do not give her so much credit as for her sweet temper during these trials, and her great forbearance in never reproaching or disputing with me. Many wives, who are called excellent managers, make their husbands pay tenfold in suffering what they save in money. This was not my Lucy's way; and, therefore, with my esteem and respect, she ever had my fondest affections. I was in hopes that the hour was just coming when I should be able to prove this to her, and when we should no longer be doomed to spend our days asunder. But, alas! her judgment was better than mine.

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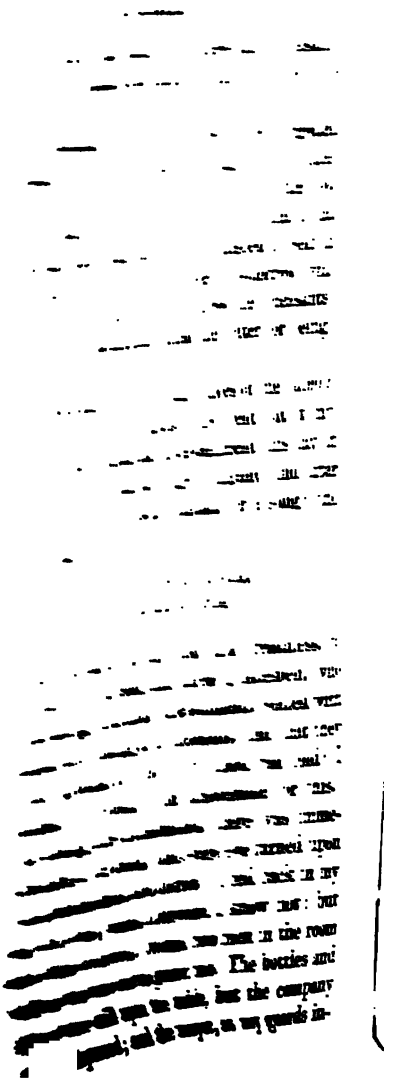

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My friend Hudson was now within six weeks of

being of age, when, unfortunately, there arrived in Philadelphia a company of players from England. Hudson, who was eager for every thing that had the name of pleasure, insisted upon my going with him to their first representation. Among the actresses there was a girl of the name of Marion, who seemed to be ordinary enough, just fit for a company of strolling players, but she danced passably well, and danced a great deal between the acts that night. Hudson clapped his hands till I was quite out of patience. He was in raptures, and the more I depreciated, the more he extolled the girl. I wished her in Nova Zembla, for I saw he was falling in love with her, and had a kind of presentiment of all that was to follow. To tell the matter briefly, for what signifies dwelling upon past misfortunes, the more young Hudson's passion increased for this dancing girl, the more his friendship for me declined; for I had frequent arguments with him upon the subject, and did all I could to open his eyes. I saw that the damsel had art, that she knew the extent of her power, and that she would draw her infatuated lover in to marry her. He was headstrong and violent in all his passions; he quarrelled with me, carried the girl off to Jamaica, married her the day he was of age, and settled upon his plantation. There was an end of all my hopes about the ceded territory.

Lucy, who was always my resource in misfortune, comforted me by saying I had done my duty in combating my friend's folly at the expense of my own interest; and that, though he had quarrelled with me, she loved me the better for it. All things considered, I would not have exchanged feelings and *situations* with him.

Reflecting upon my own history and character, I have often thought it a pity that, with certain good qualities, and I will add talents, which deserved a better fate, I should have never succeeded in any thing I attempted, because I could not conquer one seemingly slight defect in my disposition, which had grown into a habit. Thoroughly determined by Lucy's advice to write to Mr. Croft, to request he would give me another trial, I put off sending the letter till the next day; and that very morning Mr. Croft set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to see a daughter who was newly married.

I was vexed, and, from a want of something better to do, went out a shooting, to get rid of disagreeable thoughts. I shot several pheasants, and when I came home carried them, as was my custom, to old Mr. Hudson's kitchen, and gave them to the cook. I happened to stay in the kitchen to feed a favourite dog, while the cook was *preparing* the birds I had brought. I observed, in the crops of one of the pheasants, some bright green leaves, and some buds, which I suspected to be the leaves and buds of the *kalmia latifolia,* a poisonous shrub. I was not quite certain, for I had almost forgotten the little botany which I knew before I went to China. I took the leaves home with me, to examine them at leisure, and to compare them with the botanical description; and I begged that the cook would not dress the birds till she saw or heard from me again. I promised to see her, or send to her, the next day. But the next day, when I went to the library, to look into a book of botany, my attention was caught by some new reviews, which were just arrived from London. I put off the examination of the *kalmia latifolia* till the day after. To-morrow, said I, will do just as

well, for I know the cook will not dress the pheasants to-day: old Hudson does not like them till they have been kept *a day or two.*

To-morrow came, and the leaves were forgotten till evening, when I saw them lying on my table, and put them out of the way, lest my little boy should find and eat them. I was sorry that I had not examined them this day, but I satisfied myself in the same way as I had done before: to-morrow will do as well; the cook will not dress the pheasants to-day: old Hudson thinks them the better for being kept *two or three days.*

To-morrow came; but, as the leaves of the *kalmia latifolia* were out of my sight, they went out of my mind. I was invited to an entertainment this day at the mayor's: there was a large company, and after dinner I was called upon, as usual, for a song; the favourite song of

> "Dance and sing, Time's on the wing,
> Life never knows return of spring;"

when a gentleman came in, pale and breathless, to tell us that Mr. Hudson and three gentlemen, who had been dining with him, were suddenly seized with convulsions after eating of a pheasant, and that they were not expected to live. My blood ran cold: I exclaimed, "My God! I am answerable for this." On my making this exclamation, there was immediate silence in the room; and every eye turned upon me with astonishment and horror. I fell back in my chair, and what passed afterward I know not; but when I came to myself, I found two men in the room with me, who were set to guard me. The bottles and glasses were still upon the table, but the company had all dispersed; and the mayor, as my guards in-

formed me, was gone to Mr. Hudson's to take his dying deposition.

In this instance, as in all cases of sudden alarm, report had exaggerated the evil: Mr. Hudson, though extremely ill, was not dying; his three guests, after some hours' illness, were perfectly recovered. Mr. Hudson, who had eaten the most plentifully of the pheasant, was not *himself*, as he said, for two days: the third day he was able to see company at dinner as usual, and my mind was relieved from an insupportable state of anxiety.

Upon examination, the mayor was convinced that I was perfectly innocent: the cook told the exact truth, blamed herself for not sending to me before she dressed the birds; but said that she concluded I had found the leaves I took home were harmless, as I never came to tell her the contrary.

I was liberated, and went home to my wife. She clasped me in her arms, but could not articulate a syllable. By her joy at seeing me again, she left me to judge of what she must have suffered during this terrible interval.

For some time after this unfortunate accident happened, it continued to be the subject of general conversation in Philadelphia. The story was told a thousand different ways, and the comments upon it were in various ways injurious to me. Some blamed me, for what indeed I deserved to be most severely blamed, my delaying one hour to examine the leaves found in the crop of the pheasant; others affected to think it absolutely impossible that any human being could be so dilatory or negligent, where the lives of fellow-creatures and *friends*, and friends by whom I had been treated with the utmost hospitality for years, were concerned. Others, still more malicious,

hinted that, though I had been favoured by the mayor, and perhaps by the goodness of poor Mr. Hudson, there must be something more than had come to light in the business; and some boldly pronounced that the story of the leaves of the *kalmia latifolia* was a mere blind, for that the pheasant could not have been rendered poisonous by such means *.

That a motive might not be wanting for the crime, it was whispered that old Mr. Hudson had talked of leaving me a considerable legacy, which I was impatient to touch, that I might carry my adventuring schemes into execution. I was astonished as much as shocked at the sudden alteration in the manners of all my acquaintance. The tide of popularity changed, and I was deserted. That those who had lived with me so long in convivial intimacy, that those who had courted, admired, flattered me, those who had so often professed themselves my friends, could suddenly, without the slightest probability, believe me capable of the most horrible crime, appeared to me scarcely credible. In reality, many would not give themselves the trouble to *think* about the matter, but were glad of a pretence to shake off the acquaintance of a man of whose stories and songs

* "In the severe winter of the years 1790 and 1791, there appeared to be such unequivocal reasons for believing that several persons in Philadelphia had died in consequence of their eating pheasants, in whose crops the leaves and buds of the *kalmia latifolia* were found, that the mayor of the city thought it prudent and his duty to warn the people against the use of this bird, by a public proclamation. I know that by many persons, especially by some lovers of pheasants' flesh, the circumstance just mentioned was supposed to be destitute of foundation: but the foundation was a solid one."

Vide a paper by B. Smith Barton, M.D. American Transactions, *vol. 51.*

they began to be weary; and who had put their names to a subscription, which they did not wish to be called upon to pay. Such is the world! Such is the fate of all *good fellows*, and excellent bottle companions! Certain to be deserted, by their dear friends, at the least reverse of fortune.

CHAPTER VI.

My situation in Philadelphia was now so disagreeable, and my disgust and indignation were so great, that I determined to quit the country. My real friend, Mr. Croft, was absent all this time from town. I am sure, if he had been at home, he would have done me justice; for, though he never liked me, he was a just, slow-judging man, who would not have been run away with by the hurry of popular prejudice. I had other reasons for regretting his absence: I could not conveniently quit America without money, and he was the only person to whom I could or would apply for assistance. We had not many debts, for which I must thank my excellent wife; but, when every thing to the last farthing was paid, I was obliged to sell my watch and some trinkets, to get money for our voyage. I was not accustomed to such things, and I was ashamed to go to the pawnbroker's, lest I should be met and recognised by some of my friends. I wrapped myself up in an old surtout, and slouched my hat over my face.

As I was crossing the quay, I met a party of gentlemen walking arm in arm. I squeezed past them, but one stopped to look after me; and, though I

turned down another street to escape him, he dogged me unperceived. Just as I came out of the pawnbroker's shop, I saw him posted opposite to me: I brushed by; I could with pleasure have knocked him down for his impertinence. By the time that I had reached the corner of the street, I heard a child calling after me. I stopped, and a little boy put into my hands my watch, saying, "Sir, the gentleman says you left your watch and these thingumbobs by mistake."

"What gentleman?"

"I don't know, but he was one that said I looked like an honest chap, and he'd trust me to run and give you the watch. He is dressed in a blue coat. He went toward the quay. That's all I know."

On opening the paper of trinkets, I found a card with these words:

"*Barny*—with kind thanks."

Barny! Poor Barny! The Irishman whose passage I paid coming to America three years ago. Is it possible?

I ran after him the way which the child directed, and was so fortunate as just to catch a glimpse of the skirt of his coat, as he went into a neat, good-looking house. I walked up and down some time, expecting him to come out again; for I could not suppose that it belonged to Barny. I asked a grocer, who was leaning over his hatch door, if he knew who lived in the next house?

"An Irish gentleman, of the name of O'Grady."

"And his christian name?"

"Here it is in my books, sir—Barnaby O'Grady."

I knocked at Mr. O'Grady's door, and made my way into the parlour; where I found him, his two sons, and his wife, sitting very sociably at tea. He

and the two young men rose immediately to set me a chair.

"You are welcome, kindly welcome, sir," said he. "This is an honour I never expected any way. Be pleased to take the seat near the fire. 'Twould be hard indeed if you *would** not have the best seat that's to be had in this house, where we none of us never should have sat, nor had seats to sit upon, but for you."

The sons pulled off my shabby great coat, and took away my hat, and the wife made up the fire. There was something in their manner altogether, which touched me so much, that it was with difficulty I could keep myself from bursting into tears. They saw this, and Barny (for I shall never call him any thing else), as he thought that I should like better to hear of public affairs than to speak of my own, began to ask his sons if they had *seen the day's* papers, and what news there were?

As soon as I could command my voice, I congratulated this family upon the happy situation in which I found them; and asked by what lucky accidents they had succeeded so well?

"The luckiest accident ever *happened me* before or since I came to America," said Barny, "was being on board the same vessel with such a man as you. If you had not given me the first lift, I had been down for good and all, and trampled under foot long and long ago. But, after that first lift, all was as easy as life. My two sons here were not taken from me—God bless you! for I never can bless you enough for that. The lads were left to work for me and with me; and we never parted, hand or heart, but just kept

* Should.

working on together, and put all our earnings, as fast as we got them, into the hands of that good woman, and lived hard at first, as we were bred and born to do, thanks be to Heaven! Then we swore against drink of all sorts entirely. And, as I had occasionally served the masons, when I lived a labouring man in the county of Dublin, and knew something of that business, why, whatever I knew I made the most of, and a trowel felt no ways strange to me; so I went to work, and had higher wages at first than I deserved. The same with the two boys: one was as much of a blacksmith as would shoe a horse; and t'other a bit of a carpenter; and the one got plenty of work in the forges, and t'other in the dockyards, as a ship carpenter. So early and late, morning and evening, we were all at the work, and just went this way struggling on even for a twelvemonth, and found, with the high wages and constant employ we had met, that we were getting greatly better in the world. Besides, the wife was not idle. When a girl, she had seen baking, and had always a good notion of it, and just tried her hand upon it now, and found the loaves went down with the customers, and the customers coming faster and faster for them; and this was a great help. Then I grew master mason, and had my men under me, and took a house to build by the job, and that did; and then on to another and another; and, after building many for the neighbours, 'twas fit and my turn, I thought, to build one for myself, which I did out of theirs, without wronging them of a penny. And the boys grew master-men, in their line; and when they got good coats, nobody could say against them, for they had come fairly by them, and became them well perhaps for that *rason*. So, *not to be tiring* you too much, we went on from good

to better, and better to best; and if it pleased God to question me how it was we got on so well in the world, I should answer, Upon my conscience, myself does not know; except it be that we never made Saint Monday*, nor never put off till the morrow what we could do the day."

I believe I sighed deeply at this observation, notwithstanding the comic phraseology in which it was expressed.

"But all this is no rule for a gentleman born," pursued the good-natured Barny, in answer, I suppose, to the sigh which I uttered: "nor is it any disparagement to him if he has not done as well in a place like America, where he had not the means; not being used to bricklaying and slaving with his hands, and striving as we did. Would it be too much liberty to ask you to drink a cup of tea, and to taste a slice of my good woman's bread and butter? And happy the day we see you eating it, and only wish we could serve you in any way whatsoever."

I verily believe the generous fellow forgot, at this instant, that he had redeemed my watch and wife's trinkets. He would not let me thank him as much as I wished, but kept pressing upon me fresh offers of service. When he found I was going to leave America, he asked what vessel we should go in? I was really afraid to tell him, lest he should attempt to pay for my passage. But for this he had, as I afterward found, too much delicacy of sentiment. He

* *Saint Monday*, or Saint Crispin. It is a custom in Ireland, among shoemakers, if they intoxicate themselves on Sunday, to do no work on Monday; and this they call making a Saint Monday, or keeping Saint Crispin's day. Many have adopted this good *custom* from the example of the shoemakers.

discovered, by questioning the captains, in what ship we were to sail; and, when we went on board, we found him and his sons there to take leave of us, which they did in the most affectionate manner; and, after they were gone, we found in the state cabin, directed to me, every thing that could be useful or agreeable to us, as sea-stores for a long voyage.

How I wronged this man, when I thought his expressions of gratitude were not sincere, because they were not made exactly in the mode and with the accent of my own countrymen! I little thought that Barny and his sons would be the only persons who would bid us a friendly adieu when we were to leave America.

We had not exhausted our bountiful provision of sea-stores when we were set ashore in England. We landed at Liverpool; and I cannot describe the melancholy feelings with which I sat down, in the little back parlour of the inn, to count my money, and to calculate whether we had enough to carry us to London. Is this, thought I, as I looked at the few guineas and shillings spread on the table, is this all I have in this world? I, my wife and child! And is this the end of three years' absence from my native country? As the negroes say of a fool who takes a voyage in vain, I am come back, "*with little more than the hair upon my head.*" Is this the end of all my hopes, and all my talents? What will become of my wife and child? I ought to insist upon her going home to her friends, that she may at least have the necessaries and comforts of life, till I am able to maintain her.

The tears started from my eyes; they fell upon an old newspaper, which lay upon the table under my elbow. I took it up to hide my face from Lucy and *my child,* who just then came into the room; and, as

I read without well knowing what, I came among the advertisements to my own name.

"If Mr. Basil Lowe, or his heir, will apply to Mr. Gregory, attorney, No. 34, Cecil-street, he will hear of something to his advantage."

I started up with an exclamation of joy, wiped my tears from the newspaper, put it into Lucy's hand, pointed to the advertisement, and ran to take places in the London coach for the next morning. Upon this occasion, I certainly did not delay. Nor did I, when we arrived in London, put off one moment going to Mr. Gregory's, No. 34, Cecil-street.

Upon application to him, I was informed that a very distant relation of mine, a rich miser, had just died, and had left his accumulated treasures to me, "because I was the only one of his relations who had never cost him a single farthing." Other men have to complain of their ill fortune, perhaps with justice; and this is a great satisfaction, which I have never enjoyed: for I must acknowledge that all my disasters have arisen from my own folly. Fortune has been uncommonly favourable to me. Without any merit of my own, or rather, as it appeared, in consequence of my negligent habits, which prevented me from visiting a rich relation, I was suddenly raised from the lowest state of pecuniary distress to the height of affluent prosperity.

I took possession of a handsome house in an agreeable part of the town, and enjoyed the delight of sharing all the comforts and luxuries which wealth could procure, with the excellent woman who had been my support in adversity. I must do myself the justice to observe that I did not become dissipated or extravagant; affection and gratitude to my Lucy filled my whole mind, and preserved me from the

faults incident to those who rise suddenly from poverty to wealth. I did not forget my good friend, Mr. Nun, who had relieved me formerly from prison; of course I paid the debt, which he had forgiven, and lost no opportunity of showing him kindness and gratitude.

I was now placed in a situation where the best parts of my character appeared to advantage, and where the grand defect of my disposition was not apparently of any consequence. I was not now obliged, like a man of business, to be punctual; and delay, in mere engagements of pleasure, was a trifling offence, and a matter of raillery among my acquaintance. My talents in conversation were admired, and, if I postponed letter-writing, my correspondents only tormented me a little with polite remonstrances. I was conscious that I was not cured of my faults; but I rejoiced that I was not now obliged to reform, or in any danger of involving those I loved in distress, by my negligence.

For one year I was happy, and flattered myself that I did not waste my time; for, at my leisure, I read with attention all the ancient and modern works upon education. I resolved to select from them what appeared most judicious and practicable; and so to form, from the beauties of each, a perfect system for the advantage of my son. He was my only child; he had lived with me eighteen months in prison: he was the darling of his mother, whom I adored, and he was thought to be in mind and person a striking resemblance of myself. How many reasons had I to love him!—I doted upon the child. He certainly showed great quickness of intellect, and gave as fair a promise of talents as could be expected at his age. I formed hopes of his future excellence and success

in the world as sanguine as those which my poor father had early formed of mine. I determined to watch carefully over his temper, and to guard him particularly against that habit of procrastination which had been the bane of my life.

One day, while I was alone in my study, leaning on my elbow, and meditating upon the system of education which I designed for my son, my wife came to me and said, "My dear, I have just heard from our friend, Mr. Nun, a circumstance that alarms me a good deal. You know little Harry Nun was inoculated at the same time with our Basil, and by the same person. Mrs. Nun, and all the family, thought he had several spots, just as much as our boy had, and that that was enough; but two years afterward, while we were in America, Harry Nun caught the small-pox in the natural way, and died. Now it seems the man who inoculated him was quite ignorant; for two or three other children, whom he attended, have caught the disease since, though he was positive that they were safe. Don't you think we had better have our boy iuoculated again immediately, by some proper person?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear; undoubtedly. But I think we had better have him vaccined. I am not sure, however; but I will ask Dr. ——'s opinion this day, and be guided by that; I shall see him at dinner: he has promised to dine with us."

Some accident prevented him from coming, and I thought of writing to him the next day, but afterward put it off. Lucy came again into my study, where she was sure to find me in the morning. "My dear," said she, "do you recollect that you desired me to defer inoculating our little boy till you could

decide whether it be best to inoculate him in the common way, or the vaccine?"

"Yes, my dear, I recollect it perfectly well. I am much inclined to the vaccine. My friend, Mr. L——, has had all his children vaccined, and I just wait to see the effect."

"Oh, my love!" said Lucy, "do not wait any longer; for you know we run a terrible risk of his catching the small-pox every day, every hour."

"We have run that risk, and escaped for these three years past," said I; "and, in my opinion, the boy has had the small-pox."

"So Mr. and Mrs. Nun thought, and you see what has happened. Remember our boy was inoculated by the same man. I am sure, ever since Mr. Nun mentioned this, I never take little Basil out to walk, I never see him in a shop, I never have him in the carriage with me without being in terror. Yesterday a woman came to the coach-door with a child in her arms, who had a breaking out on his face. I thought it was the small-pox, and was so terrified that I had scarcely strength or presence of mind enough to draw up the glass. Our little boy was leaning out of the door to give a halfpenny to the child. My God! if that child had the small-pox!"

"My love," said I, "do not alarm yourself so terribly; the boy shall be inoculated to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Oh, my dearest love, do not put it off till to-morrow," said Lucy; "let him be inoculated to-day."

"Well, my dear, only keep your mind easy, and he shall be inoculated to-day, if possible; surely you must know I love the boy as well as you do, and am as anxious about him as you can be."

"I am sure of it, my love," said Lucy; "I meant no reproach. But, since you have decided that the boy shall be vaccined, let us send directly for the surgeon, and have it done, and then he will be safe."

She caught hold of the bell-cord to ring for a servant.—I stopped her.

"No, my dear, don't ring," said I; "for the men are both out. I have sent one to the library for the new Letters on Education, and the other to the rational toy-shop for some things I want for the child."

"Then, if the servants are out, I had better walk to the surgeon's, and bring him back with me."

"No, my dear," said I; "I must see Mr. L——'s children first. I am going out immediately; I will call upon them: they are healthy children; we can have the vaccine infection from them, and I will inoculate the boy myself."

Lucy submitted. I take a melancholy pleasure in doing her justice, by recording every argument that she used, and every persuasive word that she said to me, upon this occasion. I am anxious to show that she was not in the least to blame. I alone am guilty! I alone ought to have been the sufferer! It will scarcely be believed—I can hardly believe it myself, that, after all Lucy said to me, I delayed two hours, and stayed to finish making an extract from Rousseau's Emilius before I set out. When I arrived at Mr. L——'s, the children were just gone out to take an airing, and I could not see them. A few hours may sometimes make all the difference between health and sickness, happiness and misery: I put off till the next day the inoculation of my child.

In the mean time a coachman came to me to be

hired: my boy was playing about the room, and, as I afterward collected, went close up to the man, and, while I was talking, stood examining a greyhound upon his buttons. I asked the coachman many questions, and kept him for some time in the room. Just as I agreed to take him into my service, he said he could not come to live with me till the next week, because *one of his children was ill of the small-pox.*

These words struck me to the heart. I had a dreadful presentiment of what was to follow. I remember starting from my seat, and driving the man out of the house with violent menaces. My boy, poor innocent victim! followed, trying to pacify me, and holding me back by the skirts of my coat. I caught him up in my arms. I could not kiss him; I felt as if I was his murderer. I set him down again; indeed I trembled so violently that I could not hold him. The child ran for his mother.

I cannot dwell on these things. Our boy sickened the next week—and the week afterward died in his mother's arms!

Her health had suffered much by the trials which she had gone through since our marriage. The disapprobation of her father, the separation from all her friends, who were at variance with me, my imprisonment, and then the death of her only child, were too much for her fortitude. She endeavoured to conceal this from me; but I saw that her health was rapidly declining. She was always fond of the country; and, as my sole object now in life was to do whatsoever I could to console and please her, I proposed to sell our house in town, and to settle somewhere in the country. In the neighbourhood of her father and mother there was a pretty place to be let, which I had often heard *her mention* with delight; I determined to take it:

I had secret hopes that her friends would be gratified by this measure, and that they would live upon good terms with us. Her mother had seemed, by her letters, to be better disposed toward me since my rich relation had left me his fortune. Lucy expressed great pleasure at the idea of going to live in the country, near her parents; and I was rejoiced to see her smile once more. Being naturally of a sanguine disposition, hope revived in my heart; I flattered myself that we might yet be happy, that my Lucy would recover her peace of mind and her health, and that perhaps Heaven might bless us with another child.

I lost no time in entering into treaty for the estate in the country, and I soon found a purchaser for my excellent house in town. But my evil genius prevailed. I had neglected to renew the ensurance of my house; the policy was out but nine days *, when a fire broke out in one of my servant's rooms at midnight, and, in spite of all the assistance we could procure, the house was burnt to the ground. I carried my wife out senseless in my arms; and, when I had deposited her in a place of safety, returned to search for a portfolio, in which was the purchase-money of the country estate, all in bank-notes. But whether this portfolio was carried off by some of the crowd, which had assembled round the ruins of my house, or whether it was consumed in the flames, I cannot determine. A more miserable wretch than I was could now scarcely be found in the world; and, to complete my misfortunes, I felt the consciousness that they were all occasioned by my own folly.

* Founded on fact.

I am now coming to the most extraordinary and the most interesting part of my history. A new and surprising accident happened.

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Note by the Editor.—What this accident was can never now be known; for Basil put off finishing his history till TOMORROW.

This fragment was found in an old escritoir, in an obscure lodging in Swallow-street.

August, 1803.

LOVE AND LAW;

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MR. CARVER, of Bob's Fort	*A Justice of the Peace in Ireland.*
OLD MATTHEW M'BRIDE	*A rich Farmer.*
PHILIP M'BRIDE . . .	*His Son.*
RANDAL ROONEY . . .	*Son of the Widow Catherine Rooney—a lover of Honor M'Bride.*
MR. GERALD O'BLANEY .	*A Distiller.*
PATRICK COKE	*Clerk to Gerald O'Blaney.*

WOMEN.

MRS. CARVER	*Wife of Mr. Carver.*
MISS BLOOMSBURY . . .	*A fine London Waiting-maid of Mrs. Carver's.*
MRS. CATHERINE ROONEY, *commonly called* CATTY ROONEY	*A Widow—Mother of Randal Rooney.*
HONOR M'BRIDE . . .	*Daughter of Matthew M'Bride, and Sister of Philip M'Bride.*

A Justice's Clerk—a Constable—Witnesses—and two Footmen.

LOVE AND LAW.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Cottage.—A Table—Breakfast.
HONOR M'BRIDE, *alone.*

Honor. PHIL!—*(calls)*—Phil, dear! come out.

Phil. (answers from within) Wait till I draw on my boots!

Honor. Oh, I may give it up: he's full of his new boots—and singing, see!

Enter PHIL. M'BRIDE, *dressed in the height of the Irish buck-farmer fashion, singing,*

"Oh the boy of Ball'navogue!
Oh the dasher! oh the rogue!
He's the thing! and he's the pride
Of town and country, Phil M'Bride—
All the talk of shoe and brogue!
Oh the boy of Ball'navogue!"

There's a song to the praise and glory of your—of your brother, Honor! And who made it, do you think, girl?

Honor. Miss Caroline Flaherty, no doubt. But, dear Phil, I've a favour to ask of you.

Phil. And welcome! What? But first, see! isn't

there an elegant pair of boots, that fits a leg like wax?—There's what'll plase Car'line Flaherty, I'll engage. But what ails you, Honor?—you look as if your own heart was like to break. Are not you for the fair to-day?—and why not?

Honor. Oh! rasons. *(Aside.)* Now I can't speak.

Phil. Speak on, for I'm dumb and all ear—speak up, dear—no fear of the father's coming out, for he's leaving his *bird* (i. e. beard) in the bason, and that's a work of time with him.—Tell all to your own Phil.

Honor. Why then I won't go to the fair—because—better keep myself to myself, out of the way of meeting them that mightn't be too plasing to my father.

Phil. And might be too plasing to somebody else—Honor M'Bride.

Honor. Oh Phil, dear! But only promise me, brother, dearest, if you would this day meet any of the Rooneys——

Phil. That means Randal Rooney.

Honor. No, it was his mother Catty was in my head.

Phil. A bitterer scould never was!—nor a bigger lawyer in petticoats, which is an abomination.

Honor. 'Tis not pritty, I grant; but her heart's good, if her temper would give it fair play. But will you promise me, Phil, whatever she says—you won't let her provoke you this day.

Phil. How in the name of wonder will I hinder her to give me provocation? and when the spirit of the M'Brides is up——

Honor. But don't lift a hand.

Phil. Against a woman?—no fear—not a finger against a woman.

Honor. But I say not against any Rooney, man

or woman. Oh Phil! dear, don't let there be any fighting betwixt the M'Bride and Rooney factions.

Phil. And how could I hinder if I would? The boys will be having a row, especially when they get the spirits—and all the better.

Honor. To be drinking! Oh! Phil, the mischief that drinking does!

Phil. Mischief! Quite and clane the contrary—when the shillelah's up, the pike's down. 'Tis when there'd be no fights at fairs, and all sober, then there's rason to dread mischief. No man, Honor, dare be letting the whiskey into his head, was there any mischief in his heart.

Honor. Well, Phil, you've made it out now cliverly. So there's most danger of mischief when men's sober—is that it?

Phil. Irishmen?—ay; for sobriety is not the nat'ral state of the *craturs;* and what's not nat'ral is hypocritical, and a hypocrite is, and was, and ever will be my contempt.

Honor. And mine too. But——

Phil. But here's my hand for you, Honor. They call me a beau and a buck, a slasher and dasher, and flourishing Phil. All that I am, may be; but there's one thing I am not, and will never be—and that's a bad brother to you. So you have my honour, and here's my oath to the back of it. By all the pride of man, and all the consate of woman—where will you find a bigger oath?—happen what will, this day, I'll not lift my hand against Randal Rooney!

Honor. Oh thanks! warm from the heart. But here's my father—and where's breakfast?

Phil. Oh! I must be at him for a horse: you, Honor, mind and back me.

Enter OLD M'BRIDE.

Old M'B. Late I am this fair day all along with my beard, that was thicker than a hedgehog's. Breakfast, where?

Honor. Here, father dear—all ready.

Old M'B. There's a jewel! always supple o' foot. Phil, call to them to bring out the horse bastes, while I swallow my breakfast—and a good one, too.

Phil. Your horse is all ready standing, sir. But that's what I wanted to ax you, father—will you be kind enough, sir, to shell out for me the price of a *deecent* horse, fit to mount a man like me?

Old M'B. What ails the baste you have under you always?

Phil. Fit only for the hounds:—not to follow, but to feed 'em.

Old M'B. Hounds! I don't want you, Phil, to be following the hounds at-all-at-all.

Honor. But let alone the hounds. If you sell your bullocks well in the fair to-day, father dear, I think you'll be so kind to spare Phil the price of a horse.

Old M'B. Stand out o' my way, Honor, with that wheedling voice o' your own—I won't. Mind your own affairs—you're leaguing again me, and I'll engage Randal Rooney's at the bottom of all—and the cement that sticks you and Phil so close together. But mind, madam Honor, if you give him the meeting at the fair the day——

Honor. Dear father, I'm not going—I give up the fair o' purpose, for fear I'd see him.

Old M'B. *(kissing her)* Why then you're a piece of an angel!

Honor. And you'll give my brother the horse?

Old M'B. I won't! when I've said I won't—I won't. [*Buttons his coat, and exit.*

Phil. Now there's a sample of a father for ye!

Old M'B. (returning) And, mistress Honor, may be you'd be staying at home to——Where's Randal Rooney to be, pray, while I'd be from home?

Honor. Oh father, would you suspect——

Old M'B. (catching her in his arms, and kissing her again and again) Then you're a true angel, every inch of you. But not a word more in favour of the horse—sure the money for the bullocks shall go to your portion, every farthing.

Honor. There's the thing! *(Holding her father.)* I don't wish that.

Phil. (stopping her mouth) Say no more, Honor —I'm best pleased so.

Old M'B. (aside) I'll give him the horse, but he sha'n't know it. *(Aloud.)* I won't. When I say I won't, did I ever? [*Exit* OLD M'BRIDE.

Phil. Never since the world *stud*—to do you justice, you are as obstinate as a mule. Not all the bullocks he's carrying to the fair the day, nor all the bullocks in Ballynavogue joined to 'em, in one team, would draw that father o' mine one inch out of his way.

Honor (aside, with a deep sigh). Oh, then what will I do about Randal ever!

Phil. As close a fisted father as ever had the grip of a guinea! If the guineas was all for you—wilcome, Honor! But that's not it. Pity of a lad o' spirit like me to be cramped by such a hunx of a father.

Honor. Oh! don't be calling him names, Phil: stiff he is, more than close—and any way, Phil dear, he's the father still—and ould, consider.

Phil. He is—and I'm fond enough of him, too,

would he only give me the price of a horse. But no matter—spite of him I'll have my swing the day, and it's I that will tear away with a good horse under me and a good whip over him in a capital style, up and down the street of Ballynavogue, for you, miss Car'line Flaherty! I know who I'll go to, this minute—a man I'll engage will lend me the loan of his bay gelding; and that's counshillor Gerald O'Blaney.

[*Going,* HONOR *stops him.*

Honor. Gerald O'Blaney! Oh brother!—Mercy!—Don't! any thing rather than that——

Phil. (impatiently) Why then, Honor?

Honor (aside). If I'd tell him, there'd be mischief. *(Aloud.)* Only—I wouldn't wish you under a compliment to one I've no opinion of.

Phil. Phoo! you've taken a prejudice. What is there again counshillor O'Blaney?

Honor. Counshillor! First place, why do you call him *counshillor?* he never was a raal counshillor sure—nor jantleman at all.

Phil. Oh! counshillor by courtesy—he was an attorney once—just as we *doctor* the apotecary.

Honor. But, Phil, was not there something of this man's being dismissed the courts for too sharp practice?

Phil. But that was long ago, if it ever was. There's sacrets in all families to be forgotten—bad to be raking the past. I never knew you so sharp on a neighbour, Honor, before:—what ails ye?

Honor (sighing). I can't tell ye.

[*Still holding him.*

Phil. Let me go then!—Nonsense!—the boys of Ballynavogue will be wondering, and miss Car'line most. [*Exit, singing,*

"Oh the boys of Ball'navogue."

HONOR, *alone.*

Honor. O Phil! I *could* not tell it you; but did you but know how *that* Gerald O'Blaney insulted your shister with his vile proposhals, you'd no more ask the loan of his horse!—and I in dread whenever I'd be left in the house alone that that bad man would boult in upon me—and Randal to find him! and Randal's like gunpowder when his heart's touched!—and if Randal should come *by himself*, worse again! Honor, where would be your resolution to forbid him your presence? Then there's but one way to be right—I'll lave home entirely. Down, proud stomach! You must go to service, Honor M'Bride. There's Mrs. Carver, kind-hearted lady, is wanting a girl—she's English, and nice; may be I'd not be good enough; but I can but try, and do my best; any thing to plase the father.

[*Exit* HONOR.

SCENE II.

O'BLANEY'S *Counting-house.*

GERALD O'BLANEY *alone at a Desk covered with Papers.*

O'Bla. Of all the employments in life, this eternal balancing of accounts, see-saw, is the most sickening of all things, except it would be the taking the inventory of your stock, when you're reduced to *invent* the stock itself;—then that's the most lowering to a man of all things! But there's one comfort in this distillery business—come what will, a man has always *proof spirits.*

Enter PAT COXE.

Pat. The whole tribe of Connaught men come,

craving to be *ped* for the oats, counsellor, due since last Serapht* fair.

O'Bla. Can't be ped to day, let 'em crave never so.—Tell 'em *Monday;* and give 'em a glass of whiskey round, and that will send 'em off contint, in a jerry.

Pat. I shall—I will—I see, sir.

[*Exit* PAT COXE.

O'Bla. Asy settled that!—but I hope many more duns for oats won't be calling on me this day, for cash is not to be had:—here's bills plinty—long bills, and short bills—but even the kites, which I can fly as well as any man, won't raise the wind for me now.

Re-enter PAT.

Pat. Tim M'Gudriken, sir, for his debt—and talks of the sub-sheriff, and can't wait.

O'Bla. I don't ax him to wait; but he must take in payment, since he's in such a hurry, this bill at thirty-one days, tell him.

Pat. I shall tell him so, plase your honour.

[*Exit* PAT.

O'Bla. They have all rendezvous'd to drive me mad this day; but the only thing is to keep the head cool. What I'm dreading beyant all is, if that ould Matthew M'Bride, who is as restless as a ferret when he has lodged money with any one, should come this day to take out of my hands the two hundred pounds I've got of his—Oh then I might shut up! But stay, I'll match him—and I'll match myself too: that daughter Honor of his is a mighty pretty girl to look at, and since I can't get her any other way, why not ax her in marriage. Her portion is to be——

* Shrovetide.

Re-enter PAT.

Pat. The protested note, sir—with the charge of the protest to the back of it, from Mrs. Lorigan; and her compliments, and to know what will she do?

O'Bla. What will *I* do, fitter to ax. My kind compliments to Mrs. Lorigan, and I'll call upon her in the course of the day, to settle it all.

Pat. I understand, sir. [*Exit* PAT.

O'Bla. Honor M'Bride's portion will be five hundred pounds on the nail—that would be no bad bit, and she a good, clever, likely girl. I'll pop the question this day.

Re-enter PAT.

Pat. Corkeran the cooper's bill, as long as my arm.

O'Bla. Oh! don't be bothering me any more. Have you no sinse? Can't you get shut of Corkeran the cooper without me? Can't ye quarrel with the items? Tear the bill down the middle, if necessary, and sind him away with a flay (flea) in his ear, to make out a proper bill—which I can't see till to-morrow, mind. I never pay any man on fair-day.

Pat. *(aside)* Nor on any other day. *(Aloud.)* Corkeran's my cousin, counsellor, and if convanient, I'd be glad you'd advance him a pound or two on account.

O'Bla. 'Tis not convanient was he twenty times your cousin, Pat. I can't be paying in bits, nor on account—all or none.

Pat. None, then, I may tell him, sir?

O'Bla. You may—you must; and don't come up for any of 'em any more. It's hard if I can't have a minute to talk to myself.

Pat. And it's hard if I can't have a minute to eat my breakfast, too, which I have not.

[*Exit* PAT.

O'Bla. Where was I?—I was popping the question to Honor M'Bride. The only thing is, whether the girl herself wouldn't have an objection:—there's that Randal Rooney is a great *bachelor* of hers, and I doubt she'd be apt to prefar him before me, even when I'd purpose marriage. But the families of the Rooneys and M'Brides is at vareance—then I must keep 'em so. I'll keep Catty Rooney's spirit up, niver to consent to that match. Oh! if them Rooneys and M'Brides were by any chance to make it up, I'd be undone: but against that catastrophe, I've a preventative. Pat Coxe! Pat Coxe! where are you, my young man?

Enter PAT, *wiping his mouth.*

Pat. Just swallowing my breakfast.

O'Bla. Mighty long swallowing you are. Here—don't be two minutes, till you're at Catty Rooney's, and let me see how cliverly you'll execute that confidential embassy I trusted you with. Touch Catty up about her ould ancient family, and all the kings of Ireland she comes from. *Blarnay* her cliverly, and work her to a foam against the M'Brides.

Pat. Never fear, your honour. I'll tell her the story we agreed on, of Honor M'Bride meeting of Randal Rooney behind the chapel.

O'Bla. That will do—don't forget the ring; for I mane to put another on the girl's finger, if she's agreeable, and knows her own interest. But that last's a private article. Not a word of that to Catty, you understand.

Pat. Oh! I understand—and I'll engage I'll compass Catty, tho' she's a cunning shaver.

O'Bla. Cunning?—No; she's only hot tempered, and asy managed.

Pat. Whatever she is, I'll do my best to plase you. And I expict your honour, counsellor, won't forget the promise you made me, to ask Mr. Carver for that little place—that situation that would just shute me.

O'Bla. Never fear, never fear. Time enough to think of shuting you, when you've done my business.

[*Exit* PAT.

That will work like barm, and ould Matthew, the father, I'll speak to myself genteelly. He will be proud, I warrant, to match his daughter with a gentleman like me. But what if he should smell a rat, and want to be looking into my affairs. Oh! I must get it sartified properly to him before all things, that I'm as safe as the bank; and I know who shall do that for me—my worthy frind, that most consequential magistrate, Mr. Carver, of Bob's Fort, who loves to be advising and managing of all men, women, and children, for their good; the most tiresome vain proser on earth!—'Tis he shall advise ould Matthew for *my* good. Now Carver thinks he lades the whole county, and ten miles round—but who is it lades him, I want to know? Why, Gerald O'Blaney.—And how? Why, by a spoonful of the univarsal panacea, *flattery*—in the vulgar tongue, *flummery*. (*A knock at the door heard.*) Who's rapping at the street?—Carver of Bob's Fort himself, in all his glory this fair-day. See then how he struts and swells. Did ever man, but a pacock, look so fond of himself with less rason? But I must be caught deep in accounts, and a balance of thousands to credit. (*Sits down to*

his desk, to account books.) Seven thousand, three hundred, and two pence. *(Starting and rising.)* Do I see Mr. Carver of Bob's Fort?—Oh! the honour——

Mr. Carv. Don't stir, pray—I beg—I request—I insist. I am by no means ceremonious, sir.

O'Bla. (bustling and setting two chairs) No, but I'd wish to show respect proper to him I consider the first man in the county.

Mr. Carv. (aside) Man! gentleman, he might have said.

[*Mr.* CARVER *sits down and rests himself consequentially.*

O'Bla. Now, Mr. Carver of Bob's Fort, you've been over fartiguing yourself——

Mr. Carv. For the public good. I can't help it, really.

O'Bla. Oh! but, upon my word and honour, it's too much: there's rason in all things. A man of Mr. Carver's fortin to be slaving! If you were a man in business, like me, it would be another thing. I must slave at the desk to keep all round. See, Mr. Carver, see!—ever since the day you advised me to be as particular as yourself in keeping accounts to a farthing, I do, to a fraction, even like state accounts, see!

Mr. Carv. And I trust you find your advantage in it, sir. Pray, how does the distillery business go on?

O'Bla. Swimmingly! ever since that time, Mr. Carver, your interest at the castle helped me at the dead lift, and got that fine took off. 'Tis to your purtiction, encouragement, and advice entirely, I owe

my present unexampled prosperity, which you prophesied; and Mr. Carver's prophecies seldom, I may say never, fail to be accomplished.

Mr. Carv. I own there is some truth in your observation. I confess I have seldom been mistaken or deceived in my judgment of man, woman, or child.

O'Bla. Who can say so much?

Mr. Carv. For what reason, I don't pretend to say; but the fact ostensibly *is*, that the few persons I direct with my advice are unquestionably apt to prosper in this world.

O'Bla. Mighty apt! for which rason I would wish to trouble you for your unprecedently good advice on another pint, if it would not be too great a liberty.

Mr. Carv. No liberty at all, my good Gerald—I am always ready to advise—only to-day, certainly, the fair-day of Ballynavogue, there are so many calls upon me, both in a public and private capacity, so much business of vital importance!

O'Bla. (aside) Vital importance!—that is his word, on all occasions. *(Aloud.)* May be then (oh! where was my head?) may be you would not have breakfasted all this time, and we've the kittle down always in this house *(rising)*? Pat!—Jack!—Mick!—Jenny! put the kittle down.

Mr. Carv. Sit down, sit still, my worthy fellow. Breakfasted at Bob's Fort, as I always do.

O'Bla. But a bit of cake—a glass of wine, to refrish and replinish nature.

Mr. Carv. Too early—spoil my dinner. But what was I going to say?

O'Bla. (aside.) Burn me, if I know; and I pray all the saints you may never recollect.

Mr. Carv. I recollect. How many times do you think I was stopped on horseback coming up the

street of Ballynavogue?—Five times by weights and measures, imperiously calling for reformation, sir. Thirteen times, upon my veracity, by booths, apple-stalls, nuisances, vagabonds, and drunken women. Pigs without end, sir—wanting ringing, and all squealing in my ears, while I was settling sixteen disputes about tolls and customs. Add to this, my regular battle every fair-day with the crane, which ought to be any where but where it is; and my perpetual discoveries of fraudulent kegs, and stones in the butter! Now, sir, I only ask, can you wonder that I wipe my forehead? *(wiping his forehead.)*

O'Bla. In troth, Mr. Carver, I cannot! But these are the pains and penalties of being such a man of consequence as you evidently are;—and I that am now going to add to your troubles too by consulting you about my little pint!

Mr. Carv. A point of law, I dare to say; for people somehow or other have got such a prodigious opinion of my law. *(Takes snuff.)*

O'Bla. (aside) No coming to the pint till he has finished his own panygeric.

Mr. Carv. And I own I cannot absolutely turn my back on people. Yet as to *poor* people, I always settle them by telling them, it is my principle that law is too expensive for the poor: I tell them, the poor have nothing to do with the laws.

O'Bla. Except the penal.

Mr. Carv. True, the civil is for us, men of property; and no man should think of going to law without he's qualified. There should be licences.

O'Bla. No doubt. Pinalties there are in plinty; still those who can afford, should indulge. In Ireland it would as ill become a gentleman to be any way shy *of a law-shute,* as of a duel.

Mr. Carv. Yet law is expensive, sir, even to me.

O'Bla. But 'tis the best economy in the end; for when once you have cast or nonshuted your man in the courts, 'tis as good as winged him in the field. And suppose you don't get sixpence costs, and lose your cool hundred by it, still it's a great advantage; for you are let alone to enjoy your own in pace and quiet ever after, which you could not do in this county without it. But the love of the law has carried me away from my business: the pint I wanted to consult you about is not a pint of law; 'tis another matter.

Mr. Carv. (looking at his watch) I must be at Bob's Fort, to seal my despatches for the castle. And there's another thing I say of myself.

O'Bla. (aside) Remorseless agotist!

Mr. Carv. I don't know how, the people all have got such an idea of my connexions at the castle, and my influence with his excellency, that I am worried with eternal applications: they expect I can make them gaugers, or attorney-generals, I believe. How do they know I write to the castle?

O'Bla. Oh! the post-office tells asy by the big sales (seals) to your despatches—*(aside)* which, I'll engage, is all the castle ever rades of them, though Carver has his excellency always in his mouth, God help him!

Mr. Carv. Well, you wanted to consult me, Gerald?

O'Bla. And you'll give me your advice, which will be conclusive, law, and every thing to me. You know the M'Brides—would they be safe?

Mr. Carv. Very safe, substantial people.

O'Bla. Then here's the thing, Mr. Carver: as you recommend them, and as they are friends of yours—I will confess to you that, though it might not in

pint of interest be a very prudent match, I am thinking that Honor M'Bride is such a prudent girl, and Mrs. Carver has taken her by the hand, so I'd wish to follow Mrs. Carver's example for life, in taking Honor by the hand for better or worse.

Mr. Carv. In my humble opinion you cannot do better; and I can tell you a secret—Honor will have no contemptible fortune in that rank of life.

O'Bla. Oh, fortune's always contemptible in marriage.

Mr. Carv. Fortune! sir?

O'Bla. (aside) Overshot. *(Aloud.)* In comparison with the patronage and protection or countenance she'd have from you and your family, sir.

Mr. Carv. That you may depend upon, my good Gerald, as far as we can go; but you know we are nothing.

O'Bla. Oh, I know you're every thing—every thing on earth—particularly with ould M'Bride; and you know how to speak so well and iloquent, and I'm so tongue-tied and bāāshful on such an occasion.

Mr. Carv. Well, well, I'll speak for you.

O'Bla. A thousand thanks down to the ground.

Mr. Carv. (patting him on the back as he rises) My *poor* Gerald.

O'Bla. Then I am *poor* Gerald in point of wit, I know; but you are too good a friend to be calling me *poor* to ould M'Bride—you can say what I can't say.

Mr. Carv. Certainly, certainly; and you may depend on me. I shall speak my decided opinion; and I fancy M'Bride has sense enough to be ruled by me.

O'Bla. I'm sure he has—only there's a Randal Rooney, a wild young man, in the case. I'd be sorry *the girl was* thrown away upon Randal.

Mr. Carv. She has too much sense: the father will settle that, and I'll settle the father.

[*Mr.* CARVER *going.*

O'Bla. (following, aside) And who has settled you?

Mr. Carv. Don't stir—don't stir—men of business must be nailed to a spot—and I'm not ceremonious.

[*Exit Mr.* CARVER.

O'Bla. Pinned him, by all that's cliver!

[*Exit* O'BLANEY.

SCENE III.

Mrs. CARVER'S *Dressing-room.*

Mrs. CARVER *sitting at work.*—BLOOMSBURY *standing.*

Bloom. Certainly, ma'am, what I always said was, that for the commonalty there's no getting out of an Irish cabin a girl fit to be about a lady such as you, Mrs. Carver, in the shape of a waiting-maid or waiting-maid's assistant, on account they smell so of smoke, which is very distressing; but this Honor M'Bride seems a bettermost sort of girl, ma'am; if you can make up your mind to her *vice.*

Mrs. Carv. Vice?

Bloom. That is, vicious pro*noun*ciations in regard to their Irish brogues.

Mrs. Carv. Is that all?—I am quite accustomed to *the accent.*

Bloom. Then, ma'am, I declare now, I've been forced to stuff my *hears* with cotton wool hever since I comed to Ireland. But this here Honor M'Bride has a mighty pretty *vice,* if you don't take exceptions to a little nationality; nor she is not so smoke-dried: she's

really a nice, tidy looking-like girl considering. I've taken tea with the family often, and they live quite snug for Hirish. I'll assure you, ma'am, quite bettermost people for Hibernians, as you always said, ma'am.

Mrs. Carv. I have a regard for old Matthew, tho' he is something of a miser, I fear.

Bloom. So, ma'am, shall I call the girl up, that we may see and talk to her? I think, ma'am, you'll find she will do; and I reckon to keep her under my own eye and advice from morning till night: for when I seed the girl so willing to larn, I quite tooked a fancy to her, I own—as it were.

Mrs. Carv. Well, Bloomsbury, let me see this Honor M'Bride.

Bloom. (calling) One of you there! please call up Honor M'Bride.

Mrs. Carv. She has been waiting a great while, I fear; I don't like to keep people waiting.

Bloom. (watching for HONOR *as she speaks)* Dear heart, ma'am, in this here country, people does love waiting for waiting's sake, that's sure—they got nothing else to do. Here, Honor—walk in, Honor—rub your shoes always.

Enter HONOR, *timidly.*

Mrs. Carv. (in an encouraging voice) Come in, my good girl.

Bloom. Oh! child, the door: the peoples never shut a door in Ireland!—Did not I warn you?—says I, "come when you're called—do as you're bid—shut the door after you, and you'll never be chid." Now what did I tell you, child?

Honor. To shut the door after me when I'd come into a room.

Bloom. When I'd come—now that's not dic'snary English.

Mrs. Carv. Good Bloomsbury, let that pass for the present—come a little nearer to me, my good girl.

Honor. Yes, ma'am.

Bloom. Take care of the china pyramint with your cloak—walk on to Mrs. Carver—no need to be afraid —I'll stand your friend.

Mrs. Carv. I should have thought, Honor M'Bride, you were in too comfortable a way at home to think of going into service.

Honor (sighs). No better father, nor brother, *nor* (than) I have, ma'am, I thank your ladyship; but some things come across.

Mrs. Carv. (aside) Oh! it is a blushing case, I see: I must talk to her alone by and by. *(Aloud.)* I don't mean, my good girl, to pry into your family affairs.

Honor. Oh! ma'am, you're too good. *(Aside.)* The kind-hearted lady, how I love her already! *(She wipes the tears from her eyes.)*

Bloom. Take care of the bow-pot at your elbow, child; for if you break the necks of them moss roses——

Honor. I ax their pardon.

Mrs. Carv. Better take the flower-pot out of her way, Bloomsbury.

Bloom. (moving the flower-pot) There, now: but, Honor, keep your eyes on my lady, never turn your head, and keep your hands always afore you, as I show you. Ma'am, she'll larn manners in time—Lon'on was not built in a day. It i'n't to be expected of she!

Mrs. Carv. It is not to be expected indeed that she should learn every thing at once; so one thing at

a time, good Bloomsbury, and one person at a time. Leave Honor to me for the present.

Bloom. Certainly, ma'am; I beg pardon—I was only saying——

Mrs. Carv. Since it is, it seems, necessary, my good girl, that you should leave home, I am glad that you are not too proud to go into service.

Honor. Oh! into *your* service, ma'am!—I'd be too proud if you'd be kind enough to accept me.

Mrs. Carv. Then as to wages, what do you expect?

Honor. Any thing at all you please, ma'am.

Bloom. *(pressing down her shoulder)* My lady, always—and where's your curtsy? We shall bring these Irish knees into training by and by, I hopes.

Honor. I'm awk'ard and strange, ma'am—I never was from home afore.

Mrs. Carv. Poor girl—we shall agree very well, I hope.

Honor. Oh yes, any thing at all, ma'am—*my lady;* I'm not greedy—nor needy, thanks above! but it's what I'd wish to be under your protection if it was plasing, and I'll do my very best, madam. *(Curtsies.)*

Mrs. Carv. Nobody can expect more, and I hope and trust you'll find mine an easy place—Bloomsbury, you will tell her what will be required of her. *(Mrs.* CARVER *looks at her watch.)* At twelve o'clock I shall be returned from my walk, and then, Honor, you will come into my cabinet here; I want to say a few words to you. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

The High Road—A Cottage in view—Turf-stack, Hay-rick, &c.

CATTY ROONEY *alone, walking backwards and forwards.*

Catty. 'Tis but a stone's throw to Ballynavogue. But I don't like to be going into the fair on foot, when I been always used to go in upon my pillion behind my husband when living, and my son Randal, after his death. Wait, who comes here?—'Tis Gerald O'Blaney's, the distiller's, young man, Pat Coxe: now we'll larn all—and whether O'Blaney can lend me the loan of a horse or no. A good morrow to you kindly, Mr. Pat Coxe.

Enter PAT COXE.

Pat. And you the same, Mrs. Rooney, tinfold. Mr. O'Blaney has his *sarvices* to you, ma'am: no, not his *sarvices,* but his compliments, that was the word,—his kind compliments, that was the very word.

Catty. The counshillor's always very kind to me, and genteel.

Pat. And was up till past two in the morning, last night, madam, he bid me say, looking over them papers you left with him for your shuit, ma'am, with the M'Brides, about the bit of Ballynascraw bog; and if you call upon the counshillor in the course of the morning, he'll find, or make, a minute, for a consultation, he says. But mane time, to take no step to compromise, or make it up, *for your life,* ma'am.

Catty. No fear, I'll not give up at law, or any way, to a M'Bride, while I've a drop of blood in my

veins—and it's good thick Irish blood runs in these veins.

Pat. No doubt, ma'am—from the kings of Ireland, as all the world knows, Mrs. Rooney.

Catty. And the M'Brides have no blood at-all-at-all.

Pat. Not a drop, ma'am—so they can't stand before you.

Catty. They *ought* not, any way!—What are they? Cromwellians at the best. Mac Brides! *Macks*—Scotch!—not Irish native, at-all-at-all. People of yesterday, graziers—which tho' they've made the money, can't buy the blood. My anshestors sat on a throne, when the M'Brides had only their *hunkers** to sit upon; and if I walk now when they ride, they can't look down upon me—for every body knows who I am—and what they are.

Pat. To be sure, ma'am, they do—the whole country talks of nothing else but the shame when you'd be walking and they riding.

Catty. Then could the counshillor lend me the horse?

Pat. With all the pleasure in life, ma'am, only every horse he has in the world is out o' messages, and drawing turf and one thing or another to-day—and he is very sorry, ma'am.

Catty. So am I, then—I'm unlucky the day. But I won't be saying so, for fear of spreading ill luck on my faction. Pray now what kind of a fair is it?—Would there be any good signs of a fight, Mr. Pat Coxe?

Pat. None in life as yet, ma'am,—only just buying and selling. The horse-bastes, and horned-cattle,

* Their *hunkers*, i. e. their hams.

and pigs squeaking, has it all to themselves. But it's early times yet,—it won't be long so.

Catty. No M'Brides, no Ballynavogue boys gathering yet?

Pat. None to signify of the M'Brides, ma'am, at all.

Catty. Then it's plain them M'Brides dare not be showing their faces, or even their backs, in Ballynavogue. But sure all our Ballynascraw-boys, the Roonies, are in it as usual, I hope?

Pat. Oh, ma'am, there is plinty of Roonies. I marked Big Briny of Cloon, and Ulick of Eliogarty, and little Charley of Killaspugbrone.

Catty. All *good* men*—no better. Praise be where due.

Pat. And scarce a Mac Bride I noticed. But the father and son—ould Matthew, and flourishing Phil, was in it, with a new pair of boots and the silver-hilted whip.

Catty. The spalpeen! turned into a buckeen, that would be a squireen,—but can't.

Pat. No, for the father pinches him.

Catty. That's well—and that ould Matthew is as obstinate a neger as ever famished his stomach. What's he doing in Ballynavogue the day?

Pat. Standing he is there, in the fair-green, with his score of fat bullocks, that he has got to sell.

Caatty. Fat bullocks! Them, I reckon, will go towards Honor M'Bride's portion, and a great fortin she'll be for a poor man—but I covet none of it for me or mine.

Pat. I'm sure of that, ma'am,—you would not demane yourself to the likes.

Catty. Mark me, Pat Coxe, now—with all them

* *Good men*—men who fight well.

fat bullocks at her back, and with all them fresh roses in her cheeks—and I don't say but she's a likely girl, if she wa'n't a Mac Bride; but with all that, and if she was the best spinner in the three counties—and I don't say but she's good, if she wa'n't a Mac Bride;—but was she the best of the best, and the fairest of the fairest, and had she to boot the two stockings full of gould, Honor M'Bride shall never be brought home, a daughter-in-law to me! My pride's up.

Pat. (aside) And I'm instructed to keep it up. ——*(Aloud.)* True, for ye, ma'am, and I wish that all had as much proper pride, as ought to be having it.

Catty. There's maning in your eye, Pat—give it tongue.

Pat. If you did not hear it, I suppose there's no truth in it.

Catty. What?—which?

Pat. That your son Randal, Mrs. Rooney, is not of your way of thinking about Honor M'Bride, may-be's.

Catty. Tut! No matter what way of thinking he is—a young slip of a boy like him does not know what he'll think to-morrow. He's a good son to me; and in regard to a wife, one girl will do him as well as another, if he has any sinse—and I'll find him a girl that will plase him, I'll engage.

Pat. May be so, ma'am—no fear: only boys do like to be plasing themselves, by times—and I noticed something.

Catty. What did you notice?—till me, Pat, dear, quick.

Pat. No—'tis bad to be meddling and remarking to get myself ill-will; so I'll keep myself to myself:

for Randal's ready enough with his hand as you with the tongue—no offence, Mrs. Rooney, ma'am.

Catty. Niver fear—only till me the truth, Pat, dear.

Pat. Why, then, to the best of my opinion, I seen Honor M'Bride just now giving Randal Rooney the meeting behind the chapel; and I seen him putting a ring on her finger.

Catty (clasping her hands). Oh, murder!—Oh! the unnat'ral monsters that love makes of these young men; and the traitor, to use me so, when he promised he'd never make a stol'n match unknown'st to me.

Pat. Oh, ma'am, I don't say—I wouldn't swear—it's a match yet.

Catty. Then I'll run down and stop it—and catch 'em.

Pat. You haven't your jock on, ma'am—*(she turns towards the house)*—and it's no use—for you won't catch 'em: I seen them after, turning the back way into Nick Flaherty's.

Catty. Nick Flaherty's, the publican's? oh, the sinners! And this is the saint that Honor M'Bride would be passing herself upon us for? And all the edication she got at Mrs. Carver's Sunday school! Oh, this comes of being better than one's neighbours! A fine thing to tell Mrs. Carver, the English lady, that's so nice, and so partial to miss Honor M'Bride! Oh, I'll expose her!

Pat. Oh! sure, Mrs. Rooney, you promised you'd not tell. *(Standing so as to stop* CATTY.*)*

Catty. Is it who told me? No—I won't mintion a sintence of your name. But let me by—I won't be put off now I've got the scent. I'll hunt 'em out, and drag her to shame, if they're above ground, or my name's not Catty Rooney! Mick! Mick! little

Mick! *(calling at the cottage door)* bring my blue *jock* up the road after me to Ballynavogue. Don't let me count three till you're after me, or I'll bleed ye! *(Exit* CATTY, *shaking her closed hand, and repeating)* I'll expose Honor M'Bride—I'll expose Honor! I will, by the blessing!

Pat. (alone) Now, if Randal Rooney would hear, he'd make a jelly of me, and how I'd trimble; or the brother, if he comed across me, and knewed. But they'll niver know. Oh, Catty won't say a sintence of my name, was she carded! No, Catty's a scould, but has a conscience. Then I like conscience in them I have to dale with sartainly. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Mrs. CARVER'S *Dressing-room.*

HONOR M'BRIDE and MISS BLOOMSBURY *discovered.*

Honor. How *will* I know, miss Bloomsbury, when it will be twelve o'clock?

Bloom. You'll hear the clock strike: but I suspect you'se don't understand the clock yet—well, you'll hear the workmen's bell.

Honor. I know, ma'am, oh I know, true—only I was flurried, so I forgot.

Bloom. Flurried! but never be flurried. Now mind and keep your head upon your shoulders, while I tell you all your duty—you'll just *ready* this here room, your lady's dressing-room; not a part*ical* of dust let me never find, patticlarly behind the vindor shuts.

Honor. Vindor shuts!—where, ma'am?

Bloom. The *shuts* of the *vindors*—did you never hear of a vindor, child?

Honor. Never, ma'am.

Bloom. *(pointing to a window)* Don't tell me! why, your head is a wool-gathering! Now, mind me, pray—see here, always you put that there,—and this here, and that upon that,—and this upon this, and this under that,—and that under this—you can remember that much, child, I supposes?

Honor. I'll do my endeavour, ma'am, to remember all.

Bloom. But mind, now, my good girl, you takes *petticlar* care of this here pyramint of japanned china—and *very* petticlar care of that there great joss—and the *very most patticularest* care of this here right reverend Mandolene. *(Pointing to and touching a Mandarin, so as to make it shake.* HONOR *starts back.)*

Bloom. It i'n't alive. Silly child, to start at a Mandolin shaking his head and beard at you. But, oh! mercy, if there i'n't enough to make him shake his head. Stand there!—stand here!—now don't you see?

Honor. *Which,* ma'am?

Bloom. "*Which, ma'am!*" you're no *witch,* indeed, if you don't see a cobweb as long as my arm. Run, run, child, for the pope's head.

Honor. Pope's head, ma'am?

Bloom. Ay, the pope's head, which you'll find under the stairs. Well, a'n't you gone? what do you stand there, like a stuck pig, for?—Never see a pope's head?—never 'ear of a pope's head?

Honor. I've heard of one, ma'am—with the priest; but we are protestants.

Bloom. Protestants! what's that to do? I do protest, I believe that little head of yours is someway got wrong on your shoulders to-day.

[*The clock strikes*—HONOR, *who is close to it, starts.*

Bloom. Start again!—why, you're all starts and fits. Never start, child! so ignoramus like! 'tis only the clock in your ear,—twelve o'clock, hark!—The bell will ring now in a hurry. Then you goes in there to my lady—stay, you'll never be able, I dare for to say, for to open the door without me; for I opine you are not much usen'd to brass locks in Hirish cabins—can't be expected. See here then! You turns the lock in your hand this'n ways—the *lock*, mind now; not the *key* nor the bolt for your life, child, else you'd bolt your lady in, and there'd be my lady in Lob's pound, and there'd be a pretty kettle of fish!—So you keep, if you can, all I said to you in your head, if possible—and you goes in there—and I goes out here. [*Exit* BLOOMSBURY.

Honor (curtsying). Thank ye, ma'am. Then all this time I'm sensible I've been behaving and looking little better than like a fool, or an *innocent*.—But I hope I won't be so bad when the lady shall speak to me. *(The bell rings.)* Oh, the bell summons me in here.—*(Speaks with her hand on the lock of the door.)* The lock's asy enough—I hope I'll take courage—*(sighs.)*—Asier to spake before one *nor* two, any way—and asier tin times to the mistress than the maid. [*Exit* HONOR.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

GERALD O'BLANEY'S *Counting-house.*

O'BLANEY *alone.*

O'Bla. Then I wonder that ould Matthew M'Bride is not here yet. But is not this Pat Coxe coming up yonder? Ay. Well, Pat, what success with Catty?

Enter PAT COXE, *panting.*

Take breath, man alive—What of Catty?

Pat. Catty! Oh, murder! No time to be talking of Catty, now! Sure the shupervizor's come to town.

O'Bla. Blood!—and the malt that has not paid duty in the cellar! Run, for your life, to the back-yard, give a whistle to call all the boys that's ricking o' the turf, away with 'em to the cellar, out with every sack of malt that's in it, through the back-yard, throw all into the middle of the turf-stack, and in the wink of an eye build up the rick over all, snoog (snug).

Pat. I'll engage we'll have it done in a crack.

[*Exit* PAT.

O'Bla. (*calling after him*) Pat! Pat Coxe! man!

Re-enter PAT.

O'Bla. Would there be any fear of any o' the boys *informin?*

Pat. Sooner cut their ears off! [*Exit* PAT.

Enter OLD M'BRIDE, *at the opposite side.*

Old M'B. (*speaking in a slow, drawling brogue*)

Would Mr. Gerald O'Blaney, the counsellor, be within?

O'Bla. (quick brogue) Oh, my best friend, Matthew M'Bride, is it you, dear? Then here's Gerald O'Blaney, always at your sarvice. But shake hands; for of all men in Ireland, you are the man I was aching to lay my eyes on. And in the fair did ye happen to meet Carver of Bob's Fort?

Old M'B. (speaking very slowly) Ay, did I—and he was a-talking to me, and I was a-talking to him—and he's a very good gentleman, Mr. Carver of Bob's Fort—so he is—and a gentleman that knows how things should be; and he has been giving of me, Mr. O'Blaney, a great account of you, and how you're thriving in the world—and so as that.

O'Bla. Nobody should know that better than Mr. Carver of Bob's Fort—he knows all my affairs. He is an undeniable honest gentleman, for whom I profess the highest regard.

Old M'B. Why then he has a great opinion of you, too, counsellor—for he has been advising of, and telling of me, O'Blaney, of your proposhal, sir—and very sinsible I am of the honour done by you to our family, sir—and condescension to the likes of us—tho' to be sure, Honor M'Bride, though she is my daughter, is a match for any man.

O'Bla. Is a match for a prince—a Prince Ragent even. So no more about condescension, my good Matthew, for love livels all distinctions.

Old M'B. That's very pritty of you, to say so, sir; and I'll repeat it to Honor.

O'Bla. Cupid is the great liveller, after all, and the only democrat Daity on earth I'd bow to—for I know you are no democrat, Mr. M'Bride, but quite *and clane the* contrary way.

Old M'B. Quite and clane and stiff, I thank my God; and I'm glad, in spite of the vowel before your name, Mr. O'Blaney, to hear you are of the same kidney.

O'Bla. I'm happy to find myself agreeable to you, sir.

Old M'B. But, however agreeable to me, as I won't deny, it might be, sir, to see my girl made into a gentlewoman by marriage, I must observe to you——

O'Bla. And I'll keep her a jaunting car to ride about the country; and in another year, as my fortune's rising, my wife should rise with it into a coach of her own.

Old M'B. Oh! if I'd live to see my child, my Honor, in a coach of her own! I'd be too happy—oh, I'd die content!

O'Bla. (aside) No fear!—*(Aloud.)*—And why should not she ride in her own coach, mistress counsellor O'Blaney, and look out of the windows down upon the *Roonies,* that have the insolence to look up to her?

Old M'B. Ah! you know *that* then. That's all that's against us, sir, in this match.

O'Bla. But if *you* are against Randal, no fear.

Old M'B. I am against him—that is, against his family, and all his seed, breed, and generation. But I would not break my daughter's heart if I could help it.

O'Bla. Wheugh!—hearts don't break in these days, like china.

Old M'B. This is my answer, Mr. O'Blaney, sir: you have my lave, but you must have hers too.

O'Bla. I would not fear to gain that, in due time,

if you would stand my friend in forbidding her the sight of Randal.

Old M'B. I will with pleasure, that—for tho' I won't force her to marry to plase me, I'll forbid her to marry to displase me; and when I've said it, whatever it is, I'll be obeyed. *(Strikes his stick on the ground.)*

O'Bla. That's all I ax.

Old M'B. But now what settlement, counshillor, will you make on my girl?

O'Bla. A hundred a year—I wish to be liberal—Mr. Carver will see to that—he knows all my affairs, as I suppose he was telling you.

Old M'B. He was—I'm satisfied, and I'm at a word myself always. You heard me name my girl's portion, sir?

O'Bla. I can't say—I didn't mind—'twas no object to me in life.

Old M'B. (in a very low, mysterious tone, and slow brogue) Then five hundred guineas is some object to most men.

O'Bla. Certainly, sir; but not such an object as your daughter to me: since we are got upon business, however, best settle all that out of the way, as you say, at once. Of the five hundred, I have two in my hands already, which you can make over to me with a stroke of a pen. *(Rising quickly, and getting pen, ink, and books.)*

Old M'B. (speaking very slowly) Stay a bit—no hurry—in life. In business—'tis always most haste, worse speed.

O'Bla. Take your own time, my good Matthew—I'll be as slow as you plase—only love's quick.

Old M'B. Slow and sure—love and all—fast

bind, fast fiind—three and two, what does that make?

O'Bla. It used to make five before I was in love.

Old M'B. And will the same after you're married and dead. What am I thinking of? A score of bullocks I had in the fair—half a score sold in my pocket, and owing half—that's John Dolan, twelve pound, tin—and Charly Duffy nine guineas, and thirteen tin pinnies, and a five-penny bit: stay, then, put that to the hundred guineas in the stocking at home.

O'Bla. (aside) How he makes my mouth water! *(Aloud.)* May be, Matthew, I could, that am used to it, save you the trouble of counting?

Old M'B. No trouble in life to me ever to count my money—only I'll trouble you, sir, if you plase, to lock that door; bad to be chinking and spreading money with doors open, for walls has ears and eyes.

O'Bla. True for you. *(Rising, and going to lock the doors.)*

[*Old* M'Bride *with great difficulty, and very slowly, draws out of his pocket his bag of money —looking first at one door, and then at the other, and going to try whether they are locked, before he unties his bag.*

Old M'B. (spreads and counts his money and notes) See me now, I wrote on some scrap somewhere 59*l.* in notes—then hard cash, twinty pounds—rolled up silver and gould, which is scarce—but of a hundred pounds there's wanting fourteen pounds odd, I think, or something that way; for Phil and I had our breakfast out of a one pound note of Finlay's, and I put the change somewhere—besides a ribbon for Honor, which makes a deficiency of fourteen pounds, seven shillings

and two pence—that's what's deficient—count it which way you will.

O'Bla. (going to sweep the money off the table) Oh! never mind the deficiency—I'll take it for a hundred plump.

Old M'B. (stopping him) Plump me, no plumps—I'll have it exact, or not at all—I'll not part it, so let me see it again.

O'Bla. (aside, with a deep sigh, almost a groan) Oh! when I had had it in my fist—almost: but 'tis as hard to get money out of this man as blood out of a turnip; and I'll be lost to-night without it.

Old M'B. 'Tis not exact—and I'm exact: I'll put it all up again—*(he puts it deliberately into the bag again, thrusting the bag into his pocket)*—I'll make it up at home my own way, and send it in to you by Phil in an hour's time; for I could not sleep sound with so much in my house—bad people about—safer with you in town. Mr. Carver says, you are as good as the Bank of Ireland—there's no going beyond that. *(Buttoning up his pockets.)* So you may unlock the doors and let me out now—I'll send Phil with all to you, and you'll give him a bit of a receipt or a token, that would do.

O'Bla. I shall give a receipt by all means—all regular: short accounts make long friends. *(Unlocks the door.)*

Old M'B. True, sir, and I'll come in and see about the settlements in the morning, if Honor is agreeable.

O'Bla. I shall make it my business to wait upon the young lady myself on the wings of love; and I trust I'll not find any remains of Randal Rooney in her head.

Old M'B. Not if I can help it, depend on that. *(They shake hands.)*

O'Bla. Then, fare ye well, father-in-law—that's meat and drink to me: would not ye take a glass of wine then?

Old M'B. Not a drop—not a drop at all—with money about me: I must be in a hurry home.

O'Bla. That's true—so best: recommind me kindly to miss Honor, and say a great dale about my impatience—and I'll be expicting Phil, and won't shut up till he comes the night.

Old M'B. No, don't; for he'll be with you before night-fall. [*Exit* M'BRIDE.

O'Bla. (calling) Dan! open the door, there: Dan! Joe! open the door smart for Mr. M'Bride! *(*O'BLANEY *rubbing his hands.)* Now I think I may pronounce myself made for life—success to my parts!—and here's Pat too! Well, Pat Coxe, what news of the thing in hand?

Enter PAT COXE.

Pat. Out of hand clane! that job's nately done. The turf-rick, sir, 's built up cliver, with the malt snug in the middle of its stomach—so were the shupervishor a conjurer even, barring he'd dale with the ould one, he'd never suspict a sentence of it.

O'Bla. Not he—he's no conjurer: many's the dozen tricks I played him afore now.

Pat. But, counshillor, there's the big veshel in the little passage—I got a hint from a friend, that the shuper got information of the spirits in that from some villain.

O'Bla. And do you think I don't know a trick for that, too?

Pat. No doubt: still, counshillor, I'm in dread of

my life that that great big veshel won't be imptied in a hurry.

O'Bla. Won't it? but you'll see it will, though; and what's more, them spirits will turn into water for the shupervishor.

Pat. Water! how?

O'Bla. Asy—the ould tan-pit that's at the back of the distillery.

Pat. I know—what of it?

O'Bla. A sacret pipe I've got fixed to the big veshel, and the pipe goes under the wall for me into the tan-pit, and a sucker I have in the big veshel, which I pull open by a string in a crack, and lets all off all clane into the tan-pit.

Pat. That's capital!—but the water?

O'Bla. From the pump, another pipe—and the girl's pumping asy, for she's to wash to-morrow, and knows nothing about it; and so the big veshel she fills with water, wondering what ails the water that it don't come—and I set one boy and another to help her—and the pump's bewitched, and that's all:—so that's settled.

Pat. And cleverly. Oh! counshillor, we are a match for the shuper any day or night.

O'Bla. For him and all his tribe, *coursing* officers and all. I'd desire no better sport than to hear the whole pack in full cry after me, and I doubling, and doubling, and safe at my form at last. With you, Pat, my precious, to drag the herring over the ground previous to the hunt, to distract the scent, and defy the nose of the dogs.

Pat. Then I'm proud to sarve you, counshillor.

O'Bla. I know you are, and a very honest boy. And what did you do for me, with Catty Rooney?

Pat. The best.—Oh! it's I *blarny'd* Catty to the

skies, and then egged her on, and aggravated her against the M'Brides, till I left her as mad as e'er a one in Bedlam—up to any thing! And full tilt she's off to Flaherty's, the publican, in her blue jock—where she'll not be long afore she kicks up a quarrel, I'll engage; for she's sarching the house for Honor M'Bride, who is *not* in it—and giving bad language, I warrant, to all the M'Bride faction, who *is* in it, drinking. Oh! trust Catty's tongue for breeding a riot! In half an hour, I'll warrant, you'll have as fine a fight in town as ever ye seen or *hard*.

O'Bla. That's iligantly done, Pat. But I hope Randal Rooney is in it?

Pat. In the thick of it he is, or will be. So I hope your honour did not forgit to spake to Mr. Carver about that little place for me?

O'Bla. Forgit!—Do I forgit my own name, do you think? Sooner forgit that *then* my promises.

Pat. Oh! I beg your honour's pardon—I would not doubt your word; and to make matters sure, and to make Catty cockahoop, I tould her, and swore to her, there was not a M'Bride in the town but two, and there's twinty, more or less.

O'Bla. And when she sees them twinty, more or less, what will she think?—Why would you say that—she might find you out in a lie next minute, Mr. Overdo? 'Tis dangerous for a young man to be telling more lies than is absolutely requisite. The *lie superfluous* brings many an honest man, and, what's more, many a cliver fellow, into a scrape—and that's your great fau't, Pat.

Pat. Which, sir?

O'Bla. That, sir. I don't see you often now take a glass too much. But, Pat, I hear you often still are too apt to indulge in a lie too much.

Pat. Lie! Is it I?—Whin upon my conscience, I niver to my knowledge tould a lie in my life, since I was born, excipt it would be just to skreen a man, which is charity, sure,—or to skreen myself, which is self-defence, sure—and that's lawful; or to oblige your honour, by particular desire, and *that* can't be helped, I suppose.

O'Bla. I am not saying again all that—only *(laying his hand on* PAT's *shoulder as he is going out)* against another time, all I'm warning you, young man, is, you're too apt to think there never can be lying enough. Now too much of a good thing is good for nothing. [*Exit* O'BLANEY.

PAT, *alone.*

Pat. There's what you may call the divil rebuking sin—and now we talk of the like as, I've hard my *mudther* say, that he had need of a long spoon that ates wid the divil—so I'll look to that in time. But who's voice is that I hear coming up stairs? I don't believe but it's Mr. Carver—only what should bring him back again, I wonder now? Here he is, all out of breath, coming.

Enter Mr. CARVER.

Mr. Carv. Pray, young man, did you happen to see——*(panting for breath)* Bless me, I've ridden so fast back from Bob's Fort!

Pat. My master, sir, Mr. O'Blaney, is it? Will I run?

Mr. Carv. No, no—stand still till I have breath. What I want is a copy of a letter I dropped some where or other—here I think it must have been, when I took out my handkerchief—a copy of a letter to his excellency—of great consequence. *(Mr.* CARVER *sits down, and takes breath.)*

Pat. *(searching about with officious haste)* If it's above ground, I'll find it. What's this?—an old bill: that is not it. Would it be this, crumpled up? —" To his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

Mr. Carv. *(snatching)* No further, for your life!

Pat. Well then I was lucky I found it, and proud.

Mr. Carv. And well you may be, young man; for I can assure you, on this letter the fate of Ireland may depend. *(Smoothing the letter on his knee.)*

Pat. I wouldn't doubt it—when it's a letter of your honour's—I know your honour's a great man at the castle. And plase your honour, I take this opportunity of tanking your honour for the encouragement I got about that little clerk's place—and here's a copy of my hand-writing I'd wish to show your honour, to see I'm capable—and a scholard.

Mr. Carv. Hand-writing! Bless me, young man, I have no time to look at your hand-writing, sir. With the affairs of the nation on my shoulders—can you possibly think?—is the boy mad?—that I've time to revise every poor scholar's copy-book?

Pat. I humbly beg your honour's pardon, but it was only becaase I'd wish to show I was not quite so unworthy to be under (whin you've time) your honour's protection, as promised.

Mr. Carv. My protection?—you are not under my proteetion, sir:—promised clerk's place?—I do not conceive what you are aiming at, sir.

Pat. The little clerk's place, plase your honour—that my master, counshellor O'Blaney, tould me he spoke about to your honour, and was recommending me for to your honour.

Mr. Carv. Never—never heard one syllable about it, till this moment.

Pat. Oh! murder:—but I expect your honour's goodness will——

Mr. Carv. To make your mind easy, I promised to appoint a young man to that place, a week ago, by counsellor O'Blaney's special recommendation. So there must be some mistake. [*Exit Mr.* CARVER.

PAT, *alone.*

Pat. Mistake? ay, mistake on purpose. So he never spoke! so he lied!—my master that was praching me! And oh, the dirty lie he tould me! Now I can't put up with that, when I was almost perjuring myself for him at the time. Oh if I don't fit him for this! And he got the place given to another!—then I'll get him as well sarved, and out of this place too—seen-if-I-don't! He is cunning enough, but I'm cuter nor he—I have him in my power, so I have! and I'll give the shupervizor a scent of the malt in the turf-stack—and a hint of the spirits in the tan-pit—and it's I that will like to stand by innocent, and see how shrunk O'Blaney's double face will look forenent the shupervizor, when all's found out, and not a word left to say, but to pay—ruined hand and foot! Then that shall be, and before nightfall. Oh! one good turn deserves another—in revenge, prompt payment while you live!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

M'BRIDE'S *Cottage.*

MATTHEW M'BRIDE *and* HONOR. (MATTHEW *with a little Table before him, at Dinner.*)

Old M'B. (pushing his plate from him) I'll take no more—I'm done. [*He sighs.*

‡

Honor. Then you made but a poor dinner, father, after being at the fair, and up early, and all!—Take this bit from my hands, father dear.

Old M'B. (turning away sullenly) I'll take nothing from you, Honor, but what I got already enough—and too much of—and that's ungratitude.

Honor. Ungratitude, father! then you don't see my heart.

Old M'B. I lave that to whoever has it, Honor: 'tis enough for me, I see what you do—and that's what I go by.

Honor. Oh me! and what did I do to displase you, father? *(He is obstinately silent; after waiting in vain for an answer, she continues)* I that was thinking to make all happy *(aside)*, but myself *(aloud)*, by settling to keep out of the way of—all that could vex you—and to go to sarvice, to Mrs. Carver's. I thought *that* would plase you, father.

Old M'B. Is it to lave me, Honor? Is it *that* you thought would plase me, Honor?—To lave your father alone in his ould age, after all the slaving he got and was willing to undergo, whilst ever he had strength, early and late, to make a little portion for you, Honor,—you, that I reckoned upon for the prop and pride of my ould age—and you expect you'd plase me by laving me.

Honor. Hear me just if, pray then, father.

Old M'B. (shaking her off as she trics to caress him) Go, then; go where you will, and demane yourself going into sarvice, rather than stay with me—go.

Honor. No, I'll not go. I'll stay then with you, father dear,—say that will plase you.

Old M'B. (going on without listening to her) And all for the love of this Randal Rooney! Ay, you may

well put your two hands before your face; if you'd any touch of natural affection at all, *that* young man would have been the last of all others you'd ever have thought of loving or liking any way.

Honor. Oh! if I could help it!

Old M'B. There it is. This is the way the poor fathers is always to be trated. They to give all, daughter and all, and get nothing at all, not their choice even of the man, the villain that's to rob 'em of all—without thanks even; and of all the plinty of bachelors there are in the parish for the girl that has money, that daughter will go and pick and choose out the very man the father mislikes beyond all others, and then it's "*Oh! if I could help it!*"—Asy talking!

Honor. But, dear father, wasn't it more than talk, what I did?—Oh, won't you listen to me?

Old M'B. I'll not hear ye; for if you'd a grain o' spirit in your mane composition, Honor, you would take your father's part, and not be putting yourself under Catty's feet—the bad-tongued woman, that hates you, Honor, like poison.

Honor. If she does hate me, it's all through love of her own——

Old M'B. Son—ay—that she thinks too good for you—for *you*, Honor; you, the lily of Lismore—that might command the pride of the country. Oh! Honor dear, don't be lessening yourself; but be a proud girl, as you ought, and my own Honor.

Honor. Oh, when you speak so kind!

Old M'B. And I beg your pardon, if I said a cross word; for I know you'll never think of him more, and no need to lave home at all for his sake. It would be a shame in the country, and what would Mrs. Carver herself think?

Honor. She thinks well of it, then.

Old M'B. Then whatever she thinks, she sha'n't have my child from me! tho' she is a very good lady, and a very kind lady, too. But see now, Honor —have done with love, for it's all foolishness; and when you come to be as ould as I am, you'll think so too. The shadows goes all one way, till the middle of the day, and when that is past, then all the t'other way; and so it is, with love, in life—stay till the sun is going down with you.

Honor. Then it would be too late to be thinking of love.

Old M'B. And too airly now, and there's no good time, for its all folly. I'll ax you, will love set the potatoes?—will love make the rent?—or will love give you a jaunting-car?—as to my knowledge another of your bachelors would.

Honor. Oh, don't name him, father.

Old M'B. Why not—when it's his name that would make a lady of you, and there'd be a rise in life, and an honour to your family?

Honor. Recollect it was he that would have dishonoured my family, in me, if he could.

Old M'B. But he repints now; and what can a man do but repint, and offer to make honourable restitution, and thinking of marrying, as now, Honor dear;—is not that a condescension of he, who's a sort of a jantleman?

Honor. A sort, indeed—a bad sort.

Old M'B. Why, not jantleman *born*, to be sure.

Honor. Nor *bred*.

Old M'B. Well, there's many that way, neither born nor bred, but that does very well in the world; and think what it would be to live in the big shingled house, in Ballynavogue, with him!

Honor. I'd rather live here with you, father.

Old M'B. Then I thank you kindly, daughter, for that, but so would not *I for* you,—and then the jaunting-car, or a coach, in time, if he could! He has made the proposhal for you in form this day.

Honor. And what answer from you, father?

Old M'B. Don't be looking so pale,—I tould him he had my consint, if he could get yours. And, oh! before you speak, Honor dear, think what it would be up and down in Ballynavogue, and every other place in the county, assizes days and all, to be mistress Gerald O'Blaney!

Honor. I couldn't but think very ill of it, father; thinking ill, as I do, of him. Father dear, say no more, don't be breaking my heart—I'll never have that man; but I'll stay happy with you.

Old M'B. Why, then, I'll be contint with that same; and who wouldn't?—If it's what you'd rather stay, and *can* stay contint, Honor dear, I'm only too happy. *(Embracing her—then pausing.)* But for Randal——

Honor. In what can you fau't him, only his being a Rooney?

Old M'B. That's all—but that's enough. I'd sooner see you in your coffin—sooner be at your wake to-night, than your wedding with a Rooney! 'Twould kill me. Come, promise me—I'd trust your word—and 'twould make me asy for life, and I'd die asy, if you'd promise never to have him.

Honor. Never till you would consent—that's all I can promise.

Old M'B. Well, that same is a great ase to my heart.

Honor. And to give a little ase to mine, father, *perhaps* you could promise——

Old M'B. What?—I'll promise nothing at all—I'll promise nothing at all—I'll promise nothing I couldn't perform.

Honor. But this you could perform asy, dear father: just hear your own Honor.

Old M'B. (aside) That voice would wheedle the bird off the bush—and when she'd prefar me to the jaunting-car, can I but listen to her? *(Aloud.)* Well, what?—if it's any thing at all in rason.

Honor. It is in rason entirely. It's only, that if Catty Rooney's——

Old M'B. (stopping his ears) Don't name her.

Honor. But she might be brought to rason, father; and if she should be brought to give up that claim to the bit o' bog of yours, and when all differs betwix' the families be made up, then you would consent.

Old M'B. When Catty Rooney's brought to rason! Oh! go shoe the goslings, dear,—ay, you'll get my consint then. There's my hand: I promise you, I'll never be called on to perform that, Honor, jewel.

Honor (kissing his hand). Then that's all I'd ask—nor will I say one word more, but thank you, father.

Old M'B. (putting on his coat) She's a good cratur—sorrow better! sister or daughter. Oh! I won't forget that she prefarred me to the jaunting-car. Phil shall carry him a civil refusal. I'll send off the money, the three hundred, by your brother, this minute—that will be some comfort to poor O'Blaney. [*Exit* M'BRIDE.

Honor. Is not he a kind father, then, after all?—That promise he gave me about Catty, even such as it is, has ased my heart wonderfully. Oh! it will all come right, and they'll all be rasonable in time, even Catty Rooney, I've great hope; and little hope's

enough, even for love to live upon. But, hark! there's my brother Phil coming. *(A noise heard in the back-house.)* 'Tis only the cow in the bier. *(A knock heard at the door.)* No, 'tis a christian; no cow ever knocked so soft. Stay till I open—Who's in it?

Randal (from within). Your own Randal—open quick.

Honor. Oh! Randal, is it you? I can't open the door. [*She holds the door—he pushes it half open.*

Randal. Honor, that I love more than life, let me in, till I speak one word to you, before you're set against me for ever.

Honor. No danger of that—but I can't let you in, Randal.

Randal. Great danger! Honor, and you must. See you I will, if I die for it!

[*He advances, and she retires behind the door, holding it against him.*

Honor. Then I won't see you this month again, if you do. My hand's weak, but my heart's strong, Randal.

Randal. Then my heart's as weak as a child's this minute. Never fear—don't hold against me, Honor; I'll stand where I am, since you don't trust me, nor love me—and best so, may be: I only wanted to say three words to you.

Honor. I can't hear you now, Randal.

Randal. Then you'll never hear me more. Good bye to you, Honor. [*He pulls the door to, angrily.*

Honor. And it's a wonder as it was you didn't meet my father as you came, or my brother.

Randal (pushing the door a little open again). Your brother!—Oh, Honor! that's what's breaking my heart—*(he sighs)*—that's what I wanted to say to you; and listen to me. No fear of your father,

he's gone down the road: I saw him as I come the short cut, but he didn't see me.

Honor. What of my brother?—say, and go.

Randal. Ay, go—for ever, you'll bid me, when I've said.

Honor. What! oh, speak, or I'll drop.—*(She no longer holds the door, but leans against a table.—* RANDAL *advances, and looks in.)*

Randal. Don't be frighted then, dearest—it's nothing in life but a fight at a fair. He's but little hurted.

Honor. Hurted!—and by who? by you is it?—Then all's over.—*(*RANDAL *comes quite in*—HONOR, *putting her hand before her eyes.)*—You may come or go, for I'll never love you more.

Randal. I expicted as much!—But she'll faint.

Honor. I won't faint: leave me, Mr. Randal.

Randal. Take this water from me, *(holding a cup)* it's all I ask.

Honor. No need. *(She sits down)* But what's this?—*(seeing his hand bound up.)*

Randal. A cut only.

Honor. Bleeding—stop it. *(Turning from him coldly.)*

Randal. Then by this blood—no, not by this worthless blood of mine—but by that dearest blood that fled from your cheeks, and this minute is coming back, Honor, I swear——*(kneeling to her.)*

Honor. Say what you will, or swear, I don't hear or heed you. And my father will come and find you there—and I don't care.

Randal. I know you don't—and I don't care myself what happens me. But as to Phil, it's only a cut in the head he got, that signifies nothing—if he was not your brother.

Honor. Once lifted your hand against him—all's over.

Randal. Honor, I did not lift my hand against *him*; but I was in the quarrel with his faction.

Honor. And this your promise to me not to be in any quarrel! No, if my father consented to-morrow, I'd niver have you now. *(Rises, and is going—he holds her.)*

Randal. Then you're wrong, Honor: you've heard all against me—now hear what's for me.

Honor. I'll hear no more—let me go.

Randal. Go, then; *(he lets her go, and turns away himself)* and I'm going before Mr. Carver, who *will* hear me, and the truth will appear—and tho' not from you, Honor, I'll have justice. [*Exit* RANDAL.

Honor. Justice! Oh, worse and worse! to make all public; and if once we go to law, there's an end of love—*for ever.* [*Exit* HONOR.

SCENE III.

O'BLANEY'S *House.*

O'BLANEY *and* CATTY ROONEY.

Catty. And didn't ye hear it, counshillor? the uproar in the town and the riot?—oh! you'd think the world was throwing out at windows. See my jock, all tattered! Didn't ye hear?

O'Bla. How could I hear, backwards, as you see, from the street, and given up to my business?

Catty. Business! oh! here is a fine business—the M'Brides have driven all before them, and chased the Roonies out of Ballynavogue. *(In a tone of deep despair.)* Oh! Catty Rooney! that ever you'd live to see this day!

O'Bla. Then take this glass *(offering a glass of whiskey)* to comfort your heart, my good Mrs. Rooney.

Catty. No, thank you, counshillor, it's past that even! ogh! ogh!—oh! wirrastrew!—oh! wirrastrew, ogh!—*(After wringing her hands, and yielding to a burst of sorrow and wailing, she stands up firmly.)* Now I've ased my heart, I'll do. I've spirit enough left in me yet, you'll see; and I'll tell you what I came to you for, counsellor.

O'Bla. Tell me first, is Randal Rooney in it, and is he hurt?

Catty. He was in it: he's not hurt, more shame for him! But, howsomever, he bet one boy handsomely, that's my only comfort. Our faction's all going full drive to swear examinations, and get justice.

O'Bla. Very proper—very proper: swear examinations—that's the course, and only satisfaction in these cases to get justice.

Catty. Justice!—revenge sure! Oh! revenge is sweet, and I'll have it. Counsellor dear, I never went before Mr. Carver—you know him, sir—what sort is he?

O'Bla. A mighty good sort of gentleman—only mighty tiresome.

Catty. Ay, that's what I hard—that he is mighty fond of talking to people for their good. Now that's what I dread, for I can't stand being talked to for my good.

O'Bla. 'Tis little use, I confess. We Irish is wonderful soon tired of goodness, if there's no spice of fun along with it; and poor Carver's soft, and between you and I, he's a little bothered, but, Mrs. Rooney, you won't repate?

Catty. Repate!—I! I'm neither watch nor repater—I scorn both; and between you and I, since you say so, counshillor, that's my chiefest objection to Carver, whom I wouldn't know from Adam, except by reputation. But it's the report of the country, that he has common informers in his pay and favour; now that's mane, and I don't like it.

O'Bla. Nor I, Mrs. Rooney. I had experience of informers in the distillery line once. The worst varmin that is ever encouraged in any house or country. The very mintion of them makes me creep all over still.

Catty. Then 'tis Carver, they say, that has the oil of Rhodium for them; for they follow and fawn on him, like rats on the rat-catcher—of all sorts and sizes, he has 'em. They say, he sets them over and after one another; and has *lations* of them that he lets out on the craturs' cabins, to larn how many grains of salt every man takes with his little *prates*, and bring information if a straw would be stirring.

O'Bla. Ay, and if it would, then it's Carver that would quake like the aspin leaf—I know that. It's no malice at all in him; only just he's a mighty great poltroon.

Catty. Is that all? Then I'd pity and laugh at him, and I go to him preferably to any other magistrate.

O'Bla. You may, Mrs. Rooney—for it's in terror of his life he lives, continually draming day and night, and croaking of carders and thrashers, and oak boys, and white boys, and peep-o'-day boys, and united boys, and ribbon-men, and men and boys of all sorts that have, and that have not, been up and down the country since the rebellion.

Catty. The poor crater! But in case he'd prove

refractory, and would not take my examinations, can't I persecute my shute again the M'Brides for the bit of the bog of Ballynascraw, counshillor?—Can't I *harash* 'em at law?

O'Bla. You can, ma'am, harash them properly. I've looked over your papers, and I'm happy to tell you, you may go on at law as soon and as long as you plase.

Catty (speaking very rapidly). Bless you for that word, counshillor; and by the first light to-morrow, I'll drive all the grazing cattle, every four-footed *baast*, off the land, and pound 'em in Ballynavogue; and if they replevy, why I'll distrain again, if it be forty times, I will go. I'll go on distraining, and I'll advertise, and I'll cant, and I'll sell the distress at the end of the eight days. And if they dare for to go for to put a plough in that bit of reclaimed bog, I'll come down upon 'em with an injunction, and I would not value the expinse of bringing down a record a pin's pint; and if that went again me, I'd remove it to the courts above and wilcome; and after that, I'd go into equity, and if the chancillor would not be my friend, I'd take it over to the House of Lords in London, so I would as soon as look at 'em; for I'd wear my feet to the knees for justice—so I would.

O'Bla. That you would! You're an elegant lawyer, Mrs. Rooney; but have you the sinews of war?

Catty. Is it money, dear?—I have, and while ever I've one shilling to throw down to ould Matthew M'Bride's guinea, I'll go on; and every guinea he parts will twinge his vitals: so I'll keep on while ever I've a fiv'-pinny bit to rub on another—for my spirit is up.

O'Bla. Ay, ay, so you say. Catty, my dear, your back's asy up, but it's asy down again.

Catty. Not when I've been trod on as now, counshillor: it's then I'd turn and fly at a body, gentle or simple, like mad.

O'Bla. Well done, Catty *(patting her on the back)*. There's my own pet mad cat—and there's a legal venom in her claws, that every scratch they'll give shall fester so, no plaister in law can heal it.

Catty. Oh, counshillor, now, if you wouldn't be flattering a wake woman.

O'Bla. Wake woman!—not a bit of woman's wakeness in ye. Oh, my cat-o'-cats! let any man throw her from him, which way he will, she's on her legs and at him again, tooth and claw.

Catty. With nine lives, renewable for ever.

[*Exit* CATTY.

O'Bla. *(alone)* There's a demon in woman's form set to work for me! Oh, this works well—and no fear that the Roonies and M'Brides should ever come to an understanding to cut me out. Young Mr. Randal Rooney, my humble compliments to you, and I hope you'll become the willow which you'll soon have to wear for miss Honor M'Bride's pretty sake. But I wonder the brother a'n't come up yet with the rist of her fortune. *(Calls behind the scenes.)* Mick! Jack! Jenny! Where's Pat?——Then why don't you know? run down a piece of the road towards Ballynascraw, see would you see any body coming, and bring me word would you see Phil M'Bride—you know, flourishing Phil.——Now I'm prepared every way for the shupervishor, only I wish to have something genteel in my fist for him, and a show of cash flying about—nothing like it, to dazzle the eyes.

[*Exit* O'BLANEY.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Mr. CARVER'S *House. Mr.* CARVER *seated: a table, pens, ink, paper, and law-books. A clerk, pen in hand.—On the right-hand side of Mr.* CARVER *stands Mrs.* CATTY ROONEY.—RANDAL ROONEY *beside her, leaning against a pillar, his arms folded.—Behind Mrs.* ROONEY, *three men—one remarkably tall, one remarkably little.—On the left hand of Mr.* CARVER *stand Old* MATTHEW M'BRIDE, *leaning on his stick; beside him,* PHILIP M'BRIDE, *with his silver-hilted whip in his hand.—A Constable at some distance behind Mr.* CARVER'*s chair.—Mr.* CARVER *looking over and placing his books, and seeming to speak to his clerk.*

Catty (aside to her son). See I'll take it asy, and be very shivel and sweet wid him, till I'll see which side he'll lane, and how it will go with us Roonies.—*(Mr.* CARVER *rising, leans forward with both his hands on the table, as if going to speak, looks round, and clears his throat loudly.)*—Will I spake now, plase your honour?

Old M'B. Dacency, when you see his honour preparing his throat.

[*Mr.* CARVER *clears his throat again.*

Catty (curtsying between each sentence). Then I ixpect his honour will do me justice. I got a great character of his honour. I'd sooner come before your honour than any jantleman in all Ireland. I'm sure your honour will stand my *frind*.

Clerk. Silence!

Mr. Carv. Misguided people of Ballynavogue and Ballynascraw——

[*At the instant Mr.* CARVER *pronounces the word* "Ballynavogue," CATTY *curtsies, and all the* ROONIES, *behind her, bow, and answer*—

Here, plase your honour.

[*And when Mr.* CARVER *says* "Ballynascraw," *all the* M'BRIDE'S *bow, and reply*—

Here, plase your honour.

Mr. Carv. (speaking with pomposity, but embarrassment, and clearing his throat frequently) When I consider and look round me, gentlemen, and when I look round me and consider, how long a period of time I have had the honour to bear his majesty's commission of the peace for this county——

Catty (curtsying). Your honour's a good warrant, no doubt.

Mr. Carv. Hem!—hem!—also being a residentiary gentleman, at Bob's Fort—hem!—hem!—hem!—*(Coughs, and blows his nose.)*

Catty (aside to her son). Choking the cratur is with the words he can't get out. *(Aloud.)* Will I spake now, plase your honour?

Clerk. Silence! silence!

Mr. Carv. And when I consider all the ineffectual attempts I have made by eloquence and otherwise, to moralize and civilize you, gentlemen, and to eradicate all your heterogeneous or rebellious passions——

Catty. Not a rebel, good or bad, among us, plase your honour.

Clerk. Silence!

Mr. Carv. I say, my good people of Ballynavogue and Ballynascraw, I stand here really in unspeakable concern and astonishment, to notice at this fair time

in my barony, these symptoms of a riot, gentlemen, and features of a tumult.

Catty. True, your honour, see—scarce a symptom of a fature lift in the face here of little Charley of Killaspugbrone, with the b'ating he got from them M'Brides, who bred the riot, entirely under Flourishing Phil, plase your honour.

Mr. Carv. (turning to PHIL M'BRIDE*)* Mr. Philip M'Bride, son of old Matthew, quite a substantial man,—I am really concerned, Philip, to see you, whom I looked upon as a sort of, I had almost said, *gentleman*——

Catty. Gentleman! what sort? Is it because of the new topped boots, or by virtue of the silver-topped whip, and the bit of a red rag tied about the throat?—Then a gentleman's asy made, nowadays.

Young M'B. It seems 'tis not so asy any way, nowadays, to make a *gentlewoman,* Mrs. Rooney.

Catty (springing forward angrily). And is it me you mane, young man?

Randal. Oh! mother, dear, don't be aggravating.

Mr. Carv. Clerk, why don't you maintain silence?

Catty (pressing before her son). Stand back, then, Randal Rooney—don't you hear *silence?*—don't be brawling before his honour. Go back wid yourself to your pillar, or post, and fould your arms, and stand like a fool that's in love, as you are.——I beg your honour's pardon, but he's my son, and I can't help it. ——But about our examinations, plase your honour, we're all come to swear—here's myself, and little Charley of Killaspugbrone, and big Briny of Cloon, and Ulick of Eliogarty—all ready to swear.

Mr. Carv. But have these gentlemen no tongues of their own, madam?

Catty. No, plase your honour, little Charley has no English tongue; he has none but the native Irish.

Mr. Carv. Clerk, make out their examinations, with a translation; and interpret for Killaspugbrone.

Catty. Plase your honour, I being the lady, expicted I'd get lave to swear first.

Mr. Carv. And what would you swear, madam, if you got leave, pray?—be careful, now.

Catty. I'll tell you how it was out o' the face, plase your honour. The whole Rooney faction——

Mr. Carv. *Faction!*—No such word in my presence, madam.

Catty. Oh, but I'm ready to swear to it, plase your honour, in or out of the presence:—the whole Rooney faction—every Rooney, big or little, that was in it, was bet, and banished the town and fair of Ballynavogue, for no rason in life, by them M'Brides there, them scum o' the earth.

Mr. Carv. Gently, gently, my good lady; no such thing in my presence, as scum o' the earth.

Catty. Well, Scotchmen, if your honour prefars. But before a Scotchman, myself would prefar the poorest spalpeen—barring it be Phil, the buckeen—I ax pardon *(curtsying)*, if a buckeen's the more honourable.

Mr. Carv. Irrelevant in toto, madam; for buckeens and spalpeens are manners or species of men unknown to or not cognizable by the eye of the law; against them, therefore, you cannot swear: but if you have any thing against Philip M'Bride——

Catty. Oh, I have plinty, and will swear, plase your honour, that he put me in bodily fear, and tore my jock, my blue jock, to tatters. Oh, by the vartue of this book *(snatching up a book)*, and all the books

that ever were shut or opened, I'll swear to the damage of five pounds, be the same more or less.

Mr. Carv. My good lady, *more or less* will never do.

Catty. Forty shillings, any way, I'll swear to; and that's a felony, your honour, I hope?

Mr. Carv. Take time, and consult your conscience conscientiously, my good lady, while I swear these other men——

[*She examines the coat, holding it up to view.—Mr.* CARVER *beckons to the Rooney party.*

Mr. Carv. Beaten men! come forward.

Big Briny. Not *beaten,* plase your honour, only *bet.*

Ulick of Eliogarty. Only black eyes, plase your honour.

Mr. Carv. You, Mr. Charley or Charles Rooney, of Killaspugbrone; you have read these examinations, and are you scrupulously ready to swear?

Catty. He is, and *will,* plase your honour; only he's the boy that has got no English tongue.

Mr. Carv. I wish *you* had none, madam, ha! ha! ha! (*The two* M'BRIDES *laugh—the* ROONIES *look grave.*) You, Ulick Rooney, of Eliogarty, *are these* your examinations?

Catty. He can't write, nor rade writing from his cradle, plase your honour; but can make his mark equal to another, sir. It has been read to him any way, sir, plase your honour.

Mr. Carv. And you, sir, who style yourself big Briny of Cloon—you think yourself a great man, I suppose?

Catty. It's what many does that has got less rason, plase your honour.

Mr. Carv. Understand, my honest friend, that

there is a vast difference between looking big and being great.

Big Briny. I see—I know, your honour.

Mr. Carv. Now, gentlemen, all of you, before I hand you the book to swear these examinations, there is one thing of which I must warn and apprize you—that I am most remarkably clear-sighted; consequently there can be no *thumb-kissing* with me, gentlemen.

Big Briny. We'll not ax it, plase your honour.

Catty. No Rooney, living or dead, was ever guilty or taxed with the like! *(Aside to her son.)* Oh, they'll swear iligant! We'll flog the world, and have it all our own way! Oh, I knew we'd get justice—or I'd know why.

Clerk. Here's the book, sir, to swear complainants.

[*Mr.* CARVER *comes forward.*

Mr. Carv. Wait—wait; I must hear both sides.

Catty. Both sides! Oh, plase your honour—only bother you.

Mr. Carv. Madam, it is my duty to have ears for all men—Mr. Philip, now for your defence.

Catty. He has none in nature, plase your honour.

Mr. Carv. Madam, you have had my ear long enough—be silent, at your peril.

Catty. Ogh!—ogh!—silent!

[*She groans piteously.*

Mr. Carv. Sir, your defence, without any preamble or preambulation.

Phil. I've no defence to make, plase your honour, but that I'm innocent.

Mr. Carv. (shaking his head) The worst defence in law, my good friend, unless you've witnesses.

Phil. All present that time in the fair was too

busy fighting for themselves to witness for me that I was not; except I'd call upon one that would clear me entirely, which is that there young man on the opposite side.

Catty. Oh, the impudent fellow! Is it my son?

Old M'B. Is it Randal Rooney? Why, Phil, are you turned *innocent?*

Phil. I am not, father, at all. But with your lave, I call on Randal Rooney, for he is an undeniable honourable man—I refer all to his evidence.

Randal. Thank you, Phil. I'll witness the truth, on whatever side.

Catty rushes in between them, exclaiming, in a tremendous tone, If you do, Catty Rooney's curse be upon——

Randal stops her mouth, and struggles to hold his mother back. Oh, mother, you couldn't curse.

[*All the* ROONIES *get about her, and exclaim,* Oh, Catty, your son you couldn't curse!

Mr. Carv. Silence, and let *me* be heard. Leave this lady to me; I know how to manage these feminine vixens. Mrs. Catherine Rooney, listen to me—you are a reasonable woman.

Catty. I am not, nor don't pretend to it, plase your honour.

Mr. Carv. But you can hear reason, madam, I presume, from the voice of authority.

Catty. No, plase your honour—I'm deaf, stone deaf.

Mr. Carv. No trifling with me, madam; give me leave to advise you a little for your good.

Catty. Plase your honour, it's of no use—from a child up I never could stand to be advised for my good. See, I'd get hot and hotter, plase your honour,

till I'd bounce! I'd fly! I'd burst! and myself does not know what mischief I mightn't do.

Mr. Carv. Constable! take charge of this cursing and cursed woman, who has not respect for man or magistrate. Away with her out of my presence! I commit her for a contempt.

Randal (eagerly). Oh! plase your honour, I beg your honour's pardon for her—my mother—entirely. When she is in her rason, she has the greatest respect for the whole bench, and your honour above all. Oh! your honour, be plasing this once! Excuse her, and I'll go bail for her she won't say another word till she'd get the nod from your honour.

Mr. Carv. On that condition, and on that condition only, I am willing to pass over the past. Fall back, constable.

Catty (aside). Why, then, Gerald O'Blaney misled me. This Carver is a *fauterer* of the Scotch. Bad luck to every bone in his body! *(As* CATTY *says this, her son draws her back, and tries to pacify her.)*

Mr. Carv. Is she muttering, constable?

Randal. Not a word, plase your honour, only just telling herself to be quiet. Oh, mother, dearest, I'll kneel to plase you.

Catty. Kneel! oh, to an ould woman like me—no standing that! So here, on my hunkers I am, for your sake, Randal, and not a word, good or bad! Can woman do more? *(She sits with her fingers on her lips.)*

Mr. Carv. Now for your defence, Philip: be short, for mercy's sake! *(pulling out his watch.)*

Phil. Not to be detaining your honour too long—I was in Ballynavogue this forenoon, and was just—that is, miss Car'line Flaherty was just——

Mr. Carv. Miss Caroline Flaherty! What in nature can she have to do with the business?

Phil. Only axing me, sir, she was, to play the flageolets, which was the rason I was sitting at Flaherty's.

Mr. Carv. Address yourself to the court, young man.

Phil. Sitting at Flaherty's—in the parlour, with the door open, and all the M'Brides which was *in it* was in the room *without* (in the outer room), taking a toombler o' punch I trated 'em to—but not drinking—not a man *out o' the way*—when in comes that gentlewoman. *(Pointing to Mrs.* ROONEY.—RANDAL *groans.)* Never fear, Randal, I'll tell it as soft as I can.

Old M'B. Soft, why? Mighty soft cratur ever since he was born, plase your honour, though he's my son.

Mr. Carv. (putting his finger on his lips) Friend Matthew, no reflections in a court of justice ever. Go on, Philip.

Phil. So some one having tould Mrs. Rooney lies, as I'm confident, sir—for she come in quite *mad*, and abused my sister Honor; accusing her, before all, of being sitting and giving her company to Randal Rooney at Flaherty's, drinking, and something about a ring, and a meeting behind the chapel, which I couldn't understand;—but it fired me, and I stepped—but I recollected I'd promised Honor not to let her provoke me to lift a hand good or bad—so I stepped across very civil, and I said to her, says I, Ma'am, it's all lies—some one has been belying Honor M'Bride to you, Mrs. Rooney.

[CATTY *sighs and groans, striking the back of one hand reiteratedly into the palm of the other—*

rises—beats the devil's tattoo as she stands—then claps her hands again.

Mr. Carv. That woman has certainly more ways of making a noise, without speaking, than any woman upon earth. Proceed, Philip.

Phil. Depind on it, it's all lies, Mrs. Rooney, says I, ma'am. No, but *you* lie, flourishing Phil, says she. With that every M'Bride, to a man, rises from the table, catching up chairs and stools, and toomblers and jugs, to revenge Honor and me. Not for your life, boys, don't *let-drive* ne'er a one of yees, says I—she's a woman, and a widow woman, and only a *scould* from her birth: so they held their hands; but she giving tongue bitter, 'twas hard for flesh and blood to stand it. Now, for the love of heaven and me, sit down all, and be *quite* as lambs, and finish your poonch like gentlemen, sirs, says I: so saying, I *tuk* Mrs. Rooney up in my arms tenderly, as I would a bould child—she screeching and screeching like mad:—whereupon her jock caught on the chair, pocket-hole or something, and give one rent from head to *fut*—and that was the tattering of the jock. So we got her to the door, and there she spying her son by ill-luck in the street, directly stretches out her arms, and kicking my shins, plase your honour, till I could not hold her, "Murder! Randal Rooney," cries she, "and will you see your own mother murdered?"

Randal. Them were the very words, I acknowledge, she used, which put me past my rason, no doubt.

Phil. Then Randal Rooney, being past his rason, turns to all them Roonies that were *in no condition.*

Mr. Carv. That were, what we in English would call, *drunk,* I presume?

Randal. Something very near it, plase your honour.

Phil. Sitting on the bench outside the door they were, when Randal came out. "Up, Roonies, and at 'em!" cried he; and up, to be sure, they flew, shillelahs and all, like lightning, daling blows on all of us M'Brides: but I never lifted a hand; and Randal, I'll do him justice, avoided to lift a hand against me.

Randal. And while I live I'll never forget *that* hour, nor *this* hour, Phil, and all your generous construction.

Catty (aside). Why then it almost softens me; but I won't be made a fool on.

Mr. Carv. (who has been re-considering the examinations) It appears to me that you, Mr. Philip M'Bride, did, as the law allows, only *lay hands softly* upon complainant, Catherine Rooney; and the Roonies, as it appears, struck, and did strike, the first blow.

Randal. I can't deny, plase your honour, we did.

Mr. Carv. (tearing the examinations) Then, gentlemen—you, Roonies—*beaten men,* I cannot possibly take your examinations.

[*When the examinations are torn, the* M'BRIDES *all bow and thank his honour.*

Mr. Carv. Beaten men! depart in peace.

[*The* ROONIES *sigh and groan, and after turning their hats several times, bow, walk a few steps away, return, and seem loath to depart.* CATTY *springs forward, holding up her hands joined in a supplicating attitude to Mr.* CARVER.

Randal. If your honour would be plasing to let her spake now, or she'd burst, may be.

Mr. Carv. Speak now, woman, and ever after hold your tongue.

Catty. Then I am rasonable now, plase your

honour; for I'll put it to the test—see, I'll withdraw my examinations entirely, and I'll recant—and I'll go farther, I'll own I'm wrong—(though I know I'm right)—and I'll beg your pardon, M'Brides, if—(but I know I'll not have to beg your pardon either)—but I say I *will* beg your pardon, M'Brides, *if*, mind *if*, you will accept my test, and it fails me.

Mr. Carv. Very fair, Mrs. Rooney.

Old M'B. What is it she's saying?

Phil. What test, Mrs. Rooney?

Randal. Dear mother, name your test.

Catty. Let Honor M'Bride be summoned, and if she can prove she took no ring, and was not behind the chapel with Randal, nor drinking at Flaherty's with him, the time she was, I give up all.

Randal. Agreed, with all the pleasure in life, mother. Oh, may I run for her?

Old M'B. Not a fut, you sir—go, Phil dear.

Phil. That I will, like a lapwing, father.

Mr. Carv. Where to, sir—where so precipitate?

Phil. Only to fetch my sister.

Mr. Carv. Your sister, sir?—then you need not go far: your sister, Honor M'Bride, is, I have reason to believe, in this house.

Catty. So. Under whose protection, I wonder?

Mr. Carv. Under the protection of Mrs. Carver, madam, into whose service she was desirous to engage herself; and whose advice——

Clerk. Shall I, if you please, sir, call Honor in?

Mr. Carv. If you please.

[*A silence.*—CATTY *stands biting her thumb.*—*Old* M'BRIDE *sits down, leans his chin upon his hands on his stick, and never stirs, even his eyes.*—*Young* M'BRIDE *looks out eagerly to the side at which*

HONOR *is expected to enter*—RANDAL *looking over his shoulder, exclaims*—

There she comes!—Innocence in all her looks.

Catty. Oh! that we shall see soon. No making a fool of me.

Old M'B. My daughter's step—I should know it. *(Aside.)* How my ould heart bates!

[*He rises as she enters. Mr.* CARVER *takes a chair out of the way.*

Catty. Walk in—walk on, miss Honor. Oh, to be sure, miss Honor will have justice.

Enter HONOR M'BRIDE, *walking very timidly.*

And no need to be ashamed, miss Honor, until you're found out.

Mr. Carv. Silence!

Old M'B. Thank your honour.

[*Mr.* CARVER *whispers to his clerk, and directs him, while the following speeches go on.*

Catty. That's a very pretty curtsy, miss Honor—walk on, pray—all the gentlemen's admiring you—my son Randal beyant all.

Randal. Mother, I won't bear——

Catty. Can't you find a sate for her, any of yees? Here's a stool—give it her, Randal. *(*HONOR *sits down.)* And I hope it won't prove the stool of repentance, miss or madam. Oh, bounce your forehead, Randal—truth must out; you've put it to the test, sir.

Randal. I desire no other for her or myself.

[*The father and brother take each a hand of* HONOR *—support and soothe her.*

Catty. I'd pity you, Honor, myself, only I know you a M'Bride—and know you're desaving me, and all present.

Mr. Carv. Call that other witness I allude to, clerk, into our presence without delay.

Clerk. I shall, sir. [*Exit clerk.*

Catty. We'll see—we'll see all soon—and the truth will come out, and shame the *dibbil* and the M'Brides!

Randal (looking out). The man I bet, as I'm a sinner!

Catty. What?—which?—where?—True for ye! —I was wondering I did not see the man you bet appear again ye: and this is he, with the head bound up in the garter, coming—miserable cratur he looks —who would he be?

Randal. You'll see all soon, mother.

Enter PAT COXE, *his head bound up.*

Mr. Carv. Come on—walk on boldly, friend.

Catty. Pat Coxe! saints above!

Mr. Carv. Take courage, you are under my protection here—no one will dare to touch you.

Randal (with infinite contempt). Touch ye! Not I, ye dirty dog!

Mr. Carv. No, sir, you have done enough that way already, it appears.

Honor. Randal! what, has Randal done this?

Mr. Carv. Now observe—this Mr. Patrick Coxe, aforesaid, has taken refuge with me; for he is, it seems, afraid to appear before his master, Mr. O'Blaney, this night, after having been beaten: though, as he assures me, he has been beaten without any provocation whatsoever, by you, Mr. Randal Rooney—answer, sir, to this matter?

Randal. I don't deny it, sir—I bet him, 'tis true.

Pat. To a jelly—without marcy—he did, plase your honour, sir.

Randal. Sir, plase your honour, I got rason to suspect this man to be the author of all them lies that was tould backwards and forwards to my mother about me and miss Honor M'Bride, which made my mother mad, and driv' her to raise the riot, plase your honour. I charged Pat with the lies, and he shirked, and could give me no satisfaction, but kept swearing he was no liar, and bid me keep my distance, for he'd a pocket pistol about him. "I don't care what you have about you—you have not the truth about ye, nor in ye," says I; "ye are a liar, Pat Coxe," says I: so he cocked the pistol at me, saying, *that* would prove me a coward—with that I wrenched the pistol from him, and *bet* him in a big passion. I own to that, plase your honour—there I own I was wrong *(turning to* HONOR*)*, to demane myself lifting my hand any way.

Mr. Carv. But it is not yet proved that this man has told any lies.

Randal. If he has tould no lies, I wronged him. Speak, mother—*(*COXE *gets behind* CATTY, *and twitches her gown)*, was it he who was the informer, or not?

Catty. Nay, Pat Coxe, if you lied, I'll not skreen you; but if you tould the truth, stand out like a man, and stand to it, and I'll stand by you, against my own son even, Randal, if he was the author of the report. In plain words, then, he, Pat Coxe, tould me, that she, Honor M'Bride, gave you, Randal Rooney, the meeting behind the chapel, and you gave her the ring—and then she went with you to drink at Flaherty's.

Honor (starting up). Oh! who *could* say the like of me?

Catty. There he stands—now, Pat, you must stand

or fall—will you swear to what you said? *(Old* M'BRIDE *and* PHIL *approach* PAT.*)*

Mr. Carv. This is not the point before me; but, however, I wave that objection.

Randal. Oh! mother, don't put him to his oath, lest he'd perjure himself.

Pat. I'll swear: do you think I'd be making a liar of myself?

Honor. Father—Phil dear—hear me one word!

Randal. Hear her—oh! hear her—go to her.

Honor (in a low voice). Would you ask at what time it was he pretends I was taking the ring and all that?

Old M'B. Plase your honour, would you ask the rascal what time?

Mr. Carv. Don't call him rascal, sir—no *rascals* in my presence. What time did you see Honor M'Bride behind the chapel, Pat Coxe?

Pat. As the clock struck twelve—I mind—by the same token the workmen's bell rang as usual; that same time, just as I seen Mr. Randal there putting the ring on her finger, and I said "*there's the bell ringing for a wedding,*" says I.

Mr. Carv. To whom did you say that, sir?

Pat. To myself, plase your honour—I'll tell you the truth.

Honor. Truth! That time the clock struck twelve and the bell rang, I was happily here in this house, sir.

Mr. Carv. At Bob's Fort?—what witness?

Honor. If I might take the liberty to call one could do me justice.

Mr. Carv. No liberty in justice—speak out.

Honor. If I might trouble Mrs. Carver herself?

Mr. Carv. Mrs. Carver will think it no trouble

Randal. Sir, plase your honour, I got rason to suspect this man to be the author of all them lies that was tould backwards and forwards to my mother about me and miss Honor M'Bride, which made my mother mad, and driv' her to raise the riot, plase your honour. I charged Pat with the lies, and he shirked, and could give me no satisfaction, but kept swearing he was no liar, and bid me keep my distance, for he'd a pocket pistol about him. "I don't care what you have about you—you have not the truth about ye, nor in ye," says I; "ye are a liar, Pat Coxe," says I: so he cocked the pistol at me, saying, *that* would prove me a coward—with that I wrenched the pistol from him, and *bet* him in a big passion. I own to that, plase your honour—there I own I was wrong *(turning to* HONOR*)*, to demane myself lifting my hand any way.

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Catty. Pat Coxe, if you lied, I'll not skreen you; [illegible] tould the truth, stand out like a man, and [illegible] and I'll stand by you, against my own [illegible] Randal, if he was the author of the repo[illegible] words, then, he, Pat Coxe, tould me, that [illegible] M'Bride, gave you, Randal Rooney, the [illegible] d the chapel, and you gave her the ring [illegible] he went with you to drink at Flaherty [illegible]

H[illegible] g up). Oh! who *could* say the like of m[illegible]

C[illegible] stands—now, Pat, you must stand

Old M'B. Where are you now, Catty?—and you, Pat, ye unfortinate liar?

Pat. *(falling on his knees)* On me knees I am. Oh, I am an unfortinate liar, and I beg your honour's pardon this once.

Mr. Carv. A most abandoned liar, I pronounce you.

Pat. Oh! I hope your honour won't abandon me, for I didn't know miss Honor was under her ladyship, Mrs. Carver's favour and purtection, or I'd sooner ha' cut my tongue out clane—and I expect your honour won't turn your back on me quite, for this is the first lies I ever was found out in since my creation; and how could I help, when it was by my master's particlar desire?

Mr. Carv. Your master! honest Gerald O'Blaney!

Catty. O'Blaney!—save us! *(Lifting up her hands and eyes.)*

Mr. Carv. Take care, Pat Coxe.

Pat. Mr. O'Blaney, ma'am—plase your honour—all truth now—the counshillor, that same and no other, as I've breath in my body—for why should I tell a lie now, when I've no place in my eye, and not a ha'porth to get by it? I'll confess all. It was by my master's orders that I should set you, Mrs. Rooney, and your pride up, ma'am, again' making up with them M'Brides. I'll tell the truth now, plase your honour—that was the cause of the lies I mentioned about the ring and chapel—I'll tell more, if you'll bind Mr. Randal to keep the pace.

Randal. I?—ye dirty dog!—Didn't I tell ye already, I'd not dirty my fingers with the likes of you?

Pat. All Mr. Gerald O'Blaney's aim was to ruin

Mr. Randal Rooney, and set him by the ears with that gentleman, Mr. Philip M'Bride, the brother, and they to come to blows and outrage, and then be in disgrace committed by his honour.

Randal (turning to HONOR M'BRIDE*).* Honor, you saved all—your brother and I never lifted our hands against one another, thanks be to heaven and you, dearest!

Catty. And was there no truth in the story of the chapel and the ring?

Pat. Not a word of truth, but lies, Mrs. Rooney, dear ma'am, of the master's putting into my mouth out of his own head.

[CATTY ROONEY *walks firmly and deliberately across the room to* HONOR M'BRIDE.

Catty. Honor M'Bride, I was wrong; and here, publicly, as I traduced you, I ax your pardon before his honour, and your father, and your brother, and before Randal, and before my faction and his.

[*Both* ROONIES *and* M'BRIDES *all, excepting Old* M'BRIDE, *clap their hands, and huzza.*

Mr. Carv. I ought to reprove this acclamation—but this once I let it pass.

Phil. Father, you said nothing—what do you say, sir?

Old M'B. (never moving) I say nothing at all. I never doubted Honor, and knew the truth must appear—that's all I say.

Honor. Oh! father dear—more you will say *(shaking his stick gently).* Look up at me, and remember the promise you gave me, when Catty should be rasonable—and is not she rasonable now?

Old M'B. I did not hear a word from her about the bog of Ballynascraw.

Catty. Is it the pitiful bit?—No more about it! Make crame cheeses of it—what care I? 'Twas only for pride I stood out—not *that* I'm thinking of now!

Old M'B. Well, then, miracles will never cease! here's one in your favour, Honor; so take her, Randal, fortune and all—a wife of five hundred.

Randal (kneeling). Oh! happiest of men I am this minute.

Catty. I the same, if she had not a pinny in the world.

Mr. Carv. Happiest of men!—Don't kneel or go into ecstasies now, I beg, till I know the *rationale* of this. Was not I consulted?—did not I give my opinion and advice in favour of another?

Old M'B. You was—you did, plase your honour, and I beg your honour's pardon, and Mr. counsellor O'Blaney's,

Mr. Carv. And did not you give your consent?—I must think him a very ill-used person.

Old M'B. I gave my consint only in case he could win hers, plase your honour, and he could *not*—and I could not break my own daughter's heart, and I beg your honour's pardon.

Mr. Carv. I don't know how that may be, sir, but I gave my approbation to the match; and I really am not accustomed to have my advice or opinion neglected or controverted. Yet, on the other hand——

Enter a Footman with a note, which he gives to Mr. CARVER.

Old M'B. (aside to PHIL*)* Say something for me, Phil, can't ye?—I hav'n't a word.

Mr. Carv. (rising with a quicker motion than

usual) Bless me! bless me! here is a revolution! and a counter revolution!—Here's news will make you all in as great astonishment as I own I am.

Old M'B. What is it?

Randal. I'm made for life—I don't care what comes.

Honor. Nor I: so it is not to touch you, I'm happy.

Catty. Oh! your honour, spake quick, *this time*—I beg pardon!

Mr. Carv. Then I have to confess that *for once* I have been deceived and mistaken in my judgment of a man; and what is more, of a man's *circumstances* completely—O'Blaney.

Old M'B. What of his *circumstances,* oh! sir, in the name of mercy?

Mr. Carv. Bankrupt, at this instant all under seizure to the supervisor. Mr. Gerald O'Blaney has fled the country.

Old M'B. Then, Honor, you are without a penny; for all her fortune, 500*l.*, was in his hands.

Randal. Then I'm as happy to have her without a penny—happier I am to prove my love pure.

Catty. God bless you for my own son! That's our way of thinking, Mr. M'Bride—you see it was not for the fortune.

Honor. Oh! Phil, didn't I tell you her heart was right?

Catty. We will work hard—cheer up, M'Brides. Now the Roonies and M'Brides has joined, you'll see we'll defy the world and O'Blaney, the *chate* of *chates.*

Honor. Randal's own mother!

Catty. Ay, now, we are all one family—now pull together. Don't be cast down, Phil dear. I'll never

call you *flourishing Phil* again, so don't be standing on pride. Suppose your shister has not a pinny, she's better than the best, and I'll love her and fold her to my ould warm heart,—and the daughter of my heart she is now.

Honor. Oh, mother!—for you are my mother now—and happy I am to have a mother in you.

Mr. Carv. I protest it makes me almost—almost—blow my nose.

Catty. Why, then, you're a good cratur. But who tould you I was a vixen, dear—plase your honour?

Mr. Carv. Your friend that is gone.

Catty. O'Blaney?

Randal. *Frind!* He never was frind to none—least of all to hisself.

Catty. Oh! the double-distilled villain!—he tould your honour I was a vixen, and fond of law. Now would you believe what I'm going to till you? he tould me of his honour——

Mr. Carv. Of me, his patron?

Catty. Of you, his patron, sir. He tould me your honour—which is a slander, as we all here can witness, can't we? by his honour's contempt of Pat Coxe—yet O'Blaney said you was as fond and proud of having informers about you as a rat-catcher is of rats.

Mr. Carv. Mistress Catherine Rooney, and all you good people,—there is a great deal of difference between obtaining information and encouraging common informers.

Catty. There is, I'm sinsible. *(Aside to her son.)* Then he's a good magistrate—except a little pompous, mighty good. *(Aloud to Mr.* CARVER.*)* Then I beg your honour's pardon for my bad behaviour, and

bad language and all. 'Twas O'Blaney's fau't—but he's down, and don't trample on the fallen.

Old M'B. Don't defind O'Blaney! Oh! the villain, to rob me of all my hard arnings. Mrs. Catty, I thank you as much as a heavy heart can, for you're ginerous; and you, Randal, for your——

Randal. Is it for loving her, when I can't help it —who could?

Old M'B. *(sighing deeply)* But still it goes against the father's heart to see his child, his pride, go pennyless out of his house.

Phil. Then, sir, father dear, I have to tell you, she is not pennyless.—But I would not tell you before, that Randal, and Catty too, might show themselves what they are. Honor is not pennyless: the three hundred you gave me to lodge with O'Blaney is safe here.—*(Opening his pocket-book.)*—When I was going to him with it as you ordered, by great luck, I was stopped by this very quarrel and riot in Ballynavogue:—he was the original cause of kicking up the riot, and was summoned before your honour,—and here's the money.

Old M'B. Oh! she's not pinnyless! Well, I never saw money with so much pleasure, in all my long days, nor could I think I'd ever live to give it away with half so much satisfaction as this minute. I here give it, Honor, to Randal Rooney and you:—and bless ye, child, with the man of *your* choice, who is *mine* now.

Mrs. Carv. *(aside to Mr.* CARVER*)* My dear, I wish to invite all these good people to a wedding dinner; but really I am afraid I shall blunder in saying their names—will you prompt me?

Mr. Carv. *(aside to Mrs.* CARVER*)* Why really I am not used to be a prompter; however, I will

condescend to prompt *you*, Mrs. Carver. *(He prompts, while she speaks.)*

Mrs. Carv. Mr. Big Briny, of Cloon, Mr. Ulick, of Eliogarty, Mr. Charley, of Killaspugbrone, and you, Mrs. Catty Rooney, and you, Mr. M'Bride, senior, and you, Mr. Philip M'Bride, no longer *flourishing Phil;* since you are now all reconciled, let me have the pleasure of giving you a reconciliation dinner, at the wedding of Honor M'Bride, who is an honour to her family, and Randal Rooney, who so well deserves her love.

The M'BRIDES *and* ROONIES *join in the cry of*

Long life and great luck to your ladyship, that was always good!

Mr. Carv. And you comprehend that I beg that the wedding may be celebrated at Bob's Fort.

All join in crying,

Long may your honour's honour reign over us in glory at Bob's Fort!

Catty (cracking her fingers). A fig for the bog of Ballynascraw!—Now 'tis all LOVE and no LAW!

THE ROSE, THISTLE,

AND

SHAMROCK;

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM HAMDEN .	*An elderly English Gentleman.*
CHRISTY GALLAGHER .	*Landlord of an Irish village inn.*
MR. ANDREW HOYE . .	*A Drum-major in a Scotch regiment.*
OWEN LARKEN	*The Son of the Widow Larken—a Boy of about fifteen.*
GILBERT	*An English Servant of Sir William Hamden.*

WOMEN.

MISS O'HARA	*A young Heiress—Niece of Sir William Hamden.*
MISS FLORINDA GALLAGHER	*Daughter of Christy Gallagher.*
THE WIDOW LARKEN .	*Mother of Owen and of Mabel.*
MABEL LARKEN . . .	*Daughter of the Widow Larken*
BIDDY DOYLE	*Maid of the Inn.*

Band of a regiment.

SCENE.—*The Village of Bannow, in Ireland.*

THE ROSE, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Dressing-Room in Bannow-Castle in Ireland.

Enter Sir WILLIAM HAMDEN, *in his Morning Gown.*

Sir W. EVERY thing precisely in order, even in Ireland!—laid, I do believe, at the very same angle at which they used to be placed on my own dressing-table, at Hamden-place, in Kent. Exact Gilbert! most punctual of valet de chambres!—and a young fellow, as he is, too! It is admirable!—Ay, though he looks as if he was made of wood, and moves like an automaton, he has a warm heart, and a true English spirit—true born English every inch of him. I remember him, when first I saw him ten years ago at his father's, farmer Ashfield's, at the harvest-home; there was Gilbert in all his glory, seated on the top of a hay-rick, singing,

> "Then sing in praise of men of Kent,
> So loyal, brave, and free;
> Of Britain's race, if one surpass,
> A man of Kent is he!"

How he brought himself to quit the men of Kent to come to Ireland with me is wonderful. However,

now he is here, I hope he is tolerably happy: I must ask the question in direct terms; for Gilbert would never speak till spoken to, let him feel what he might.

Sir W. (calls) Gilbert!—Gilbert!

Enter GILBERT.

Gilb. Here, sir.

Sir W. Gilbert, now you have been in Ireland some weeks, I hope you are not unhappy.

Gilb. No, sir, thank you, sir.

Sir W. But are you happy, man?

Gilb. Yes, sir, thank you, sir.

[GILBERT *retires, and seems busy arranging his master's clothes: Sir* WILLIAM *continues dressing.*

Sir W. (aside) Yes, sir, thank you, sir. As dry as a chip—sparing of his words, as if they were his last. And the fellow can talk if he would—has humour, too, if one could get it out; and eloquence, could I but touch the right string, the heart-string. I'll try again. *(Aloud.)* Gilbert!

Gilb. Yes, sir. *(Comes forward respectfully.)*

Sir W. Pray what regiment was it that was passing yesterday through the village of Bannow?

Gilb. I do not know, indeed, sir.

Sir W. That is to say, you saw they were Highlanders, and that was enough for you—you are not fond of the Scotch, Gilbert?

Gilb. No, sir, I can't say as I be.

Sir W. But, Gilbert, for my sake you must conquer this prejudice. I have many Scotch friends whom I shall go to visit one of these days—excellent friends they are!

Gilb. Are they, sir? If so be you found them so, I will do my best, I'm sure.

Sir W. Then pray go down to the inn here, and inquire if any of the Scotch officers are there.

Gilb. I will, sir. I heard say the officers went off this morning.

Sir W. Then you need not go to inquire for them.

Gilb. No, sir. Only as I heard say, the drum-major and band is to stay a few days in Bannow, on account of their wanting to enlist a new bugle-boy. I was a thinking, if so be, sir, you thought well of it, on account you like these Scotch, I'd better to step down and see how the men be as to being comfortable.

Sir W. That's right, do. Pray have they tolerable accommodations at the inn in this village?

Gilb. *(smiling)* I can't say much for that, sir.

Sir W. *(aside)* Now I shall set him going. *(Aloud.)* What, the inn here is not like one of our English inns on the Bath road?

Gilb. *(suppressing a laugh)* Bath road! Bless you, sir, it's no more like an inn on the Bath road, nor on any road, cross or by-road whatsomdever, as ever I seed in England. No more like—no more like than nothing at all, sir!

Sir W. What sort of a place is it, then?

Gilb. Why, sir, I'd be ashamed almost to tell you. Why, sir, I never seed such a place to call an inn, in all my born days afore. First and foremost, sir, there's the pig is in and out of the kitchen all day long, and next the calf has what they call the run of the kitchen; so what with them brute beasts, and the poultry that has no coop, and is always under one's feet, or over one's head, the kitchen is no place for a christian, even to eat his bread and cheese in.

Sir W. Well, so much for the kitchen. But the parlour—they have a parlour, I suppose?

Gilb. Yes, sir, they have a parlour, as they may call it, if they think proper, sir. But then again, an honest English farmer would be *afeard on* his life to stay in it, on account of the ceiling just a coming down a' top of his head. And if he should go up stairs, sir, why that's as bad again, and worse; for the half of them there stairs is rotten, and ever so many pulled down and burnt.

Sir W. Burnt!—the stairs?

Gilb. Burnt, sir, as sure as I'm standing here!—burnt, sir, for fuel one *scarce year*, as they says, sir. Moreover, when a man does get up the stairs, sir, why he is as bad off again, and worse; for the floor of the place they calls the bedchamber, shakes at every step, as if it was a coming down with one; and the walls has all cracks, from top to toe—and there's rat-holes, or holes o' some sort or t'other, all in the floor: so that if a man don't pick his steps curiously, his leg must go down through the ceiling below. And moreover, there's holes over head through the roof, sir; so that if it rains, it can't but pour on the bed. They tell me, they used for to shift the bed from one place to another, to find, as they say, the dry corner; but now the floor is grown so crazy, they dare not stir the bed for their lives.

Sir W. Worse and worse!

Gilb. And moreover, they have it now in the worst place in the whole room, sir. Close at the head of the bed where there is a window, with every pane broke, and some out entirely, and the women's petticoats and the men's hats just stuck in to *stop all for the night*, as they say, sir.

[GILBERT *tries to stifle his laughter.*

Sir W. Laugh out, honest Gilbert. In spite of your gravity and your civility, laugh. There is no harm, but sometimes a great deal of good done by laughing, especially in Ireland. Laughing has mended, or caused to be mended, many things that never would have been mended otherwise.

Gilb. (recovering his gravity) That's true, I dare to say, sir.

Sir W. Now, Gilbert, if you were to keep an inn, it would be a very different sort of inn from what you have been describing—would not it?

Gilb. I hope so, sir.

Sir W. I remember when we were talking of establishing you in England, that your father told me you would like to set up an inn.

Gilb. (his face brightening) For sartain, sir, 'tis the thing in the whole world I should like the best, and be the proudest on, if so be it was in my power,, and if so be, sir, you could spare me. *(Holding his master's coat for him to put on.)*

Sir W. *Could* spare you, Gilbert!—I *will* spare you, whether I can conveniently or not. If I had an opportunity of establishing advantageously a man who has served me faithfully for ten years, do you think I would not put myself to a little inconvenience to do it?—Gilbert, you do not know sir William Hamden.

Gilb. Thank you, sir, but I do—and I should be main sorry to leave you, that's sartain, if it was even to be landlord of the best inn in all England—I know I should.

Sir W. I believe it.—But, stay—let us understand one another—I am not talking of England, and perhaps you are not thinking of Ireland.

Gilb. Yes, sir, but I am.

Sir W. You are! I am heartily glad to hear it, for then I can serve you directly. This young heiress, my niece, to whom this town belongs, has a new inn ready built.

Gilb. I know, sir.

Sir W. Then, Gilbert, write a proposal for this inn, if you wish for it, and I will speak to my niece.

Gilb. *(bowing)* I thank you, sir—only I hope I shall not stand in any honest man's light. As to a dishonest man, I can't say I value standing in his light, being that he has no right to have any, as I can see.

Sir W. So, Gilbert, you will settle in Ireland at last? I am heartily glad to see you have overcome your prejudices against this country. How has this been brought about?

Gilb. Why, sir, the thing was, I didn't know nothing about it, and there was a many lies told backwards and forwards of Ireland, by a many that ought to have known better.

Sir W. And now that you have seen with your own eyes, you are happily convinced that in Ireland the men are not all savages.

Gilb. No, sir, no ways savage, except in the article of some of them going bare-footed; but the men is good men, most of them.

Sir W. And the women? You find that they have not wings on their shoulders.

Gilb. No, sir. *(Smiling.)* And I'm glad they have not got wings, else they might fly away from us, which I'd be sorry for—some of them.

[*After making this speech,* GILBERT *steps back, and brushes his master's hat diligently.*

Sir W. *(aside)* Ha! is that the case? Now I understand it all. 'Tis fair, that Cupid, who blinds

so many, should open the eyes of some of his votaries. *(Aloud.)* When you set up as landlord in your new inn, Gilbert, *(*GILBERT *comes forward)* you will want a landlady, shall not you?

Gilb. (falls back, and answers) I shall, sir, I suppose.

Sir W. Miss—what's her name? the daughter of the landlord of the present inn. Miss—what's her name?

Gilb. (answers without coming forward) Miss Gallagher, sir.

Sir W. Miss Gallagher?—A very ugly name!—I think it would be charity to change it, Gilbert.

Gilb. (bashfully) It would, no doubt, sir.

Sir W. She is a very pretty girl.

Gilb. She is, sir, no doubt.

[*Cleaning the brush with his hand, bows, and is retiring.*

Sir W. Gilbert, stay. *(*GILBERT *returns.)* I say, Gilbert, I took particular notice of this miss Gallagher, as she was speaking to you last Sunday. I thought she seemed to smile upon you, Gilbert.

Gilb. (very bashfully) I can't say, indeed, sir.

Sir W. I don't mean, my good Gilbert, to press you to say any thing that you don't choose to say. It was not from idle curiosity that I asked any questions, but from a sincere desire to serve you in whatever way you like best, Gilbert.

Gilb. Oh, dear master! I can't speak, you are so good to me, and always was—too good!—so I say nothing. Only I'm not ungrateful—I know I'm not ungrateful, *that* I am not! And as to the rest, there's not a thought I have you'd condescend for to know, but you should know it as soon as my mother—that's to say, as soon as ever I knowed it myself. But, sir, the thing is this, since you're so good to let me speak to you, sir——

Sir W. Speak on, pray, my good fellow.

Gilb. Then, sir, the thing is this. There's one girl, they say, has set her thoughts upon me: now I don't like she, because why? I loves another; but I should not choose to say so, on account of its not being over and above civil, and on account of my not knowing yet for sartin whether or not the girl I loves loves me, being I never yet could bring myself to ask her the question. I'd rather not mention her name neither, till I be more at a sartinty. But since you be so kind, sir, if you be so good to give me till this evening, sir, as I have now, with the hopes of the new inn, an independency to offer her, I will take courage, and I shall have her answer soon, sir—and I will let you know with many thanks, sir, whether —whether my heart's broke or not.

[*Exit* GILBERT, *hastily.*

Sir W. (alone) Good, affectionate creature! But who would have thought that out of that piece of wood a lover could be made? This is Cupid's delight! [*Exit Sir* WILLIAM.

SCENE II.

Parlour of the Inn at Bannow.

Miss FLORINDA GALLAGHER, *sola.*

Various articles of dress on the floor—a looking-glass propped up on a chest—Miss GALLAGHER *is kneeling before the glass, dressing her long hair, which hangs over her shoulders.*

Miss G. I don't know what's come to this glass, that it is not flattering at all *the* day. The spots and cracks in it is making me look so full of freckles and crow's feet—and my hair, too, that's such a figure, as

straight and as stiff and as stubborn as a presbyterian. See! it won't curl for me: so it is in the papillotes it must be; and that's most genteel.

[*Sound of a drum at a distance—Miss* GALLAGHER *starts up and listens.*

Miss G. Hark till I hear! Is not that a drum I hear? Ay, I had always a quick ear for the drum from my cradle. And there's the whole band—but it's only at the turn of the avenue. It's on parade they are. So I'll be dressed and dacent before they are here, I'll engage. And it's my plaid scarf I'll throw over all, elegant for the Highlanders, and I don't doubt but the drum-major will be conquist to it at my feet afore night—and what will Mr. Gilbert say to that? And what matter what he says?—I'm not bound to him, especially as he never popped me the question, being so preposterously bashful, as them Englishmen have the misfortune to be. But that's not my fault any way. And if I happen to find a more shutable match, while he's turning the words in his mouth, who's to blame me?—My father, suppose! —And what matter?—Have not I two hundred pounds of my own down on the nail if the worst come to the worst, and why need I be a slave to any man, father or other?—But he'll kill himself soon with the whiskey, poor man, at the rate he's going. Two glasses now for his *mornings*, and his *mornings* are going on all day. There he is, roaring. (*Mr.* GALLAGHER *heard singing.*) You can't come in here, sir. [*She bolts the door.*

Enter CHRISTY GALLAGHER, *kicking the door open.*

Christy. Can't I, dear? what will hinder me?—Give me the *kay* of the spirits, if you plase.

Miss G. Oh, sir! see how you are walking through all my things.

Christy. And they on the floor!—where else should I walk, but on the floor, pray, miss Gallagher?—Is it, like a fly, on the ceiling you'd have me be, walking with my head upside down, to plase you?

Miss G. Indeed, sir, whatever way you're walking, it's with your head upside down, as any body may notice, and that don't plase me at all—isn't it a shame, in a morning?

Christy. Phoo! don't be talking of shame, you that knows nothing about it. But lend me the kay of the spirits, Florry.

Miss G. Sir, my name's Florinda—and I've not the kay of the spirits at all, nor any such vulgar thing.

Christy. Vulgar! is it the kay?

Miss G. Yes, sir, it's very vulgar to be keeping of kays.

Christy. That's lucky, for I've lost all mine now. Every single kay I have in the wide world now I lost, barring this kay of the spirits, and that must be gone after the rest too, I b'lieve, since you know nothing of it, unless it be in this here chist.

[CHRISTY *goes to the chest.*

Miss G. Oh mercy, sir!—Take care of the looking-glass, which is broke already. Oh, then, father, 'tis not in the chist, 'pon my word and honour now, if you'll b'lieve: so don't be rummaging of all my things.

[CHRISTY *persists in opening the chest.*

Christy. It don't signify, Florry; I've granted myself a gineral sarch-warrant, dear, for the kay; and, by the blessing, I'll go clane to the bottom o' this chist. *(Miss* GALLAGHER *writhes in agony.)*

Why what makes you stand twisting there like an eel or an ape, child?—What, in the name of the ould one, is it you're afeard on?—Was the chist full now of love-letter scrawls from the grand signior or the pope itself, you could not be more tinder of them.

Miss G. Tinder, sir!—to be sure, when it's my best bonnet I'm thinking on, which you are mashing entirely.

Christy. Never fear, dear! I won't mash an atom of the bonnet, provided always, you'll mash these apples for me, jewel. *(He takes apples out of the chest.)* And wasn't I lucky to find them in it? Oh, I knew I'd not sarch this chist for nothing. See how they'll make an iligant apple-pie for Mr. Gilbert now, who loves an iligant apple-pie above all things —your iligant self always excipted, dear.

[*Miss* GALLAGHER *makes a slight curtsy, but motions the apples from her.*

Miss G. Give the apples then to the girl, sir, and she'll make you the pie, for I suppose she knows how.

Christy. And don't you, then, Florry?

Miss G. And how should I, sir?—You didn't send me to the dancing-school of Ferrinafad to larn me to make apple-pies, I conclude.

Christy. Troth, Florry, 'twas not I sint you there, sorrow foot but your mother; only she's in her grave, and it's bad to be talking ill of the dead any way. But be that how it will, Mr. Gilbert must get the apple-pie, for rasons of my own that need not be mintioned. So, Biddy! Biddy, girl! Biddy Doyle!

Enter BIDDY, *running, with a ladle in her hand.*

Christy. Drop whatever you have in your hand,

and come here, and be hanged to you! And had you no ears to your head, Biddy?

Biddy. Sure I have, sir—ears enough. Only they are bothering me so without, that pig and the dog fighting, that I could not hear ye calling at-all-at-all. What is it?—For I'm skimming the pot, and can't lave it. [*Miss* GALLAGHER *goes on dressing.*

Christy. It's only these apples, see!—You'll make me an apple-pie, Biddy, smart.

Biddy. Save us, sir!—And how will I ever get time, when I've the hash to make for them Scotch yet? Nor can I tell, for the life of me, what it was I did with the onions and scallions neither, barring by great luck they'd be in and under the press here —*(running to look under the press)*—which they are, praised be God! in the far corner.

[BIDDY *stretches her arm under the press.*

Christy. There's a nice girl, and a 'cute cliver girl, worth a dozen of your Ferrinafads.

[BIDDY *throws the onions out from under the press, while he speaks.*

Miss G. Then she's as idle a girl as treads the earth, in or out of shoe-leather, for there's my bed that she has not made yet, and the stairs with a month's dust always; and never ready by any chance to do a pin's worth for one, when one's dressing.

[*A drum heard; the sound seems to be approaching near.*

Christy. Blood! the last rowl of the drum, and I not got the kay of the spirits.

Miss G. Oh, saints above! what's gone with my plaid scarf?—and my hair *behind*, see!

[*Miss* GALLAGHER *twists up her hair behind.*—BIDDY *gathers up the onions into her apron, and*

exit hastily.—CHRISTY *runs about the room in a distracted manner, looking under and over every thing, repeating*—The kay! the kay! the kay!

Christy. For the whiskey must be had for them Scotch, and the bottled beer too for them English; and how will I get all or any without the kay? Bones, and distraction!

Miss G. And my plaid hanke'cher that must be had, and where will I find it, in the name of all the damons, in this chaos you've made me out of the chist, father? And how will I git all in again, before the drum-major's in it?

Christy (sweeping up a heap of things in his arms, and throwing them into the chest). Very asy, sure! this ways.

Miss G. (darting forward) There's the plaid hanke'cher.—*(She draws it out from the heap under her father's arm, and smooths it on her knee.)* But, oh! father, how you are making hay of my things!

Christy. Then I wish I could make hay of them, for hay is much wanting for the horses that's in it.

Miss G. (putting on her plaid scarf) Weary on these pins! that I can't stick any way at all, my hands all trimble so.—Biddy! Biddy! Biddy! Biddy, can't ye?—*(Re-enter* BIDDY, *looking bewildered.)* Just pin me behind, girl—smart.

Christy. Biddy, is it?—Biddy, girl, come over and help me tramp down this hay.

[CHRISTY *jumps into the chest.*

Miss G. Oh, Biddy, run and stop him, for the love of God! with his brogues and big feet.

Biddy. Oh, marcy! that's too bad, sir; get out o' that if you please, or miss Florry will go mad, sure! and the major that's coming up the street——Oh, sir, if you plase, in the name of mercy!

Christy (jumping out). Why, then, sittle it all yourself, Biddy, and success to you; but you'll no more get all in again afore Christmas, to the best of my opinion, no more, see! than you'd get bottled porter, froth and all, into the bottle again, once it was out.

Miss G. Such comparisons!—*(tossing back her head.)*

Christy. And caparisons!—*(pointing to the finery on the floor.)* But in the middle of it all, lend me the poker, which will answer for the master-kay, sure!—that poker that is houlding up the window—can't ye, Biddy?

[BIDDY *runs and pulls the poker hastily from under the sash, which suddenly falls, and every pane of glass falls out and breaks.*

Christy. Murder! and no glazier!

Miss G. Then, Biddy, of all girls, alive or dead, you're the awk'ardest, vulgarest, unluckiest to touch any thing at all!

Biddy (picking up the glass). I can't think what's come to the glass, that makes it break so asy the day! Sure I done it a hundred times the same, and it never broke wid me afore.

Christy. Well! stick up a petticoat, or something of the kind, and any way lend me hould of the poker; for in lieu of a kay, that's the only frind in need.

[*Exit* CHRISTY *with the poker.*

Miss G. There, Biddy, that will do—any how.—Just shut down the lid, can't ye? and find me my other shoe. Biddy—then, lave that,—come out o' that, do girl, and see the bed!—run there, turn it up just any way;—and, Biddy, run here,—stick me this tortoise comb in the back of my head.....oh! *screams and starts away from* BIDDY.*)* You ran it

fairly into my brain, you did! you're the grossest! heavy handiest!—fit only to wait on Sheelah na Ghirah, or the like.—*(Turns away from* BIDDY *with an air of utter contempt.)* But I'll go and resave the major properly.—*(Turns back as she is going, and says to* BIDDY*)* Biddy, settle all here, can't ye?—Turn up the bed, and sweep the glass and dust in the dust corner, for it's here I'm bringing him to dinner,—so settle up all in a minute, do you mind me, Biddy! for your life!

[*Exit Miss* GALLAGHER.

BIDDY, *alone:—(speaking while she puts things in the room in order.)*

Settle up all in a minute!—asy said!—and *for my life* too!—Why, then, there's not a greater slave than myself in all Connaught, or the three kingdoms—from the time I get up in the morning, and that's afore the flight of night, till I get to my bed again at night, and that's never afore one in the morning! But I wouldn't value all one pin's point, if it was kind and civil she was to me. But after I strive, and strive to the utmost, and beyand—*(sighs deeply)*—and when I found the innions, and took the apple-pie off her hands, and settled her behind, and all to the best of my poor ability for her, after, to go and call me Sheelah na Ghirah! though I don't rightly know who that Sheelah na Ghirah was from Adam—but still it's the bad language I get, goes to my heart. Oh, if it had but plased Heaven to have cast me my lot in the sarvice of a raal jantleman or lady instead of the likes of these! Now, I'd rather be a dog in his honour's or her honour's house than lie under the tongue of miss Gallagher, as I do—to say nothing of ould Christy.

Miss GALLAGHER'*s voice heard, calling,*
Biddy! Biddy Doyle! Biddy, can't ye?

Biddy. Here, miss, in the room, readying it, I am.

CHRISTY GALLAGHER'*s voice heard, calling,*
Biddy!—Biddy Doyle!—Biddy, girl! What's come o' that girl, that's always out o' the way idling, when wanted?—Plague take her!

Biddy. Saints above! hear him now!—But I scorn to answer.

Screaming louder in mingled voices, CHRISTY'*s and Miss* GALLAGHER'*s,*
Biddy!—Biddy Doyle!—Biddy, girl!

Christy (putting in his head). Biddy! sorrow take ye! are ye in it?—And you are, and we cracking our vitals calling you.—What is it you're dallying here for? Stir! stir! dinner! *Hanna-mun-duowl.*

[*He draws back his head, and exit.*

BIDDY, *alone.*

Coming then!—Sure it's making up the room, I am with all speed, and the bed not made after all!—*(Throws up the press-bed.)*—But to live in this here house, girl or boy, one had need have the lives of nine cats and the legs of forty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Kitchen of the Inn.

Miss FLORINDA GALLAGHER *and* CHRISTY GALLAGHER.

Boys and Men belonging to the Band, in the back Scene.

Christy (to the band). The girl's coming as fast as possible to get yees your dinners, jantlemen, and

sorrow better dinner than she'll give you: you'll get all instantly.—*(To Miss* GALLAGHER.*)* And am not I telling you, Florry, that the drum major did not come in yet at all, but went out through the town, to see and get a billet and bed for the sick man they've got.

Enter BIDDY, *stops and listens.*

Miss G. I wonder the major didn't have the manners to step in, and spake to the lady first—was he an Irishman, he would.

Biddy. Then it's my wonder he wouldn't step in to take his dinner first—was he an Englishman, he would. But it's lucky for me and for him he didn't, becaase he couldn't, for it won't be ready this three-quarters of an hour—only the Scotch broth, which boiled over.

[BIDDY *retires, and goes on cooking.*—CHRISTY *fills out a glass of spirits to each of the band.*

Miss G. Since the major's not in it, I'll not be staying here—for here's only riff-raff triangle and gridiron boys, and a black-a-moor, and that I never could stand, so I'll back into the room.—Show the major up, do you mind, father, as soon as ever he'd come.

Christy. Jantlemen all! here's the king's health, and confusion worse confounded to his enemies, for yees; or, if ye like it better, here's the plaid tartan and fillibeg for yees, and that's a comprehensive toast —will give ye an appetite for your dinners.

[*They drink in silence.*

Miss G. Did ye hear me, father?

Christy. Ay, ay.—Off with ye!

[*Exit Miss* GALLAGHER, *tossing back her head.*—CHRISTY *pours out a* glass of whiskey for him-

self, and with appropriate graces of the elbow and little finger, swallows it, making faces of delight.

Christy. Biddy! Biddy, girl, ye!—See the pig putting in his nose—keep him out—can't ye?

Biddy. Hurrush! hurrush! *(Shaking her apron.)* Then that pig's as sinsible as any christian, for he'd run away the minute he'd see me.

Christy. That's manners o' the pig.—Put down a power more turf, Biddy:—see the jantlemen's gathering round the fire, and has a right to be *could* in their knees this St. Patrick's day in the morning—for it's March, that comes in like a lion.

[*The band during this speech appear to be speaking to* BIDDY.—*She comes forward to* CHRISTY.

Christy. What is it they are whispering and conjuring, Biddy?

Biddy. 'Twas only axing me, they were, could they all get beds the night in it.

Christy. Beds! ay can yees, and for a dozen more—only the room above is tinder in the joists, and I would not choose to put more on the floor than two beds, and one shake-down, which will answer for five; for it's a folly to talk,—I'll tell you the truth, and not a word of lie. Wouldn't it be idle to put more of yees in the room than it could hold, and to have the floor be coming through the parlour ceiling, and so spoil two good rooms for one night's bad rest, jantlemen?—Well, Biddy, what is it they're saying?

Biddy. They say they don't understand—can they have beds or not?

Christy. Why, body and bones! *No,* then, since nothing else will they comprehend,—*no,*—only five, say,—five can sleep in it.

[*The band divide into two parties.—Five remain, and the others walk off in silence.*

Biddy. And it's into the room you'd best walk up, had not yees, five jantlemen, that sleep?

[*The five walk into the parlour*—CHRISTY *preparing to follow, carrying whiskey bottle and jug —turns back, and says to* BIDDY,

Is it dumb they are all? or *innocents?*

Biddy. Not at all innocents, no more than myself nor yourself. Nor dumb neither, only that the Scotch tongue can't spake English as we do.

Christy. Oh! if that's all, after dinner the whiskey punch will make 'em spake, I'll engage.

[*Exit* CHRISTY.

Biddy. 'Tis I that am glad they've taken themselves away, for there's no cooking with all the men in the fire.

Enter Mr. ANDREW HOPE, *Drum-major.*

Mr. H. A gude day to you, my gude lassy.

Biddy. The same to you, sir, and kindly. I beg your pardon for not knowing—would it be the drum-major, sir?

Mr. H. No offence, my gude lass, I am Andrew Hope, and drum-major. I met some of my men in the street coming down, and they told me they could not have beds here.

Biddy. No, sir, plase your honour, only five that's in the room yonder: if you'd be plased to walk up, and you'll get your dinner immediately, your honour, as fast as can be dished, your honour.

Mr. H. No hurry, my gude lass. But I would willingly see the beds for my poor fellows, that has had a sair march.

Biddy. Why, then, if your honour would take a

fool's advice, you'd not be looking at them beds, to be spoiling your dinner—since, good or bad, all the looking at 'em in the wide world won't mend 'em one feather, sure.

Mr. H. My gude girl, that's true. Still I'd like ever to face the worst.

Biddy. Then it's up that ladder you'll go.

Mr. H. No stairs?

Biddy. Oh, there are stairs—but they are burnt and coming down, and you'll find the ladder safest and best; only mind the little holes in the floor, if you plase, your honour.

[*Mr.* HOPE *ascends the ladder, while she speaks, and goes into the bedchamber above.*

BIDDY, *sola.*

Well, I'm ashamed of my life, when a stranger and foreigner's reviewing our house, though I'm only the girl in it, and no ways answerable. It frets me for my country forenent them Scotch and English. (*Mr.* HOPE *descends the ladder.*) Then I'm sorry it's not better for your honour's self, and men. But there's a new inn to be opened the 25th, in this town; and if you return this way, I hope things will be more agreeable and proper. But you'll have no bad dinner, your honour, any way;—there's Scotch broth, and Scotch hash, and colcannon, and fried eggs and bacon, and a turkey, and a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, and *pratees* the best, and well boiled; and I hope, your honour, that's enough for a soldier's dinner, that's not nice.

Mr. H. Enough for a soldier's dinner! ay, gude truth, my lass; and more than enough for Andrew Hope, who is no ways nice. But, tell me, have you no one to help you here, to dress all this?

Biddy. Sorrow one, to do a hand's turn for me,

but myself, plase your honour; for the daughter of the house is too fine to put her hand to any thing in life: but she's in the room there within, beyond, if you would like to see her—a fine lady she is!

Mr. H. A fine lady, is she? Weel, fine or coarse, I shall like to see her,—and weel I may and must, for I had a brother once I luved as my life; and four years back that brother fell sick here, on his road to the north, and was kindly tended here at the inn at Bannow; and he charged me, puir lad, on his death-bed, if ever fate should quarter me in Bannow, to inquire for his gude friends at the inn, and to return them his thanks; and so I'm fain to do, and will not sleep till I've done so.—But tell me first, my kind lassy, for I see you are a kind lassy,—tell me, has not this house had a change of fortune, and fallen to decay of late? for the inn at Bannow was pictured to me as a bra' neat place.

Biddy. Ah! that was, may-be, the time the Larkens had it?

Mr. H. The Larkens!—that was the very name: it warms my heart to hear the sound of it.

Biddy. Ay, and quite another sort of an inn this was, I hear talk, in their time,—and quite another guess sort, the Larkens from these Gallaghers.

Mr. H. And what has become of the Larkens, I pray?

Biddy. They are still living up yonder, by the bush of Bannow, in a snug little place of a cabin—that is, the widow Kelly.

Mr. H. Kelly!—but I am looking for Larken.

Biddy. Oh, Larken! that's Kelly: 'tis all one—she was a Kelly before she was married, and in this country we stick to the maiden's name throughout.

Mr. H. The same in our country—often.

Biddy. Indeed! and her daughter's name is Mabel, after the Kellys; for you might have noticed, if it ever happened your honour to hear it, an ould song of Mabel Kelly—*Planxty* Kelly. Then the present Mabel is as sweet a cratur as ever the ould Mabel Kelly was——but I must mind the colcannon. *(She goes to lift a pot off the fire.)*

Mr. H. Hold! my gude girl, let me do that for you; mine is a strong haund.

Biddy. I thank your honour,—it's too much trouble entirely for a jantleman like you; but it's always the best jantleman has the *laste* pride.—Then them Kellys is a good race, ould and young, and I love 'em, root and branch. Besides Mabel the daughter, there's Owen the son, and as good a son he is—no better! He got an edication in the beginning, till the troubles came across his family, and the boy, the child, for it's bare fifteen he is this minute, give up all his hopes and prospects, the cratur! to come home and slave for his mother.

Mr. H. Ah, that's weel—that's weel! I luve the lad that makes a gude son.—And is the father *deed?*

Biddy. Ay, dead and deceased he is, long since, and was buried just upon that time that ould sir Cormac, father of the young heiress that is now at the castle above,—the former landlord that was over us, died, see!—Then there was new times and new *takes*, and the widow was turned out of the inn, and these Gallaghers got it, and all wint wrong and to rack; for Mrs. Gallagher, that was, drank herself into her grave unknownst, for it was by herself in private she took it; and Christy Gallagher, the present man, is doing the same, only publicly, and running through all,

and the house is tumbling over our ears: but he hopes to get the new inn; and if he does, why, he'll be lucky —and that's all I know, for the dinner is done now, and I'm going in with it—and won't your honour walk up to the room now?

Mr. H. (going to the ladder) Up here?

Biddy. Oh, it's not *up* at all, your honour, sure! but down here—through this ways.

Mr. H. One word more, my gude lassy. As soon as we shall have all dined, and you shall have ta'en your ane dinner, I shall beg of you, if you be not then too much tired, to show me the way to that bush of Bannow, whereat this widow Larken's cottage is.

Biddy. With all the pleasure in life, if I had not a fut to stand upon.

Exit Mr. HOPE.—BIDDY *follows with a dish smoking hot.*

Biddy. And I hope you'll find it an iligant Scotch hash, and there's innions plinty—sure the best I had I'd give you; for I'm confident now he's the true thing,—and tho' he is Scotch, he desarves to be Irish, every inch of him. [*Exit* BIDDY DOYLE

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Irish Cabin.—The Kitchen.

Widow LARKEN. *On one side of her,* MABEL *at needle-work; on the other side,* OWEN *her son enters, bringing in a spinning-wheel, which he places before his mother.*

Owen. There, mother, is your wheel mended for you.

Mabel. Oh, as good as new, Owen has made it for you.

Widow. Well, whatever troubles come upon me in this world, have not I a right to be thankful, that has such good childer left me?—Still it grieves me, and goes to the quick of my heart, Mabel, dear, that your brother here should be slaving for me, a boy that is qualified for better.

Owen. And what better can I be than working for my mother—man or boy?

Mabel. And if he thinks it no slavery, what slavery is it, mother?

Owen. Mother, to-day is the day to propose for the new inn—I saw several with the schoolmaster, who was as busy as a bee, penning proposals for them, according as they dictated, and framing letters and petitions for sir William Hamden and miss O'Hara. Will you go up to the castle and speak, mother?

Widow. No, no—I can't speak, Owen.

Owen. Here's the pen and ink-horn, and I'll sit me down, if you'd sooner write than speak.

Widow. See, Owen, to settle your mind, I would not wish to get that inn.

Owen. Not wish to get it! The new inn, mother —but if you had gone over it, as I have. 'Tis the very thing for you. Neat and compact as a nutshell, not one of them grand inns, too great for the place, that never answers no more than the hat that's too big for the head, and that always blows off.

Widow. No, dear, not the thing for me, now a widow, and your sister Mabel—tho' 'tis not for me to say—such a likely, fine girl. I'd not be happy to have her in a public-house—so many of all sorts that would be in it, and drinking, may be, at fairs and funerals, and no man of the house, nor master, nor father for her.

Owen. Sure, mother, I'm next to a father for her. Amn't I a brother? and no brother ever loved a sister better, or was more jealous of respect for her; and if you'd be pleasing, I could be man and master enough.

Widow (laughing). You, ye dear slip of a boy!

Owen (proudly, and raising his head high). Slip of a boy as I am then, and little as you think of me——

Widow. Oh, I think a great deal of you! only I can't think you big nor old, Owen, can I?

Owen. No—nor any need to be big or old, to keep people of all sorts in respect, mother.

Widow. Then he looked like his father—did not he, Mabel?

Mabel. He did—God bless him!

Owen. Now hear me, mother, for I'm going to speak sense. You need not listen, Mabel.

Mabel. But it's what I like to listen to sense, especially yours, Owen.

Owen. Then I can't help it.—You must hear, even if you blush for it.

Mabel. Why would I blush?

Owen. Because you won't be able to help it, when I say Mr. Gilbert.—See!

Mabel. Oh, dear Owen! that's not fair. *(She falls back a little.)*

Owen. Well, mother, it's with you I'm reasoning. If he was your son-in-law——

Widow. Hush! that he'll never be. Now, Owen, I'll grow angry if you put nonsense in the girl's head.

Owen. But if it's in the man's head, it's not a bit nonsense.

Mabel. Owen, you might well say I shouldn't listen to you. [*Exit* MABEL.

Widow. There now, you've drive your sister off.

Owen. Well, Gilbert will bring her on again, may be.

Widow. May be—but that *may be* of yours might lead us all wrong.

[*She lays her hand on* OWEN'*s arm, and speaks in a serious tone.*

Widow. Now, dear, don't be saying one word more to her, lest it should end in a disappointment.

Owen. Still it is my notion, 'tis Mabel he loves.

Widow. Oh! what should you know, dear, o' the matter?

Owen. Only having eyes and ears like another.

Widow. Then what hinders him to speak?

Owen. It's bashfulness only, mother. Don't you know what that is?

Widow. I do, dear. It's a woman should know that best. And it is not Mabel, nor a daughter of mine, nor a sister of yours, Owen, should be more

forward to understand than the man is to speak—was the man a prince.

Owen. Mother, you are right; but I'm not wrong neither. And since I'm to say no more, I'm gone, mother. [*Exit* OWEN.

Widow (alone). Now who could blame that boy, whatever he does or says? It's all heart he is, and wouldn't hurt a fly, except from want of thought. But, stay now, I'm thinking of them soldiers that is in town. *(Sighs.)* Then I didn't sleep since ever they come; but whenever I'd be sinking to rest, starting, and fancying I heard the drum for Owen to go. *(A deep groaning sigh.)* Och! and then the apparition of Owen in regimentals was afore me!

Enter OWEN, *dancing and singing,*

"Success to my brains, and success to my tongue!
Success to myself, that never was wrong!"

Widow. What is it? What ails the boy? Are ye mad, Owen?

Owen (capering and snapping his fingers). Ay, mad! mad with joy I am. And it's joy I give you, and joy you'll give me, mother darling. The new inn's yours, and no other's, and Gilbert is your own too, and no other's—but Mabel's for life. And is not there joy enough for you, mother?

Widow. Joy!—Oh, too much! *(She sinks on a seat.)*

Owen. I've been too sudden for her!

Widow. No, dear—not a bit, only just give me time—to feel it. And is it true? And am I in no dream now? And where's Mabel, dear?

Owen. Gone to the well, and Gilbert with her. We met her, and he turned off with her, and I come on to tell you, mother dear.

Widow. Make me clear and certain; for I'm slow and weak, dear. Who told you all this good? and is it true?—And my child Mabel *mavourneen!*—Oh, tell me again it's true.

Owen. True as life. But your lips is pale still, and you all in a tremble. So lean on me, mother dear, and come out into God's open air, till I see your spirit come back—and here's your bonnet, and we'll meet Mabel and Gilbert, and we'll all go up to the castle to give thanks to the lady.

Widow (looking up to heaven). Thanks! Oh, haven't I great reason to be thankful, if ever widow had! [*Exeunt,* WIDOW *leaning on* OWEN.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Bannow Castle.

Footmen bringing in Baskets of Flowers.

Miss O'HARA *and Sir* WILLIAM HAMDEN.

Clara. Now, my dear uncle, I want to consult you.

Sir W. And welcome, my child. But if it is about flowers, you could not consult a worse person, for I scarcely know a rose from a——. What is this you have here—a thistle?

Clara. Yes, sir—and that is the very thing I want your opinion about.

Sir W. Well, my dear, all I know about thistles, I think, is, that asses love thistles—will that do?

Clara. Oh no, sir—pray be serious, for I am in the greatest hurry to settle how it is all to be. You know it is St. Patrick's day.

Sir W. Yes, and here is plenty of shamrock, I see.

Clara. Yes, here is the shamrock—the rose, the

ever blowing rose—and the thistle. And as we are to have Scotch, English, and Irish at our little fête champetre this evening, don't you think it would be pretty to have the tents hung with the rose, thistle, and shamrock joined?

Sir W. Very pretty, my dear: and I am glad there are to be tents, otherwise a fête champetre in the month of March would give me the rheumatism even to think of.

Clara. Oh, my dear sir, not at all. You will be snug and warm in the green-house.

Sir W. Well, Clara, dispose of me as you please —I am entirely at your service for the rest of my days.

Clara. Thank you, sir—you are the best of uncles, guardians, and friends.

[*Miss* O'HARA *goes back, and appears to be giving directions to the servants.*

Sir W. Uncle, nature made me—guardian, your father made me—friend, you made me yourself, Clara. (*Sir* WILLIAM *comes forward, and speaks as if in a reverie.*) And evermore my friendship for her shall continue, though my guardianship is over. I am glad I conquered my indolence, and came to Ireland with her; for a cool English head will be wanting to guide that warm Irish heart.—And here I stand counsel for prudence against generosity!

Clara (advancing to him playfully). A silver penny for your thoughts, uncle.

Sir W. Shall I never teach you economy?—such extravagance! to give a penny, and a silver penny, for what you may have for nothing.

Clara. Nothing can come of nothing—speak again.

Sir W. I was thinking of you, my—*ward* no longer.

Clara. Ward, always, pray, sir. Whatever I may be in the eye of the law, I am not arrived at years of discretion yet, in my own opinion, nor in yours, I suspect. So I pray you, uncle, let me still have the advantage of your counsel and guidance.

Sir W. You ask for my advice, Clara. Now let me see whether you will take it.

Clara. I am all attention.

Sir W. You know you must allow me a little prosing. You are an heiress, Clara—a rich heiress—an Irish heiress. You desire to do good, don't you?

Clara (with eagerness). With all my heart!—with all my soul!

Sir W. That is not enough, Clara. You must not only desire to do good, you must know how to do it.

Clara. Since you, uncle, know that so well, you will teach it to me.

Sir W. Dear, flattering girl—but you shall not flatter me out of the piece of advice I have ready for you. Promise me two things.

Clara. And first, for your first.

Sir W. Finish whatever you begin.—Good beginnings, it is said, make good endings, but great beginnings often make little endings, or, in this country, no endings at all. *Finis coronat opus*—and that crown is wanting whenever I turn my eyes. Of the hundred magnificent things your munificent father began——

Clara (interrupting). Oh, sir, spare my father!—I promise you that *I* will finish whatever I begin. What's your next command?

Sir W. Promise me that you will never make a promise to a tenant, nor any agreement about busi-

ness, but in writing—and empower me to say that you will never keep any verbal promise about business—then, none such will ever be claimed.

Clara. I promise you——Stay!—This is a promise about business: I must give it to you in writing.

[*Miss* O'HARA *sits down to a writing-table, and writes.*

Sir W. (looking out of the window) I hope I have been early enough in giving this my second piece of advice, worth a hundred sequins—for I see the yard is crowded with gray-coated suitors, and the table here is already covered with letters and petitions.

Clara. Yes, uncle, but I have not read half of them yet.

[*Presents the written promise to Sir* WILLIAM.

Sir W. Thank you, my dear; and you will be thankful to me for this, when I am dead and gone.

Clara. And whilst you are alive and here, if you please, uncle. Now, sir, since you are so kind to say that your time is at my disposal, will you have the goodness to come with me to these gray-coated suitors, and let us give answers to these poor petitioners, who, "as in duty bound, will ever pray."

[*Takes up a bundle of papers.*

Sir W. (taking a letter from his pocket) First, my dear niece, I must add to the number. I have a little business. A petition to present from a *protégé* of mine.

Clara. A protégé of yours!—Then it is granted, whatever it be.

Sir W. (smiling) Recollect your promise, Clara.

Clara. Oh, true—it must be in writing.

[*She goes hastily to the writing-table, and takes up a pen.*

Sir W. Read before you write, my dear—I insist upon it.

Clara. Oh, sir, when it is a request of yours, how can I grant it soon enough? But it shall be done in the way you like best—slowly—deliberately—*(opening the letter)*—in minuet time. And I will look before I leap—and I'll read before I write. *(She reads the signature.)* Gilbert! Honest Gilbert, how glad I shall be to do any thing for you, independently of your master! *(Reads on, suddenly lets the letter drop, and clasps her hands.)* Sir—Uncle, my dear uncle, how unfortunate I am! Why did not you ask me an hour ago?—Within this hour I have promised the new inn to another person.

Sir W. Indeed!—that is unfortunate. My poor Gilbert will be sadly disappointed.

Clara. How vexed I am! But I never should have thought of Gilbert for the inn: I fancied he disliked Ireland so much that he would never have settled here.

Sir W. So thought I till this morning. But love, my dear—love is lord of all. Poor Gilbert!

Clara. Poor Gilbert!—I am so sorry I did not know this sooner. Of all people, I should for my own part have preferred Gilbert for the inn, he would have kept it so well.

Sir W. He would so. *(Sighs.)*

Clara. I do so blame myself—I have been so precipitate, so foolish, so wrong—without consulting you even.

Sir W. Nay, my dear, I have been as wrong, as foolish, as precipitate as you; for before I consulted you, I told Gilbert that I could almost *promise* that he should have the inn in consequence of my recom-

mendation. And upon the strength of that *almost* he is gone a courting. My dear, we are both a couple of fools; but I am an old—you are a young one. There is a wide difference—let that comfort you.

Clara. Oh, sir, nothing comforts me, I am so provoked with myself; and you will be so provoked with me, when I tell you how silly I have been.

Sir W. Pray tell me.

Clara. Would you believe that I have literally given it for a song. A man sent me this morning a copy of verses to the heiress of Bannow. The verses struck my fancy—I suppose because they flattered me; and with the verses came a petition setting forth claims, and a tenant's right, and fair promises, and a proposal for the new inn; and at the bottom of the paper I rashly wrote these words—"*The poet's petition is granted.*"

Sir W. A promise in writing, too!—My dear Clara, I cannot flatter you—this certainly is not a wise transaction. So, to reward a poet, you made him an innkeeper. Well, I have known wiser heads, to reward a poet, make him an exciseman.

Clara. But, sir, I am not quite so silly as they were, for I did not *make* the poet an innkeeper—he is one already.

Sir W. An innkeeper already!—Who do you mean?

Clara. A man with a strange name—or a name that will sound strange to your English ears—Christy Gallagher.

Sir W. A rogue and a drunken dog, I understand: but he is a poet, and knows how to flatter the heiress of Bannow.

Clara (striking her forehead). Silly, silly Clara!

Sir W. (changing his tone from irony to kindness)

Come, my dear Clara, I will not torment you any more. You deserve to have done a great deal of mischief by your precipitation; but I believe this time you have done little or none, at least none that is irremediable; and you have made Gilbert happy, I hope and believe, though without intending it.

Clara. My dear uncle—you set my heart at ease—but explain.

Sir W. Then, my dear, I shrewdly suspect that the daughter of this Christy *What-do-you-call-him* is the lady of Gilbert's thoughts.

Clara. I see it all in an instant. That's delightful! We can pension off the drunken old father, and Gilbert and the daughter will keep the inn. Gilbert is in the green-house, preparing the coloured lamps—let us go and speak to him this minute, and settle it all.

Sir W. Speak to him of his loves?—Oh, my dear, you'd kill him on the spot! He is so bashful, he'd blush to death.

Clara. Well, sir, do you go alone, and I will keep far, far aloof. [*Exeunt at opposite sides.*

SCENE III.

Parlour of the Inn.

CHRISTY *and Miss* GALLAGHER.

Christy (to Miss GALLAGHER, *slapping her on her back).* Hould up your head, child; there's money bid for you.

Miss G. Lord, father, what a thump on the back to salute one with. Well, sir, and if money is bid for me, no wonder: I suppose it's because I have money.

Christy. That's all the rason—you've hit it, Florry. It's money that love always looks for now. So you may be proud to larn the news I have for you, which will fix Mr. Gilbert, your bachelor, for life, I'll engage —and make him speak out, you'll see, afore night-fall. We have the new inn, dear!—I've got the promise here under her own hand-writing.

Miss G. Indeed!—Well, I'm sure I shall be glad to get out of this hole, which is not fit for a rat or a christian to live in—and I'll have my music and my piano in the back parlour, genteel.

Christy. Oh, Ferrinafad, are you there? It's your husband must go to that expinse, my precious, if he chooses, *twingling* and *tweedling*, instead of the puddings and apple pies—*that* you'll settle betwix yees; and in the honeymoon, no doubt, you've cunning enough to compass that, and more.

Miss G. To be sure, sir, and before I come to the honeymoon, I promise you; for I won't become part or parcel of any man that ever wore a head, except he's music in his soul enough to allow me my piano in the back parlour.

Christy. Asy! asy! Ferrinafad—don't be talking about the piano-forte, till you are married. Don't be showing the halter too soon to the shy horse—it's with the sieve of oats you'll catch him; and his head once in the sieve, you have the halter on him clane. Pray, after all, tell me, Florry, the truth—did Mr. Gilbert ever ax you?

Miss G. La, sir, what a coarse question. His eyes have said as much a million of times.

Christy. That's good—but not in law, dear. For, see, you could not *shue* a man in the four courts for a breach of promise made only with the eyes, jewel.

It must be with the tongue afore witness, mind, or under the hand, sale, or mark—look to that.

Miss G. But, dear sir, Mr. Gilbert is so tongue-tied with that English bashfulness.

Christy. Then Irish impudence must cut the string of that tongue, Florry. Lave that to me, unless you'd rather yourself.

Miss G. Lord, sir—what a rout about one man, when, if I please, I might have a dozen lovers.

Christy. Be the same more or less. But one rich bachelor's worth a dozen poor, that is, for the article of a husband.

Miss G. And I dare say the drum-major is rich enough, sir—for all Scotchmen, they say, is fond of money and *a*conomie; and I'd rather after all be the lady of a military man. *(Sings.)*

> "I'll live no more at home,
> But I'll follow with the drum,
> And I'll be the captain's lady, oh!"

Christy. Florry! Florry! mind you would not fall between two stools, and nobody to pity you.

Enter BIDDY.

Miss G. Well, what is it?

Biddy. The bed. I was seeing was the room empty, that I might make it; for it's only turned up it is, when I was called off to send in dinner. So I believe I'd best make it now, for the room will be wanting for the tea-drinking, and what not.

Miss G. Ay, make the bed do, sure it's asy, and no more about it;—you've talked enough about it to make twenty beds, one harder nor the other,—if talk would do. *(*BIDDY *goes to make the bed.)* And I'm

sure there's not a girl in the parish does less in the day, for all the talk you keep. Now I'll just tell all you didn't do, that you ought this day, Biddy.

[*While Miss* GALLAGHER *is speaking to* BIDDY, *Mr.* GALLAGHER *opens a press, pours out, and swallows a dram.*

Christy. Oh, that would be too long telling, Florry —and that'll keep cool. Lave her now, and you may take your scold out another time. I want to spake to you. What's this I wanted to say? My memory's confusing itself. Oh, this was it—I didn't till you how I got this promise of the inn: I did it nately—I got it for a song.

Miss G. You're joking,—and I believe, sir, you're not over and above sober. There's a terrible strong smell of the whiskey.

Christy. No, the whiskey's not strong, dear, at-all-at-all!—You may keep smelling what way you plase, but I'm as sober as a judge, still,—and, drunk or sober, always knows and knewed on which side my bread was buttered:—got it for a song, I tell you—a bit of a complimentary, adulatory scroll, that the young lady fancied—and she, slap-dash, Lord love her, and keep her always so! writes at the bottom, *granted the poet's petition.*

Miss G. And where on earth, then, did you get that song?

Christy. Where but in my brains should I get it? I could do that much any way, I suppose, though it was not my luck to be edicated at Ferrinafad.

[*Miss* GALLAGHER *looks back, and sees* BIDDY *behind her.—Miss* GALLAGHER *gives her a box on the ear.*

Miss G. Manners! that's to teach ye.

Biddy. Manners!—Where would I larn them—

when I was only waiting the right time to ax you what I'd do for a clane pillow-case?

Miss G. Why, turn that you have inside out, and no more about it.

Christy. And turn yourself out of this, if you plase. *(He turns* BIDDY *out by the shoulders.)* Let me hear you singing *Baltiorum* in the kitchen, for security that you're not hearing my sacrets. There, she's singing it now, and we're snug;—tell me when she stops, and I'll stop myself.

Miss G. Then there's the girl has ceased singing. There's somebody's come in, into the kitchen; may be, it's the drum-major. I'll go see.

[*Exit Miss* GALLAGHER.

CHRISTY, *solus.*

There she's off now! And I must after her, else she'll spoil her market, and my own. But look ye, now—if I shouldn't find her agreeable to marry this Mr. Gilbert, the man I've laid out for her, why here's a good stick that will bring her to rason in the last resort; for there's no other way of rasoning with Ferrinafad. [*Exit* CHRISTY.

SCENE IV.

The Garden of the Widow LARKEN'*s Cottage.*

OWEN *and* MABEL.

Owen. How does my mother bear the disappointment, Mabel, about the inn?

Mabel. Then to outward appearance, she did not take it so much to heart as I expected she would. But I'm sure she frets inwardly—because she had been in such hopes, and in such spirits, and so proud to think how well her children would all be settled.

Owen. Oh, how sorry I am I told her in that hurry the good news I heard, and all to disappoint her afterwards, and break her heart with it.

Mabel. No, she has too good a heart to break for the likes. She'll hold up again after the first disappointment—she'll struggle on for our sakes, Owen.

Owen. She will: but Mabel dearest, what do you think of Gilbert?

Mabel (turning away). I strive not to think of him at all.

Owen. But sure I was not wrong there—he told me as much as that he loved you.

Mabel. Then he never told me that much.

Owen. No! What, not when he walked with you to the well?

Mabel. No. What made you think he did?

Owen. Why, the words he said about you when he met me, was—where's your sister Mabel? Gone to the well, Gilbert, says I. And do you think a man that has a question to ask her might make bold to step after her? says he. Such a man as you—why not? says I. Then he stood still, and twirled a rose he held in his hand, and he said nothing, and I no more, till he stooped down, and from the grass where we stood, pulled a sprig of clover. Is not this what *you* call shamrock? says he. It is, says I. Then he puts the shamrock along with the rose—How would *that* do? says he.

Mabel. Did he say that, Owen?

Owen. Yes, or, how would they look together? or, would they do together? or some words that way; I can't be particular to the word—you know, he speaks different from us; but that surely was the sense; and I minded, too, he blushed up to the roots, and I pitied him, and answered——

Mabel. Oh, what did you answer?

Owen. I answered and said, I thought they'd do very well together; and that it was good when the Irish shamrock and the English rose was united.

Mabel (hiding her face with her hands). Oh, Owen, that was too plain.

Owen. Plain! Not at all—it was not. It's only your tenderness makes you feel it too plain—for, listen to me, Mabel. *(Taking her hand from her face.)* Sure, if it had any meaning particular, it's as strong for miss Gallagher as for any body else.

Mabel. That's true:—and may be it was that way he took it—and may be it was her he was thinking of——

Owen. When he asked me for you? But I'll not mislead you—I'll say nothing; for it was a shame he did not speak out, after all the encouragement he got from me.

Mabel. Then he did get encouragement from you?

Owen. That is—*(smiling)*—taking it the other way, he might understand it so, if he had any conscience. Come now, Mabel, when he went to the well, what did he say to you? for I am sure he said something.

Mabel. Then he said nothing—but just put the rose and shamrock into my hand.

Owen. O! did he?—And what did you say?

Mabel. I said nothing.—What could I say?

Owen. I wish I'd been with you, Mabel.

Mabel. I'm glad you were not, Owen.

Owen. Well, what did he say next?

Mabel. I tell you he said nothing, but cleared his throat and hemmed, as he does often.

Owen. What, all the way to the well and back, nothing but hem, and clear his throat?

Mabel. Nothing in life.

Owen. Why, then, the man's a fool or a rogue.

Mabel. Oh, don't say that any way. But there's my mother coming in from the field. How weak she walks! I must go in to bear her company spinning.

Owen. And I'll be in by the time I've settled all here. [*Exit* MABEL.

OWEN, *solus.*

Oh! I know how keenly Mabel feels all, tho' she speaks so mild. Then I'm cut to the heart by this behaviour of Gilbert's:—sure he could not be so cruel to be jesting with her!—he's an Englishman, and may be he thinks no harm to jilt an Irishwoman. But I'll show him——but then if he never asked her the question, how can we say any thing?—Oh! the thing is, he's a snug man, and money's at the bottom of all,—and since Christy's to have the new inn, and miss Gallagher has the money!—Well, it's all over, and I don't know what will become of me.

Enter Mr. ANDREW HOPE.

Mr. H. My gude lad, may your name be Larken?

Owen. It is, sir—Owen Larken, at your service—the son of the widow Larken.

Mr. H. Then I have to thank your family for their goodness to my puir brother, years ago. And for yourself, your friend, Mr. Christy Gallagher, has been telling me you can play the bugle?

Owen. I can, sir.

Mr. H. And we want a bugle, and the *pay*'s fifteen guineas; and I'd sooner give it to you than three others that has applied, if you'll list.

Owen. Fifteen guineas! Oh! if I could send that money home to my mother! but I must ask her con-

sent. Sir, she lives convenient, just in this cabin here—would you be pleased to step in with me, and I'll ask her consent.

Mr. H. That's right,—lead on, my douce lad—you ken the way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Kitchen of the Widow LARKEN'*s Cottage.*

A Door is seen open, into an inner Room.

MABEL, *alone,*
(Sitting near the door of the inner room, spinning and singing.) *

Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.
Unfelt in sleep thy load of sorrow,
Breathe free and thoughtless of to-morrow;
And long, and light, thy slumbers last,
In happy dreams forget the past.
Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

Many's the night she wak'd for me,
To nurse my helpless infancy:
While cradled on her patient arm,
She hush'd me with the mother's charm.
Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

And be it mine to soothe thy age,
With tender care thy grief assuage.
This hope is left to poorest poor,
And richest child can do no more.
Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

* This song is set to music by Mr. Webbe.

[*While* MABEL *is singing the second stanza,* OWEN *and* ANDREW HOPE *enter. Mr.* HOPE *stops short and listens: he makes a sign to* OWEN *to stand still, and not to interrupt* MABEL—*while* OWEN *approaches her on tiptoe.*

Mr. H. (aside) She taks my fancy back to dear Scotland, to my ain hame, and my ain mither, and my ain Kate.

Owen. So, Mabel! I thought you never sung for strangers?

[MABEL *turns and sees Mr.* HOPE—*She rises and curtsies.*

Mr. H. (advancing softly) I fear to disturb the mother, whose slumbers are so blest, and I'd fain hear that lullaby again. If the voice stop, the mother may miss it, and wake.

Mabel (looking into the room in which her mother sleeps, then closing the door gently). No, sir—she'll not miss my voice now, I thank you—she is quite sound asleep.

Owen. This is Mr. Andrew Hope, Mabel—you might remember one of his name, a serjeant Hope.

Mabel. Ah! I mind—he that was sick with us, some time back.

Mr. H. Ay, my brother that's dead, and that your gude mither was so tender of, when sick, charged me to thank you all, and so from my soul I do.

Mabel. 'Twas little my poor mother could do, nor any of us for him, even then, though we could do more then than we could now, and I'm glad he chanced to be with us in our better days.

Mr. H. And I'm sorry you ever fell upon worse days, for you deserve the best; and will have such again, I trust. All I can say is this—that gif your

brother here gangs with me, he shall find a brother's care through life fra' me.

Owen. I wouldn't doubt you; and that you know, Mabel, would be a great point, to have a friend secure in the regiment, if I thought of going.

Mabel. If!—Oh! what are you thinking of, Owen? What is it your talking of going? *(Turning towards the door of her mother's room suddenly.)* Take care, but she'd wake and hear you, and she'd never sleep easy again.

Owen. And do you think so?

Mabel. Do I think so? Am not I sure of it? and you too, Owen, if you'd take time to think and feel.

Owen. Why, there's no doubt but it's hard, when the mother has reared the son, for him to quit her as soon as he can go alone; but it is what I was thinking: it is only the militia, you know, and I'd not be going out of the three kingdoms ever at all; and I could be sending money home to my mother, like Johnny Reel did to his.

Mabel. Money is it? Then there's no money you could send her—not the full of Lough Erne itself, in golden guineas, could make her amends for the loss of yourself, Owen, and you know that.

Mr. H. And I am not the man that would entice you to list, or gang with me, in contradiction to your duty at home, or your interest abroad: so *(turning to* MABEL*)* do not look on me as the tempter to evil, nor with distrust, as you do, kind sister as you are, and like my own Kate; but hear me coolly, and without prejudice, for it is his gude I wish.

Mabel. I am listening then, and I ask your pardon if I looked a doubt.

Mr. H. The gude mother must wish above all

things here below the weal and *advancement* and the honour of her bairns; and she would not let the son be tied to her apron-strings, for any use or profit to herself, but ever wish him to do the best in life for his sel'. Is not this truth, gude friends—plain truth?

Mabel. It is then—I own that: truth and sense too.

Owen. Now, see there, Mabel.

Mr. H. And better for him to do something abroad than digging at home; and in the army he might get on,—and here's the bugle-boy's pay.

Mabel. Is it a bugle-boy you are thinking of making him?

Mr. H. That's the only thing I could make him. I wish I could offer better.

Mabel. Then, I thank you, sir, and I wouldn't doubt ye—and it would be very well for a common boy that could only dig: but my brother's no common boy, sir.

Owen. Oh, Mabel!

Mabel. Hush, Owen! for it's the truth I'm telling, and if to your face, I can't help it. You may hide the face, but I won't hide the truth.

Mr. H. Then speak on, my warm-hearted lassy, speak on.

Mabel. Then, sir, he got an edication while ever my poor father lived, and no better scholar, they said, for the teaching he got:—but all was given over when the father died, and the troubles came, and Owen, as he ought, give himself up intirely for my mother, to help her, a widow. But it's not digging and slaving he is to be always:—it's with the head, as my father used to say, he'll make more than the hands; and we hope to get a clerk's place for him sometime, or there will be a schoolmaster wanting in

this town, and that will be what he would be fit for, and not——but it's not civil, before you, a soldier, sir, to say the rest.

Mr. H. Fear not, you will not give offence.

Mabel. And not to be spending his breath, blowing through a horn all his days, for the sake of wearing a fine red coat. I beg your pardon again, sir, if I say too much—but it's to save my brother and my mother.

Mr. H. I like you the better for all you've said for both.

Owen. And I'm off entirely:—I'll not list, I thank you, sir.

[MABEL *clasps her hands joyfully, then embraces her brother.*

Mr. H. And I'll not ask you to list—and I would not have asked it at all but that a friend of yours told me it would be the greatest service I could do you, and that it was the thing of all others you wished.

Owen. That friend was Christy Gallagher: but he was mistaken—that's all.

Mabel. I hope that's all. But I've no dependence on him for a friend, nor has my mother.

Owen. Why, he was saying to me, and I could not say against it, that he had a right to propose for the inn, if he could, though Gilbert and we wanted to get it.

Mabel. Then I wonder why Christy should be preferred rather than my mother.

Owen. Then that's a wonder,—and I can't understand how that was.

Mr. H. I have one more thing to say, or to do, which I should like better, if you'll give me leave. If there's a difficulty aboot the rent of this new inn that you are talking of, I have a little spare money, and you're welcome to it:—I consider it as a

debt of my brother's, which I am bound to pay; so no obligation in life—tell me how much will do.

[*Takes out his purse.*

Owen and *Mabel.* You are very kind—you are very good.

Mr. H. No, I am not—I am only just. Say only how much will do.

Owen. Alas! money won't do now, sir. It's all settled, and Christy says he has a promise of it in writing from the lady.

Mr. H. May be this Christy might sell his interest, and we will see—I will not say till I find I can do. Fare ye weel till we meet, as I hope we shall, at the dance that's to be at the castle. The band is to be there, and I with them, and I shall hope for this lassy's hand in the dance.

Mabel (aside). And Gilbert that never asked me! *(Aloud.)* I thank you kindly, sir, I sha'n't go to the dance at-all-at-all, I believe,—my mother had better take her rest, and I must stay with her—a good night to you kindly.

[*Exit* MABEL *into her mother's room.*

Mr. H. This sister of yours would leave me no heart to carry back to Scotland, I fear, but that I'm a married man already, and have my own luve—a Kate of my own, that's as fair as she, and as gude, and that's saying much.

Owen (aside). Much more than Florinda Gallagher will like to hear.

Mr. H. I shall thank you if you will teach me, for my Kate, the words of that song your sister was singing when we came in.

Owen. I believe it's to flatter me, you say this, for that song is my writing.

Mr. H. Yours?

Owen. Mine, such as it is.

Mr. H. Sic a ane as you are then, I'm glad you are not to be a bugle-boy: your sister is right.

Owen. I'll teach you the words as we go along.

Mr. H. Do so;—but mind now this song-writing do not lead you to idleness. We must see to turn your edication to good account. *(Aside.)* Oh I will never rest till I pay my brother's debt, some way or other, to this gude family. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CHRISTY, *alone.*

So this Scotchman could not list Owen. *Couldn't* nor *wouldn't,* that's what he says; and the Scotchman looked very hard at me as he spoke: moreover, I seen Mr. Gilbert and him with their two heads close together, and that's a wonder, for I know Gilbert's not nat'rally fond of any sort of Scotchman. There's something brewing:—I must have my wits about me, and see and keep sober this night, if I can, any way. From the first I suspicted Mr. Gilbert had his heart on Mabel. *(*BIDDY DOYLE *puts her head in.)* Biddy Doyle! What the mischief does that head of yours do there?

Biddy. Nothing in life, sir; only just to see who was in it, along with yourself, because I thought I hard talking enough for two.

Christy. You, girl, have curiosity enough for two, and two dozen, and too much! So plase take your

head and yourself out of that, and don't be overharing my private thoughts; for that was all the talking ye hard, and *my* thoughts can't abide listeners.

Biddy. I'm no listener—I ax your pardon, sir: I scorn to listen to your thoughts, or your words even.

[*Exit* BIDDY.

Christy. That girl has set me topsy-turvy. Where was I?—Oh! this was it. Suppose even, I say, suppose this Gilbert's fancy should stick to Mabel, I might manage him, nevertheless. I've a great advantage and prerogative over this Englishman, in his having never been dipped in the Shannon. He is so *under cow*, with bashfulness now, that I don't doubt but what in one of his confusions I could asy bring him to say Yes in the wrong place; and sooner than come to a perplexing refusal of a young lady, he might, I'll engage, be brought about to marry the girl he didn't like, in lieu of the girl he did. We shall see——but hark! I hear Ferrinafad's voice, singing, and I must join, and see how the thing's going on, or going off. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Miss GALLAGHER *and* GILBERT *at a Tea-Table.*

Gilb. (aside) Now would I give five golden guineas this minute that her father, or any mortal man, woman, or child in the varsal world, would come in and say something; for 'tis so awk'ard for I to be sitting here, and I nothing to say to she.

Miss G. (aside) When will the man pay me the compliment to speak, I wonder? Wouldn't any body think he'd no tongue in that mouth of his, screwed up, and blushing from ear to ear?

Enter CHRISTY.

Christy. Hoo! hoo! hoo!—How's this—both of yees mute as fishes the moment I come in? Why, I hard you just now, when my back was turned, singing like turtle-doves—didn't I, Florry?

Miss G. Indeed, sir, as to turtle-doves, I'm not sinsible; but Mr. Gilbert requisted of me to be favouring him with a song, which I was complying with, though I'm not used to be singing without my piano.

Christy (aside). Sorrow take your piano! you're not come there yet.

Miss G. I wonder the drum-major isn't come yet. Does he expect tea can be keeping hot for him to the end of time? He'll have nothing but slop-dash, though he's a very genteel man. I'm partial to the military school, I own, and a Highlander too is always my white-headed boy.

Gilb. (astonished) Her white-headed boy?—Now, if I was to be hanged for it, I don't know what that means.

Miss G. Now where can you have lived, Mr. Gilbert, not to know *that?*

Christy (aside). By the mass, he's such a matter-o'-fact-man, I can't get round him with all my wit.

Miss G. Here's the drum-major! Scarlet's asy seen at a distance, that's one comfort.

Enter Mr. HOPE.

Mr. H. I'm late, miss Florinda, I fear, for the tea-table; but I had a wee-wee bit of business to do for a young friend, that kept me.

Miss G. No matter, major, my tapot defies you. Take a cup a tea. Are you fond of music, major?

Mr. H. Very fond of music, ma'am—do you sing or play?

Miss G. I do play—I plead guilty to that, I own. But in this hole that we are in, there's no room fitting for my piano. However, in the new inn which we have got now, I'll fix my piano elegant in the back-parlour.

Mr. H. In the mean time, miss Florinda, will you favour us with a song?

Christy. And I'll be making the punch, for I'm no songstress. Biddy! Biddy Doyle! hot water in a jerry.

Miss G. Indeed I'm not used to sing without my piano; but, to oblige the major, I sing by note.

Miss GALLAGHER *sings.*

Softly breathing through the heart,
  When lovers meet no more to part;
That purity of soul be mine,
  Which speaks in music's sound divine.

'Midst trees and streams of constant love,
  That's whisper'd by the turtle-dove;
Sweet cooing cushat all my pray'r,
  Is love in elegance to share.

Mr. H. That's what I call fine, now! Very fine that. [GILBERT *nods.*

Miss G. *(aside)* Look at that Englishman, now, that hasn't a word of compliment to throw to a dog, but only a nod. *(Aloud.)* 'Tis the military that has always the souls for music, and for the ladies—and I think, gentlemen, I may step for'ard, and say I'm entitled to call upon you now:—Mr. Gilbert, if you've ever a love-song in your composition.

Gilb. Love-song I can't say, ma'am; but such as I

have—I'm no great hand at composition—but I have one song—they call it, *My choice of a wife.*

Miss G. Pray let's have it, sir.

Christy. Now for it, by Jabus.

Mr. H. Give it us, Mr. Gilbert.

Enter BIDDY *with hot water, and exit.*

GILBERT *sings.*

There's none but a fool will wed on a sudden,
Or take a fine miss that can't make a pudding;
If he get such a wife, what would a man gain, O?
But a few ballad tunes on a wretched piano.

Some ladies than peacocks are twenty times prouder,
Some ladies than thunder are twenty times louder;
But I'll have a wife that's obliging and civil—
For me, your fine ladies may go to the devil!

Miss G. (rising) Sir, I comprehend your song, coarse as it is, and its moral to boot, and I humbly thank ye, sir. *(She curtsies low.)* And if I live a hundred year, and ninety-nine to the back of that, sir, I will remember it to you, sir.

Christy (leaving the punch which he had been making, comes forward with a lemon in his hand). Wheugh! wheugh! wheugh! Ferrinafad!

Gilb. (aside) Ferrinafad!—the man's mad!

Miss G. Father, go your ways back to your punch. Here stands the only *raal* gentleman in company *(pointing to the drum-major)*, if I'm to make the election.

Christy. Major, you can't but drink her health for that compliment.

[*He presents a glass of punch to Mr.* HOPE.

Mr. H. Miss Gallagher's health, and a gude husband to her, and *soon.*

Miss G. And soon!—No hurry for them that has choice.

Christy. That has money, you mane, jewel. Mr. Gilbert, you did not give us your toast.

Gilb. Your good health, ma'am—your good health, sir—Mr. Hope, your good health, and your fireside in Scotland, and in pa'tic'lar your good wife.

Miss G. (starting) Your wife, sir! Why, sir, is't possible you're a married man, after all?

Mr. H. Very possible, ma'am—thank Heaven, and my gude Kate.

Miss G. His gude Kate!—Well, I hate the Scotch accent of all languages under the sun.

Christy. In a married man, I suppose you *mane,* Florry.

Miss G. This is the way with officers continually—passing themselves for bachelors.

Christy. Then, Florry, we'd best recommend it to the drum-major the next town he'd go into, to put up an advertisement in capitals on his cap, warning all women whom it may consarn, that he is a married man.

Miss G. 'Tis no consarn of mine, I'll assure you, sir, at any rate; for I should scorn to think of a Scotchman any way. And what's a drum-major, after all? [*Exit in a passion.*

Christy. Bo boo! bo boo! bo boo! there's a tantarara now; but never mind her, she takes them tantarums by turns. Now depend upon it, Mr. Gilbert, it's love that's at the bottom of it all, clane and clear.

Gilb. It's very like, sir—I can't say.

Christy. Oh, but I *can* say—I know her, egg and bird. The thing is, she's mad with you, and that

has set her all through other.—But we'll finish our tumbler of punch.

[*Draws forward the table, and sets chairs.*

Gilb. *(aside)* Egg and bird!—mad! All through other!—Confound me if I understand one word the man is saying; but I will make him understand me, if he can understand plain English.

Mr. H. *(aside)* I'll stand by and see fair play. I have my own thought.

Gilb. Now, Mr ——, to be plain with you at once —here's fifty guineas in gold, and if you will take them, and give me up the promise you have got of the new inn, you shall be welcome. That's all I have to say, if I was to talk till Christmas—and fewest words is best in matters of business.

Christy. Fifty guineas in gold!—Don't part with a guinea of them, man—put 'em up again. You shall have the new inn without a word more, and into the bargain my good-will and my daughter—and you're a jantleman, and can't say *no* to that, any way.

Gilb. Yes, but I can though: since you drive me to the wall, I must say no, and I do say no. And, dang it, I would have been hanged almost as soon as say so much to a father. I beg your pardon, sir, but my heart is given to another. Good evening to you.

Christy *(holding him as he attempts to go)*. Take it coolly, and listen to me, and tell me—was you ever married before, Mr. Gilbert?

Gilb. Never.

Christy. Then I was—and I can tell you that I found to my cost, love was all in all with me before I was married, and after I had been married a twel'-month, money was all in all with me; for I had the

wife, and I had not the money, and without the money, the wife must have starved.

Gilb. But I can work, sir, and will, head, hands, and heart, for the woman I love.

Christy. Asy said—hard done. Mabel Larken is a very pretty girl. But wait till I tell you what Kit Monaghan said to me yesterday. I'm going to be married, sir, says he to me. Ay, so you mintioned to me a fortnight ago, Kit, says I—to Rose Dermod, isn't it? says I. Not at all, sir, says he—it is to Peggy M'Grath, this time. And what quarrel had you to Rose Dermod? says I. None in life, sir, says he; but Peggy M'Grath had two cows, and Rose Dermod had but the one, and in my mind there is not the differ of a cow betwix' one woman and another. Do you understand me now, Mr. Gilbert?

Gilb. Sir, we shall never understand one another —pray let me go, before I get into a passion.

[*Breaks from* CHRISTY, *and exit.*

Christy. Hollo! Hollo! Mr. Gilbert! (GILBERT *returns.*) One word more about the new inn. I've done about Florry; and, upon my conscience, I believe you're right enough—only that I'm her father, and in duty bound to push her as well as I can.

Gilb. Well, sir, about the inn: be at a word with me; for I'm not in a humour to be trifled with.

Mr. H. (*aside*) Fire beneath snow! who'd ha' thought it?

Christy. Then, if it was sixty guineas instead of fifty, I'd take it, and you should have my bargain of the inn.

Mr. H. (*aside*) I'll not say my word until I see what the bottom of the men are.

Gilb. (*aside*) Why, to make up sixty, I must sell my watch even; but I'll do it—any thing to please

Mabel. *(Aloud.)* Well, sixty guineas, if you won't give it for less.

Christy. Done! *(Eagerly.)*

Mr. H. Stay, stay, Mr. Gilbert! Have a care, Mr Gallagher!—The lady might not be well pleased at your handing over her written promise, Mr. Gallagher—wait a wee bit. Don't conclude this bargain till you are before the lady at the castle.

Gilb. So best—no doubt.

Christy. All one to me—so I pocket the sixty.

Mr. H. *(aside to* GILBERT*)* Come off.

Gilb. We shall meet then at the castle to-night: till then, a good day to you, Mr. Gallagher.

[*Exeunt* GILBERT *and Mr.* HOPE.

Christy. Good night to ye kindly, gentlemen. There's a fool to love for you now! If I'd ax'd a hundred, I'd ha' got it. But still there's only one thing, Ferrinafad will go mad when she learns I've sold the new inn, and she to live on in this hole, and no place for the piano. I hope Biddy did not hear a sentence of it. *(Calls.)* Biddy! Biddy Doyle! Biddy, can't ye?

Enter BIDDY.

Biddy. What is it?

Christy. Did you hear any thing? Oh, I see ye did by your eyes. Now, hark'ee, my good girl: don't mention a sentence to Ferrinafad of my settling the new inn, till the bargain's complate, and money in both pockets—you hear.

Biddy. I do, sir. But I did not hear afore.

Christy. Becaase, see, though she's my daughter, she's crass—I'll empty my mind to you, Biddy.

Biddy (aside). He has taken enough to like to be talking to poor Biddy.

Christy. Afore Florry was set up on her high horse by that little independency her doting grandmother left her, and until she got her head turned with that Ferrinafad edication, this Florry was a good girl enough. But now what is she?—Given over to vanities of all sorts, and no comfort in life to me, or use at all—not like a daughter at all, nor mistress of the house neither, nor likely to be well married neither, or a credit to me that way! And saucy to me on account of that money of hers I liquidated unknown'st.

Biddy. True for ye, sir.

Christy. Then it all comes from the little fingers getting to be the master of me; for I'm confident that when sober, I was not born to be a rogue nat'rally. Was not I honest Christy once? *(ready to cry.)* Oh, I'm a great penitent! But there's no help for it now.

Biddy. True for you, sir.

Christy. I'm an unfortunate cratur, and all the neighbours know it.—So, Biddy dear, I've nothing for it but to take another glass.

Biddy. Oh! no, sir, not when you'll be going up to the castle to the lady—you'll be in no condition.

Christy. Tut, girl—'twill give me heart. Let's be merry any way. [*Exit, singing,*

"They say it was care kill'd the cat,
That starv'd her, and caus'd her to die;
But I'll be much wiser than that,
For the devil a care will care I."

SCENE III.

Widow LARKEN's *Cottage.*

Widow LARKEN, MABEL, *and* GILBERT.

Gilb. And could you doubt me, Mabel, after I told you I loved you?

Mabel. Never would nor could have doubted, had you once told me as much, Mr. Gilbert.

Widow. There was the thing, Mr. Gilbert—you know it was you that was to speak, if you thought of her.

Gilb. Do not you remember the rose and the shamrock?

Widow. Oh! she does, well enough; and that's what her heart was living upon, till I killed the hope.

Gilb. You!—killed the hope!—I thought you were my friend.

Widow. And so I am, and was—but when you did not speak.

Gilb. If I had not loved her so well, I might have been able, perhaps, to have said more.

Widow. Then that's enough. Mabel mavourneen wear the rose he give you now—I'll let you—and see it's fresh enough. She put it in water—oh! she had hope still!

Mabel. And was not I right to trust him, mother?

Gilb. Mabel, if I don't do my best to make you happy all my days, I deserve to be——that's all! But I'm going to tell you about the new inn: that's what I have been about ever since, and I'm to have it for sixty guineas.

Enter OWEN, *rubbing his hands.*

Owen. You see, mother, I was right about Gilbert and Mabel. But Mr. Hope and the band is gone up to the castle. Come, come!—time to be off!—no delay!—Gilbert, Mabel, off with you! *(He pushes them off.)* And glad enough ye are to go together. Mother, dear, here's your bonnet and the cloak,—here, round ye throw—that's it—take my arm. *(Widow stumbles as he pulls her on.)* Oh, I'm putting you past your speed, mother.

Widow. No, no.—No fear in life for the mother that has the support of such a son.

SCENE IV.

A large Apartment in Bannow Castle, ornamented with the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock.—The hall opens into a lawn, where the country-people are seen dancing.

Enter CLARA, *Sir* WILLIAM HAMDEN, *and a train of dancers.*

Clara. Now, sir, as we have here English, Scotch, and Irish dancers, we can have the English country-dance, the Scotch reel, and the Irish jig.

Sir W. Then to begin with the Irish jig, which I have never seen.

Clara. You shall see it in perfection.

[*An Irish jig is danced, a Scotch reel follows, and an English country-dance. When* CLARA *has danced down the country-dance, she goes with her partner to Sir* WILLIAM HAMDEN.

Clara. We are going out to look at the dancers on the lawn.

Sir W. Take me with you, for I wish to see those merry dancers—I hear them laughing. I love to hear the country-people laugh: theirs is always *the heart's laugh.* [*Exeunt Sir* WILLIAM *and* CLARA.

[*The dancers recommence, and after dancing for a few minutes, they go off just as Sir* WILLIAM *and* CLARA *return, entering from the hall-door.*

Clara. My dear uncle, thank you for going out among these poor people, and for speaking so kindly to them. One would think that you had lived in Ireland all your life, you know so well how to go *straight* to Irish heads and Irish hearts by kindness, and by what they love almost as well, *humour,* and good-humour. Thank you again and again.

Sir W. My dear niece, you need not thank me; for if you had nothing to do with these people—if you had never been born—I should have loved the Irish for their own sakes. How easy it is to please them! How easy to make them happy, and how grateful they are, even for a few words of kindness.

Clara. Yes. This I may say without partiality—whatever other faults my countrymen have, they certainly are a grateful people. My father, who knew them well, taught me, from my childhood, to trust to Irish gratitude.

Sir W. (changing his tone) But, on the other hand, it is my duty to watch over your Irish generosity, Clara. Have you made any more promises, my dear, since morning?

Clara. Oh! no, sir; and I have heartily repented of that which I made this morning: for I find that this man to whom I have promised the new inn is a sad drunken, good-for-nothing person; and as for his daughter, whom I have never yet seen——

Sir W. (looking towards the entrance from the lawn)

> "But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
> Female of sex it seems—
> That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
> Comes this way sailing."

Enter Miss GALLAGHER.

Miss G. Sir, I beg pardon. But I was told miss O'Hara would wish to speak with Christy Gallagher, and I'm his daughter—he not being very well to-night. He will be up with miss in the morning—but is confined to his bed with a pain about his heart, he took, just when I was coming away.

[CHRISTY'*s voice heard, singing, to the tune of* "St. Patrick's day in the morning,"

> "Full bumpers of whiskey
> Will make us all frisky,
> On Patrick's day in the morning."

Miss G. (aside) Oh! King of glory, if he is not come up after all!

Clara. "What noise is that, unlike the former sound?"

Sir W. Only some man, singing in honour of St. Patrick, I suppose.

Enter CHRISTY GALLAGHER, BIDDY *trying to hold him back.*

Christy. Tut! let me in: I know the lady is here, and I must thank her as becoming——

[CLARA *puts her hands before her face, and retires as he advances.*

Miss G. Oh! father, keep out—you're not in a condition.

Sir W. John! Thomas! carry this man off.

Christy. Ah, now, just let me remark to his honour —did he ever hear this song in England? *(He struggles, and sings, while they are carrying him off,)*

"O'Rourke's noble feast shall ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or by those who were not."

But it was not O'Rourke's noble feast at all, it was O'Hara's noble feast, to the best of my knowledge—I'll take my affidavit; and am not I here, on the spot, ready and proud to fight any one that denies the contrary? Let me alone, Florry, for I'm no babby to be taken out of the room. Ready and proud, I say I am, to fight any tin men in the county, or the kingdom itself, or the three kingdoms entirely, that would go for to dare for to offer to articulate the contrary. So it's miss O'Hara for ever, huzza! a! a! a! a!

Sir W. Carry him off this instant. Begone!

[*The servants carry off* CHRISTY GALLAGHER, *while he sings, to the tune of "One bottle more,"*

"Oh, give me but whiskey, continted I'll sing,
Hibernia for ever, and God save the king!"

[*Miss* GALLAGHER *directs and expedites her father's retreat.*

Clara. Shame! shame! Is this the tenant I have chosen?

Miss G. Indeed, and indeed, then, miss O'Hara, I often preach to him, but there's no use in life preaching to him—as good preaching to the winds! for, drunk or sober, he has an answer ready at all points. It is not wit he wants, sir.

Sir W. And he is happy in having a daughter, who knows how to make the best of his faults, I see. What an excellent landlord he will be for this new inn!

Miss G. Oh, certainly, sir—only it's being St.

Patrick's night, he would be more inexcusable; and as to the new inn, please Heaven! he shall get no pace on earth till he takes an oath afore the priest against spirits, good or bad, for a twil'month to come, before ever I trust a foot of his in the new inn.

Clara. But, ma'am, from your own appearance, I should apprehend that you would not be suited to the business yourself. I should suppose you would think it beneath you to keep an inn.

Miss G. Why, ma'am—why, sir—you know when it is called an hotel, it's another thing; and I'm sure I've a great regard for the family, and there's nothing I wouldn't do to oblige miss O'Hara.

Clara. Miss Gallagher, let me beg that if you wish to oblige me——

Enter GILBERT.

Sir W. Well, Gilbert?

Gilb. Only, sir, if you and miss O'Hara were at leisure, sir, one Mr. Andrew Hope, the master of the band, would wish to be allowed to come in to sing a sort of a welcome home they have set to music, sir, for miss O'Hara.

Clara. I do believe this is the very song which that drunken man gave me this morning, and for which I gave him the promise of the inn. I shall be ashamed to hear the song.

Sir W. Let *me* hear it, at all events. Desire Mr. Andrew Hope, and his merry-men-all, to walk in.

[*Exit* GILBERT.

Enter Mr. HOPE *and band.—Some of the country-people peep in, as if wishing to enter.*

Sir W. Come in, my good friends.

Enter, among others, the Widow LARKEN *and* MABEL, *and* OWEN.—BIDDY *follows timidly.—Miss* GALLAGHER *takes a conspicuous place.—Sir* WILLIAM *and* CLARA *continue speaking.*

Sir W. Did Gilbert introduce his bride elect to you, Clara?

Clara. Yes, Mabel Larken, that girl with the sweet modest countenance—and her mother, that respectable-looking woman; and her brother, I see, is here, that boy with the quick, intelligent eyes. I know all the family—know them all to be good; and these were the people I might have served! Oh, fool! fool!

Sir W. Well, well, well, 'tis over now, my dear Clara—you will be wiser another time. Come, Mr. Hope, give us a little flattery, to put us in good-humour with ourselves.

[*The band prelude; but just as they begin, Sir* WILLIAM *sees* CHRISTY, *who is coming in softly, holding back the skirts of his coat.—Sir* WILLIAM *in a loud voice exclaims,*

Turn out that man! How dare you return to interrupt us, sir? Turn out that man!

Christy (falling on his knees). Oh! please your honour, I beg your pardon for one minute: only just give me lave to *insense* your honour's honour. I'm not the same man at all.

Sir W. Stand up, stand up—an Englishman cannot bear to see a man kneel to him. Stand up, pray, if you can.

Christy. Then I can, plase your honour *(rises)*, since I got a shock.

Clara. What shock? What do you mean?

Christy. Oh, nothing in life, miss, that need con-

sarn you—only a fall I got from my horse, which the child they set to lead me would put me up upon, and it come down and kilt me; for it wasn't a proper horse for an unfortunate man like me, that was overtaken, as I was then; and it's well but I got a kick of the baast.

Sir W. Do you say you were kicked by a horse?

Christy. Not at all, plase your honour—I say *it was well but* I got a kick of the baast. But it's all for the best now; for see, I'm now as sober as a jidge, and *quite* as any lamb; and if I'd get lave only just to keep in this here corner, I would be no let or hinderance to any. Oh! dear, miss, spake for me! I'm an ould man, miss, that your father's honour was partial to always, and called me *honest* Christy, which I was once, and till his death too.

Sir W. What a strange mixture is this man!

Clara. Pray let him stay, uncle—he's sober now.

Sir W. Say not one word more, then; stand still there in your corner.

Christy. And not a word for my life—not breathe, even—to please you! becaase I've a little business to mintion to the lady. Sixty guineas to resave from Mr. Gilbert, yonder. Long life to you, miss! But I'll say no more till this Scotchman has done with his fiddle and his musics.

Sir W. I thought, sir, you were not to have spoken another syllable.

[CHRISTY *puts his finger on his lips, and bows to Sir* WILLIAM *and to* CLARA.

Sir W. Now, Mr. Hope.

Mr. HOPE *sings, and the Band join in chorus,*

Though Bannow's heiress, fair and young,
Hears polish'd praise from ev'ry tongue;

Yet good and kind, she'll not disdain
The tribute of the lowly swain.
The heart's warm welcome, Clara, meets thee;
Thy native land, dear lady, greets thee.

That open brow, that courteous grace,
Bespeaks thee of thy generous race;
Thy father's soul is in thy smile—
Thrice blest his name in Erin's isle.
The heart's warm welcome, Clara, meets thee;
Thy native land, dear lady, greets thee.

The bright star shining on the night,
Betokening good, spreads quick delight;
But quicker far, more glad surprise,
Wakes the kind radiance of her eyes.
The heart's warm welcome, Clara, meets thee;
Thy native land, dear lady, greets thee *.

Christy. Then I'm not asham'd, any way, of that song of mine.

Sir W. Of yours?—Is it possible that it is yours?

Clara. It is, indeed. These are the very lines he gave me this morning.

Christy. And I humbly thank you, madam or miss, for having got them set to the musics.

Clara. I had nothing to do with that. We must thank Mr. Hope for this agreeable surprise.

Christy. Why, then, I tank you, Mr. Drum.

Mr. H. You owe me no thanks, sir. I will take none from you.

Christy. No—for I didn't remember giving you the copy. I suppose Florry did.

Miss G. Not I, sir.

Christy. Or the schoolmaster's foul copy may be, for it was he was putting the song down for me on paper. My own hand-writing shaking so bad, I could not make a fair copy fit for the lady.

* Set to music by Mr. Webbe.

Mr. H. Mr. Gallagher, don't plunge farther in falsehood—you know the truth is, that song's not yours.

Christy. Why, then, by all——

Mr. H. Stop, stop, Mr. Gallagher—stop, I advise you.

Christy. Why, then, I won't stop at any thing—for the song's my own.

Mr. H. In one sense of the word, may be, it may be called your own, sir; for you bought it, I know.

Christy. I bought it? Oh, who put that in your Scotch brains? Whoever it was, was a big liar.

Biddy. No liar at all, sir—I axe your pardon—'twas I.

Christy. And you overheard my thoughts, then, talking to myself—ye traitor!

Biddy. No, sir—again I ax your pardon; no listener Biddy Doyle. But I was at the schoolmaster's, to get him pen a letter for me to my poor father, and there with him I heard how Christy bought the song, and seen the first copy—and the child of the house told me all about it, and how it was lift there by Mr. Owen Larken.

Sir W. and *Clara (joyfully).* Owen Larken!—you?

Christy. All lies! Asy talk—asy talk—asy to belie a poor man.

Mr. H. If you tell the truth, you can tell us the next verse, for there's another which we did not yet sing.

Christy. Not in my copy, which is the original.

Sir W. If you have another verse, let us hear it—and that will decide the business.

Christy. Oh, the devil another line, but what's lame, I'll engage—and forged, as you'll see.

Mr. HOPE *sings.*

Quick spring the feelings of the heart,
When touch'd by Clara's gen'rous art;
Quick as the grateful shamrock springs,
In the good fairies' favour'd rings.

Clara. What does Christy say now?

Christy. Why, miss, I say that's well said for the shamrock any way. And all that's in it for me is this—the schoolmaster was a rogue, that did not give me that verse in for my money.

Sir W. Then you acknowledge you bought it.

Christy. What harm, plase your honour? And would not I have a right to buy what plases me—and when bought and ped for, isn't it mine in law and right? But I am mighty unlucky this night. So, come along, Florry—we are worsted see! No use to be 'standing here longer, the laughing-stock of all that's in it—Ferrinafad.

Miss G. Murder! Father, then here's all you done for me, by your lies and your whiskey! I'll go straight from ye, and lodge with Mrs. Mulrooney. Biddy, what's that you're grinning at?—Please to walk home out of that.

Biddy. Miss Florinda, I am partly engaged to dance; but I won't be laving you in your downfall: so here's your cloak—and lane on me.

Widow. Why, then, Biddy, we'll never forget you in our prosperity.

Mabel and *Owen.* Never, never. You're a good girl, Biddy.

[*Exeunt Miss* GALLAGHER, BIDDY, *and* CHRISTY.

Clara. I am glad they are gone.

Sir W. I congratulate you, my dear niece, upon having got rid of tenants who would have disgraced your choice.

Clara. These *(turning to* OWEN, MABEL, *and her mother,)* these will do honour to it. My written promise was to *grant the poet's petition.* Owen, you are *the poet*—what is your petition?

Owen. May I speak?—May I say all I wish?

Clara and *Sir W.* Yes, speak—say all you wish.

Owen. I am but a young boy, and not able to keep the new inn; but Mr. Gilbert and Mabel, with my mother's help, would keep it well, I think; and it's they I should wish to have it, ma'am, if it were pleasing to you.

Sir W. And what would become of yourself, my good lad?

Owen. Time enough, sir, to think of myself, when I've seen my mother and sister settled.

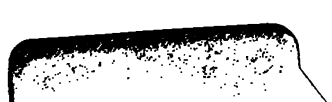
Sir W. Then as you won't think of yourself, I must think for you. Your education, I find, has been well begun, and I will take care it shall not be left half done.

Widow. Oh, I'm too happy this minute! But great joy can say little.

Mabel (aside). And great love the same.

Mr. H. This day is the happiest I have seen since I left the land of cakes.

Gilb. Thank you, Mr. Hope. And when I say thank you, why, I feel it. 'Twas you who helped us at the dead lift.

Sir W. You see I was right, Gilbert: the Scotch make good friends. *(*GILBERT *bows.)* And now, Clara, my love, what shall we call the new inn—for it must have a name? Since English, Scotch, and Irish have united to obtain it, let the sign be the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock.

END OF VOL. VI.